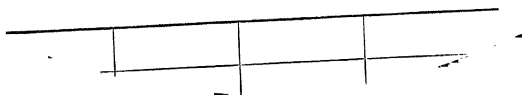


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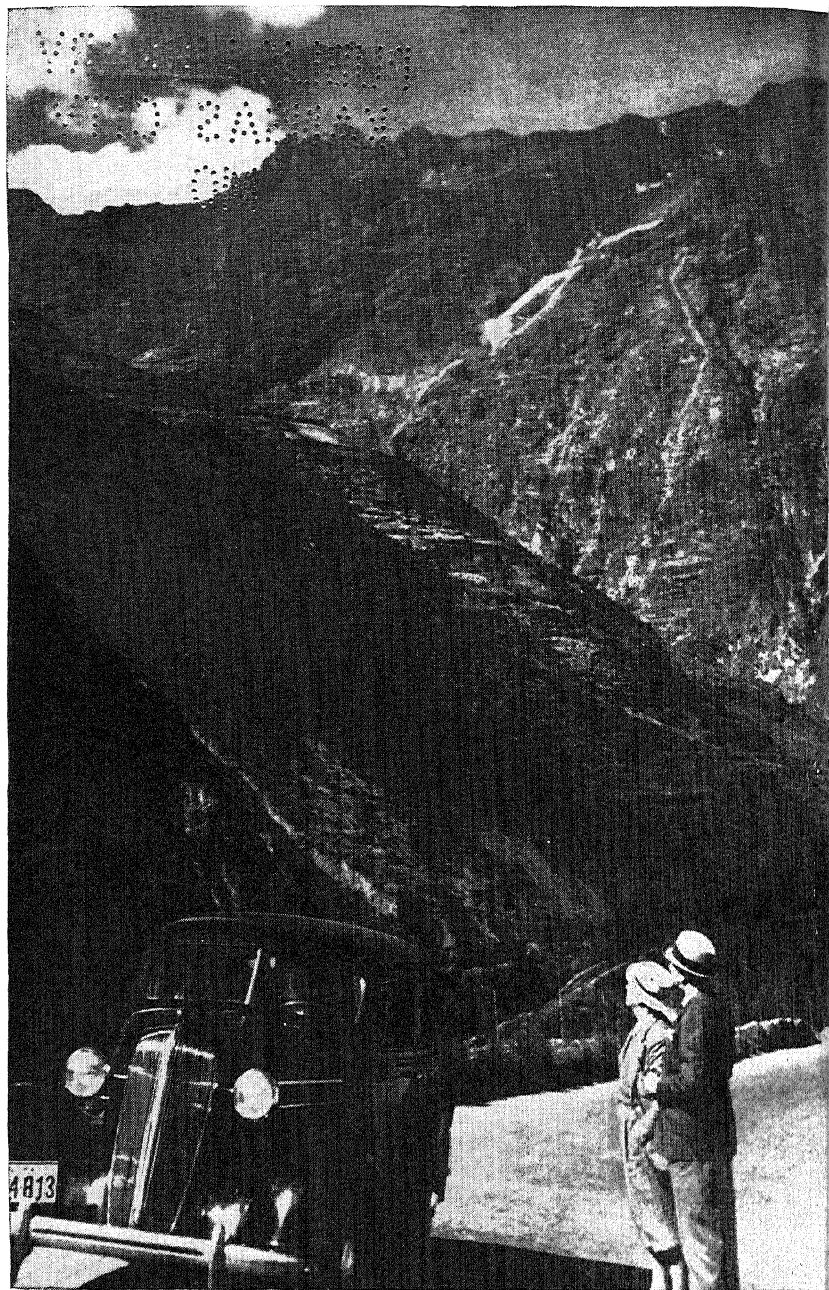
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The Other Americans



The Author Traveling a New Road in the Peruvian Andes

The Other Americans

OUR NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH

By

Edward Tomlinson



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The Other Americans

ONE AFTERNOON during the early days of World War II local newspaper reporters and foreign correspondents in Buenos Aires received a sudden invitation to call on the President of the Republic. As they waited in an outer room of the rambling old Casa Rosada, or Presidential Palace, there was wide speculation as to what this unusual procedure could mean. No one could remember when members of the foreign press had been called to the Chief Executive's office. Finally the door opened; they were invited in. As they entered, the President stood up and greeted them rather coldly. It was obvious that he was displeased about something.

"Señores," he began, "I have asked you to come here because some of you have done me a great injustice. You have written that I am sympathetic toward Nazism and Fascism. You have intimated that I have put the political systems and ideologies of other parts of the world ahead of those of my own country and hemisphere."

And then he almost shouted, something unprecedented. Any well-bred Argentine, any high official in particular, would consider it extremely undignified to raise his voice above a conversational pitch, no matter how angry he might be. "I want you to know," he declared, "I am not a Nazi or a Fascist! I am an American!"

By exclaiming that he was an American, the Argentine President did not mean that he was any less an Argentine. He wanted

it understood that he subscribed to the political doctrines of the Americas, rather than the doctrines which characterized so large a part of Europe, or as he put it, "the ideologies of other parts of the world than those of my own." By saying he was "not a Nazi, or a Fascist" but that he was "an American," he wanted to make it clear that first of all he was a citizen of the American world.

We in the United States are accustomed to refer only to ourselves as being Americans. But the people in each and every one of the twenty other republics also consider themselves Americans. To them America means the entire hemisphere—the two continents of North and South America, as well as the islands surrounding them. Brazilians, Cubans, or Venezuelans consider themselves as belonging to the American world, just as the French, Italians and Spaniards belong to the European world.

"It was Amerigo Vespucci who gave the New World its name," a proud Venezuelan recently reminded me—which, as we all know, is true. Having been associated with Columbus and other explorers, he wrote a book about his experiences. "But," the Venezuelan insisted, "the valorous Vespucci, Señor, wrote not about North America but about South America, indeed about the future Venezuela and Colombia. Moreover, Señor," he continued, "our claim to the name rests not upon legend but on real history. Martin Waldseemüller translated Vespucci's narrative in 1507 and printed it as an appendix to his own book. In this work he suggested that inasmuch as Vespucci had been the first to make known this new southern Continent, it might be proper to name the Continent America. So, Señor, Waldseemüller's suggestion was embodied in printed and manuscript maps, a few of which have survived to the present day. On these maps the word 'America' appears upon the South American and not upon the North American Continent."

In fact the usage of the word America is very confusing. Geographers speak of North America, Central America and

South America. This division entirely omits the republics of Cuba, Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and the countless other islands, some of which were the first regions of America to be discovered and settled. Culturally all the lands to the south of us are often referred to as Spanish America. But Brazil was settled by the Portuguese, and its language and culture are based on those of Portugal, while the language of the Republic of Haiti is French.

Latin America is perhaps the most inaccurate of all the terms applied to this vast region. Mexico is no more Latin than is the United States. The great majority of its people are of Indian descent. The same is true of such countries as Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia. The Haitian people are almost wholly of African blood. Haiti has a Negro civilization. Brazil is more cosmopolitan, made up of more races and nationalities than our own country. Racially there is little in common between the two bordering countries of Bolivia and Argentina, although both were conquered and settled by the Spaniards. Bolivia is predominantly Indian. Argentines are overwhelmingly of Spanish and Italian blood. Even among the little republics of Middle America there are striking racial differences. The native population of Costa Rica is almost wholly Spanish. The vast majority of Nicaraguans, Hondurans and Guatemalans are of Indian descent.

The various governmental agencies, including our own, have solved this question. That section of the State Department in Washington which deals with the relationships between our own and the twenty other republics, is now known officially as the "American Republics Division." This term more than any other not only places all the countries on a basis of equality, but avoids any of those racial terms and distinctions which, while acceptable to certain ones, might be offensive to others. Any of the countries or regions, whether large or small, whether of Indian, Spanish, Portuguese, French or African descent, can

still accurately, not to say proudly, call itself an American republic.

And we must never overlook the fact that politically and socially every one of these countries is an entity. From the standpoint of sentiment, geography and international relations, practically all of them subscribe wholeheartedly to the doctrine of hemisphere solidarity and inter-American collaboration. Yet each not only considers but insists, and with complete justice, that it is a nation and civilization of and by itself.

The language of old Castile has undergone many changes and modifications in various countries and localities. No person meets with greater surprise than the Spanish-speaking Colombian who goes for the first time to Argentina, where pronunciations and usages are entirely different. The Spanish of Colombia is spoken much as it is in Spain. In Argentina it takes on many Italian pronunciations and accents. Often there are greater variations between the Spanish of two neighboring republics than you find between our own Middle Western and Oxford English.

Citizens of Colombia and Venezuela often use different words to express the same thing, even though the two republics border one another and were once parts of the same country. In Colombia the word for brown sugar is *panela*. Across the frontier in Venezuela they call it *papelón*. In Chile a farm is a *fundo*, while just over the mountains in Argentina a farm or a ranch is an *estancia*.

I have arranged the countries more or less in the order of the history of the New World. I begin with the Dominican Republic, and follow with Haiti, Cuba and the others. The Dominican Republic and Haiti occupy the Island of Hispaniola, which was the scene of Columbus' first explorations. In fact, in the Dominican Republic we find the oldest European settlement in all the hemisphere. The old city of Santo Domingo, now Trujillo City, capital of the Dominican Republic, was

founded by Columbus himself. From there most of the early explorers and conquerors moved on to Cuba, then across the Gulf and the Caribbean to Mexico and Central, or Middle America. Others, including Columbus, Vespucci and many more, visited or explored along the north coast of the continent.

From Panamá the conquest moved southward along the west coast and all the way to Chile before it crossed over the Andes. Even the first settlements in Argentina were along the eastern foothills of the Andes, and not on the shores of the Atlantic. Brazil in many ways is the newest of all the American nations. Long after the Spaniards and their European systems and institutions, their viceroys, soldiers and hangers-on had been expelled, Brazil was still a monarchy, with an emperor, nobles, and all the trappings of royalty and hereditary aristocracy.

For the convenience of the reader, and to avoid monotony, I have separated the various countries into groups, according to the geographical regions of the American world which they occupy. There are Island America (comprising the island republics), Mexican America and Middle America. I have placed Venezuela, Colombia and Panamá in one group, under the heading Vespucci's America, because they were explored and written about by the young adventurer. Then, too, Venezuela, Colombia and Panamá were once parts of the same state, known as New Granada. Panamá was a province of Colombia until 1903, when it seceded and set up its own government.

Andean America, or Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia, was the heart of the great Inca Empire. Chile, Argentina, Uruguay and the inhabited portions of Paraguay are the only nations that lie principally below the tropics, in the South Temperate Zone. Therefore they can be called Temperate America. Brazil, because of its immensity, its difference in language, race and civilization, naturally falls into a category by itself.

So this book is not necessarily intended as an academic

study. It is a collection of descriptive stories, or a picture of each country as it is today: its civilization, its people, how and by what means they live, their customs and characteristics. Facts and figures, while as accurate and up-to-date as possible, are presented informally. There is enough history about each country to suggest its background and its individuality, why it differs from its neighbors, why it is a nation apart from all the others. Geography and economics are not presented as such. And present-day politics is not emphasized at all, because present-day politics will be different tomorrow. I have merely tried to take the reader on a personally conducted visit to each of these colorful, interesting and fascinating independent countries of the American world.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

Island America

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

HAITI

CUBA



I

Gateway to the New World

THE ISLAND of "Little Spain," or Hispaniola, as Columbus called it, is one of those bits of mother earth that form emerald stepping stones around the eastern edge of the Caribbean Sea. Flanked by Cuba and Puerto Rico, it is the treasure island of the Spanish Main. Even such words as glamorous and spectacular are inadequate to describe its history and civilizations, past or present. Smaller than its Cuban neighbor, Little Spain is divided into two separate, distinct and independent nations. The Republic of Haiti occupies the western end, while the Dominican Republic takes up the eastern portion.

African blood is predominant in both countries. But official and cultured Haitians speak the language of Paris, and preserve the customs and culture of the early French colonists who ruled them for more than a century. The Dominicans, however, cling to the language and civilization of the Spanish conquerors. In true French style the Haitians speak of their country as *La République d'Haiti*. To the Dominicans, faithful to the early Castilian settlers, their domain is *La República Dominicana*.

Old Santo Domingo, capital of the Dominican Republic, is the cradle of all the Americas, the first permanent European settlement to be established in the New World, founded and named by the Great Discoverer himself. The fact that a recent president has been pleased to rechristen it *Ciudad Trujillo*, in

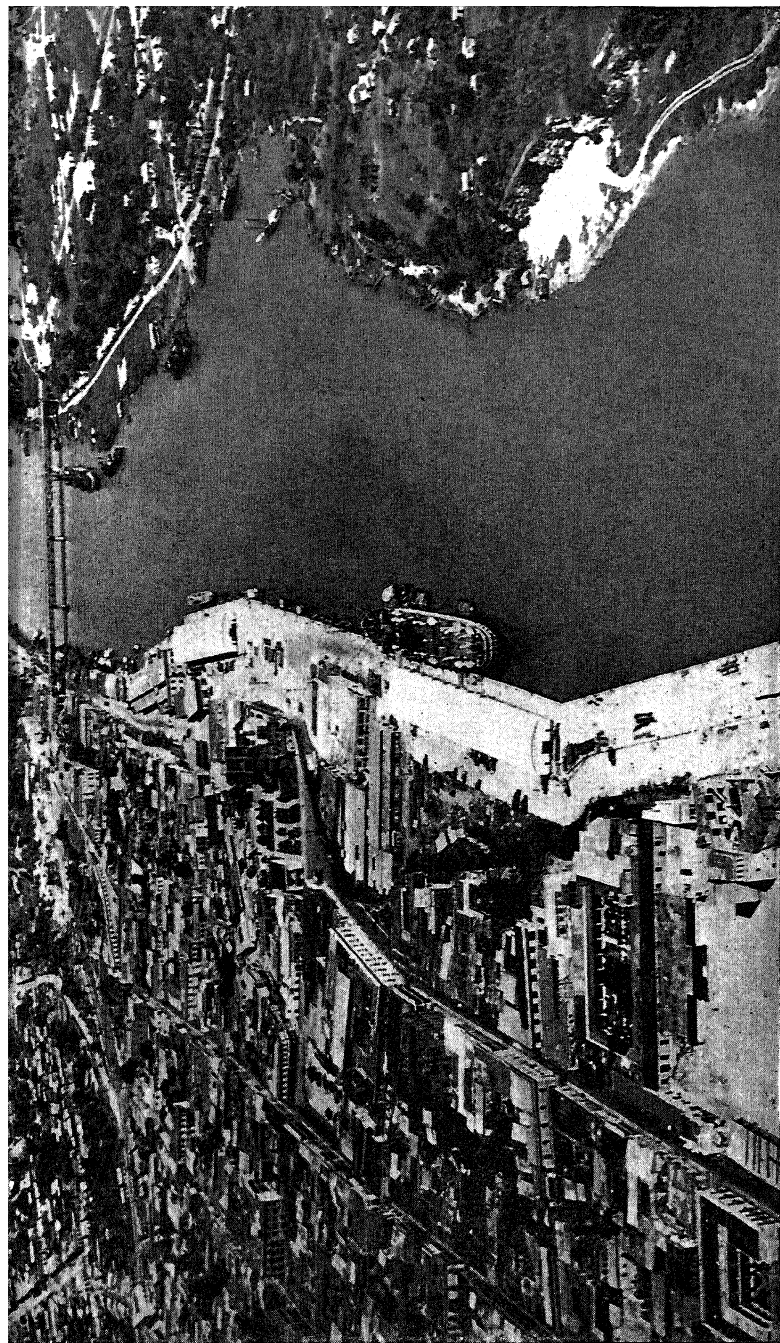
honor of himself, cannot rob it of its romantic traditions. Standing serenely among its modern houses of today, is the oldest cathedral on this side of the Atlantic, whose foundation stones were laid more than four and a half centuries ago. And beneath the towers of this cathedral a heavy ornate stone canopy rises above an urn which treasures the mortal remains of the man who gave to the world the Western Hemisphere.

But let's go back for a moment. "The Admiral," as he was known to the Spaniards, made his first American landing on San Salvador, one of the group of British islands now known as the Bahamas, which lie only a little way from the Florida Coast. Incidentally, exercising that true Anglo-Saxon gift for reducing everything to cold, matter-of-fact terms, the British now call it Watling's Island, instead of San Salvador.

From San Salvador, the persistent old mariner skirted the north coast of Cuba and then moved on to the northern shore of Hispaniola, where he built a little fort called *La Navidad*, near the present city of Cap Haitien, in the Republic of Haiti. Here he left forty sailors to guard the new-found world while he went back to Spain with a wondrous tale.

A year later when he returned to *La Navidad*, on his second voyage across the Atlantic, there were no Spaniards to greet him. Only a few fragments of cloth remained in the ashes of the burned and devastated fort, and the jungle towered over the bones of his former companions. The hostile natives and the mysterious wilds kept their own dark secrets.

But the Admiral was undaunted. He moved on eastward around the coast in search of a good harbor. Before he found one, he was compelled to undergo the same experiences suffered by many a sailor since then—tropical storms and hurricane winds. It took him three months to reach the southern shores and the river port destined to be Santo Domingo. Santo Domingo was a promising haven. Fish were plentiful. The soil was fertile. He unloaded the cattle, horses, pigs, chickens and grains



Photograph from Three Lions

First City of the Americas

he had brought from Spain, planted gardens and began the building of the American world.

Time passed and the colony grew. As was characteristic of the Spaniards in those days, they not only built churches and cathedrals, but also schools and colleges. In Santo Domingo, or Trujillo City, if we must bow to present-day authority, the University of *Santo Tomás de Aquino* disputes its age with the University of San Marcos in Lima, Perú, and the University of Mexico. For *Santo Tomás de Aquino* was authorized in 1539. But Ciudad Trujillo is less proud of the cell where the man who gave Spain a fabulous empire lay in chains waiting to be taken back and tried on charges trumped up by those who were jealous of his fame and his authority.

No matter how often I visit Trujillo City, its traditions still fascinate me. One late afternoon recently, just before sunset, I sat on a battered wall along the Osama River front. A fleet of sailing ships lined the river banks, bobbing up and down as the tide rode in from the sea, that same sea which had brought the great navigator sailing westward in search of the East.

On a coral, throne-like hill above the city were the crumbling walls of the first home built by Europeans in this hemisphere: *Casa Colón*, the palace of Diego, son of the discoverer, second Admiral of the Spanish seas, Viceroy of the Colony.

I could easily imagine its grandeur on a historic afternoon in the brave days of 1510. Gleaming against the eternal green of the tropics and tinted by the mellow glow of the sun, it must have been a splendid picture. Above it fluttered in the breeze the scarlet and orange flag of old Spain, emblematic of the blood she was to give and the gold she was to receive from this new Empire of the West. In front stood gallant Spanish soldiers with emblazoned banners, lances and swords.

The house had just been completed, and the owner was giving a gala reception in honor of his bride, the lovely Duchess María of Toledo, grandniece of King Ferdinand.

Inside the great hall was the cream of colonial society; dignified dons in velvet breeches, jackets heavy with brocade, lace collars and cuffs. They handled their swords with infinite grace. Gorgeous señoras and señoritas moved about in flowing silks and lace mantillas. They were awaiting the entrance of the vice-regal party.

The woodwork of the entire interior of the house was of solid mahogany, the native wood of the island. The costly draperies, the scarlet hangings and velvet rugs were wedding presents from the Duke of Alba, uncle of the Duchess. It is said they cost five hundred thousand *doubloons*, the Spanish coin of the time, equivalent to about sixteen dollars.

Finally the great doors swung wide. The viceregal party entered. The entire Columbus family and all the relatives of the Admiral were there. Only the Admiral himself was missing; he had been dead four years. But how tall and striking was his eldest son, and how serene his face; a worthy son of a great father.

Her Highness the Vice-Queen, graceful and charming. Only the oldest nobility could boast such dignity and poise. Then followed His Excellency—the Bishop of the Indies—and General Don Ricardo Rodríguez de Salamanca, commander of His Majesty's forces in Hispaniola.

Such was the picture that unrolled before my eyes as I sat alone on the old wall above the river. But where pageants of splendor were once enacted, lazy lizards now make their home, disturbed only by the ghosts of the past and by an occasional tourist who comes to read the inscription on the bronze plaque by the ancient doorway.

As darkness fell, I hurried back along the narrow, crowded street to the Plaza Colón, the beating heart of Ciudad Trujillo today. It was the hour of the Paseo (promenade), and there was music—good music—by the native orchestra *típica*.

It was a glorious night. The stars hung like glittering jewels

from a clear sky. A soft breeze whispered through the trees. The fabulous coloring of tropic flowers gleamed in the bright lights of the Plaza. So did the old houses and churches, some with walls of Venetian red trimmed with white, others pale primrose and orange and still others blue and sea-green. Even the ancient cathedral itself was weather-stained and tanned to a wonderful richness. Everywhere there was color, quiet laughter and the dreamy music of the Dominicans.

Here in this, the first Plaza in all the Americas, modernism paraded in the midst of the past. Men in freshly pressed white suits, soldiers in khaki uniforms, wives, daughters and sweethearts dressed in all the colors of the rainbow—old and young—walked about eager to see and to be seen.

High up on its pedestal in the center of the square, the great statue of Columbus looked silently down upon the happy, smiling, laughing populace.

At last the music ended and the throng began to depart. The hour was late. Presently the Plaza was almost deserted. Solemn doorways, like the eyes of all-seeing sentinels, kept guard on all sides. Only a few stragglers and a vigilant but friendly old policeman moved in the shadows.

The policeman came over to where I was sitting.

"Buenas noches, Señor!"

"Good evening, officer!"

"The Señor is lonely, no?"

"Not lonely, just impressed—impressed with the solemnity of these surroundings—the quiet old houses, the solemn dignity of the cathedral—the history that lies behind it."

"Yes, Señor, I understand. For twenty-two years I have kept watch here through the night, and always the spell of the place is upon me. Now and then I hear voices, the voices of those who strolled here in other days, hundreds of years ago. If the Señor will pardon me—I once fell asleep, here in this very seat. I must have dreamed, for it was the year 1541. There was great

excitement here in the capital. The mortal remains of the Great Admiral and his son Don Diego had been brought from Spain for burial in the New World. It was the last request of the Great Discoverer. I saw the funeral cortege, saw the guard of honor, the Bishop receiving the caskets at the entrance to the cathedral. It was all so plain. It was some time before I could realize that I had been sleeping."

The policeman leaned close and spoke low, as if in great confidence. "Perhaps the Señor has been told that when the French came to take possession of the city in 1795, the descendants of Columbus removed to the Cathedral of Havana what they thought were the remains of the Admiral?"

"Then there was a mistake—?"

There was a note of triumph in the old man's voice.

"There was, Señor," he replied, "but the mistake was not discovered until long after independence and the birth of the Republic. Extensive repairs were being made on the cathedral, when the genuine casket containing the dust and bones of the Discoverer was unearthed at the right of the altar where they had reposed ever since they were brought from Spain. Later the beautiful memorial was erected in the nave of the cathedral."

"Then Columbus sleeps where he wanted to sleep," I asked; "among 'the green mountains and the pleasant valleys' of the island he loved so well, in the city he founded and in the country of his first love?"

"Si, Señor. He sleeps there." Reverently he pointed to the old cathedral and softly he pattered away into the night.

But not all of the history of the Dominican Republic is so ancient, else it would not be a republic. Republics were not born until the United States of America gave birth to the first in the Western World. Haiti and Santo Domingo were not long in following our example.

The first hundred years of the history of Hispaniola were

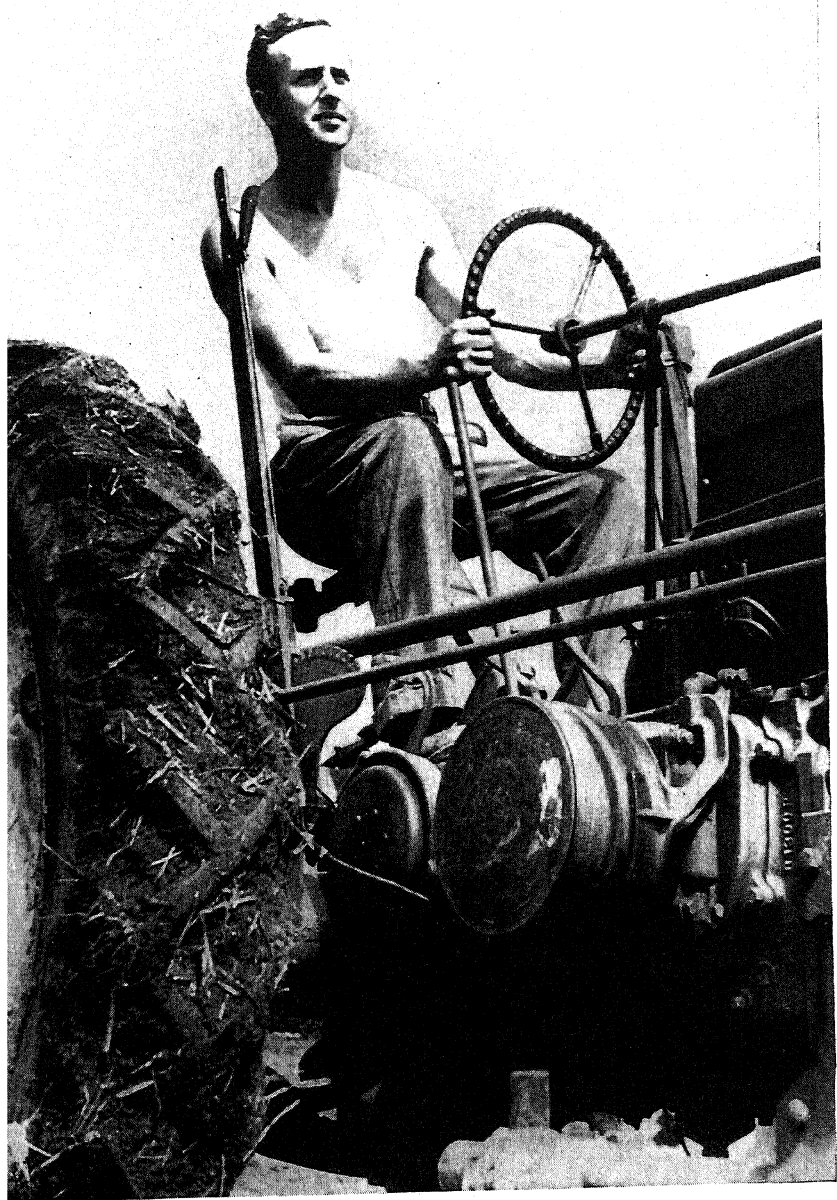
marked as a period of isolation, during which there was a steady decline in the native population and a rise in the importation of slaves.

With the increase in slave labor Santo Domingo became a land of great wealth and of vast sugar, coffee, cotton and tobacco plantations. It was one of Spain's wealthiest colonies until France usurped the western third and made such progress that in 1795 Spain ceded its remaining two-thirds of Hispaniola to France, a relationship that continued until 1814, when the French returned Santo Domingo to Spain.

French rule ended in Haiti in 1803. The Dominicans proclaimed their independence in 1821, but the following year were faced by an invasion from Haiti, which retained its hold on Santo Domingo until 1844 when Juan Pablo Duarte and his followers expelled the Haitian troops, gained control of Santo Domingo and proclaimed it an independent state, which they called *La República Dominicana*, or the Dominican Republic. Spain regained control in 1861 and held it for three years. Then Isabella relinquished it. But the Republic encountered stormy seas until the United States declared a military government in October, 1916.

President Grant, during the early part of his administration, had urged the annexation of Santo Domingo, but neither his cabinet nor his Committee on Foreign Affairs supported him. Still the storms continued. In 1904 the United States took charge of the customs houses and in October, 1916, declared a military government over the Dominican Republic.

Most Dominicans did not take kindly to the American occupation and breathed a sigh of relief when the last of our military forces were evacuated on July 12, 1924. Nevertheless many of the salient features of the Republic today can be traced back to that same occupation: the improved sanitation, the enlarged educational program, the extensive road building. The three million dollars later loaned by Uncle Sam for road-



Photograph from Three Lions

Jewish Refugee Starts Life Over Again in New World

building machinery and the erection of public buildings have likewise helped.

Its cities have prospered, especially the capital, largest and most progressive in the Republic, with more than 70,000 inhabitants. Its National Department of Health, headed by a cabinet minister, has erected four principal hospitals. But Santo Domingo had a hospital in 1503—as hospitals went in those days.

The Republic has need to look after its health, as has any tropical country, and it does not forget that in the epidemic of 1802 fully half of its population succumbed.

One of the most interesting cities in the Republic is Santiago de los Caballeros, on the banks of the Yanque del Norte River in the rich tobacco region. It was founded by Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the Admiral and uncle of Diego, in 1500, and was destroyed by an earthquake in 1564. But today it is a city of 35,000 inhabitants.

San Pedro de Macorís is an important sugar and molasses center with modern schools and cultural opportunities. It is one of the most important ports in the Republic in both tonnage and value of shipments.

Sugar is the chief crop of the country today as it was in Spain's palmy days. But the Dominican Republic is determined not to base all of its hopes on sugar. Fifteen thousand five hundred square miles of land are now devoted to the growing of sugar, cacao, coffee, tobacco, rice and corn. It is also rapidly developing a livestock industry. Probably few strains of those cattle brought over by Columbus still remain, but purebred stock has been imported in recent years.

Refugees from Europe were received by the Dominicans during the early part of World War II. President Trujillo, in 1940, donated 25,000 acres of land in the Sosua region, east of Puerto Plata, to their use. In 1941 he donated an additional 50,000 acres, and it is estimated that the land so donated will support a colony of 2500 persons.

Everywhere in the nation are reminders of the days when Santo Domingo was the glory of the Other Americas—the gateway to the New World. No one can visit it today without feeling that the spirit of the immortal Discoverer still hovers over it.

II

America in French

IF YOU go by sea to the capital of Haiti, you must sail through the Windward Passage, that turbulent stretch of water that separates Cuba from Hispaniola. Once beyond the *Cap du Mole*, shorter of the two peninsulas that enclose the *Golfe des Gonaïves*, as the Haitians call the great bay in the western end of the island, the ship manœuvres for miles through dangerous shoals, until it ties up to the gleaming white pier at Port-au-Prince, metropolis of one of the few independent Negro nations of the world. The sparkling waters are reminiscent of Italy in its gayest mood. And the island of Gonave is set in the curving bay, just as Ischia rises from the Bay of Naples.

The off-shore breeze brings the scent of tropical flowers, of orange blossoms and jasmine. Beyond the long pier, mystery and tragedy masquerade behind the fresh white walls of the National Palace. They whisper in the towers of the government radio station, HHK, and murmur from spire to spire of the twin-towered Basilica or Cathedral of Notre Dame.

Port-au-Prince is a thriving city of more than 125,000 inhabitants, climbing from the blue waters of the Bay and the Cul-de-Sac plain to the green slopes of *Gros Morne* and *Morne l'Hopital* Mountains. It is a city of contrasts. Well-paved streets lead to old churches and ancient French houses. Solidly built modern business structures throw shadows across the

snow-white Palace of Justice and the National School of Music, in the heart of the downtown section of the metropolis. In the crowded market place of the Cathedral Plaza on a Saturday you may witness a vanity fair, beside which the transactions of a Turkish bazaar are no more exciting than the sales of a peanut vendor. Or you may watch the Miami clippers and air liners drop from the turquoise sky into the harbor or on to the field which lies on the edge of the Cul-de-Sac.

The social contrasts of Port-au-Prince are just as marked. What Dr. Carl W. Kelsey of the University of Pennsylvania said of the upper class Haitians two decades ago is just as true today as when he made his report to the Academy of Political and Social Sciences:

“Go to any gathering of the upper class, shut your eyes and listen and you will believe yourself in a cultured European gathering. In bearing and courtesy, in interest and appreciation of art, music, literature; in the ability to sing, play, dance or discuss, the American finds he has no advantage.”

Haitian voices are soft and well-modulated. Their French is equal to the best Parisian. France was for centuries the Mecca of the educated Haitian upper class. Smart young Haitian women wear their clothes like French mannequins on parade. Why not? Some of the best blood of France flows through their veins, as well as the blood of Congo kings and princes. For the Haitian insists his African ancestors were the nobility, the leaders of the tribes, and not merely the lower classes from the Dark Continent.

But for sheer tropical pageantry, journey up the mountains outside Port-au-Prince on a morning, preferably Saturday, when the colorful procession of native peasant women comes down from the hills laden with goods for the market. Many of them have travelled for miles, some have walked half the night; ebony black women in faded blue or purple or pink cotton dresses with yellow or red turbans wound around their

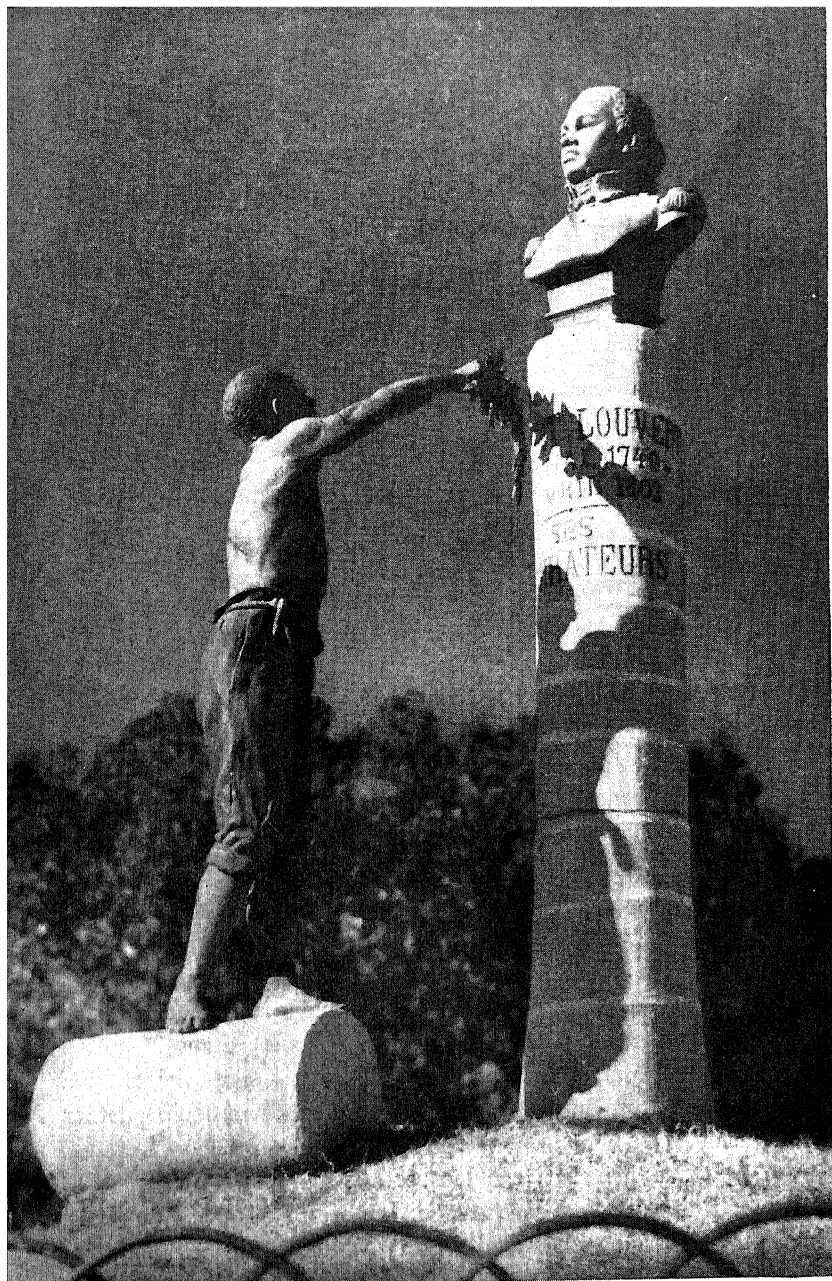
heads. Occasionally one rides a donkey, but most of them walk—bare-footed—though some of the younger women carry their precious sandals merely to wear in the market place. But bare-footed or sandaled, they walk erect with a grace that is almost grandeur. With burdens on heads, baskets of fruit or eggs, vegetables, handmade dishes, painted calabashes or gourds, wooden trays, they come singing or laughing or bantering each other hour after hour, a variegated procession. At the close of the day they retrace their steps, still singing, bantering, laughing, still walking erect, graceful.

Their hero and their nation's hero—Jean Jacques Dessalines—the slave who became Emperor, stands perpetuated in iron on the Champs de Mars, the spacious park that surrounds the Presidential Palace.

Among the men who led Haiti to independence were Toussaint l'Ouverture, Dessalines, Henri Christophe and Petion. Dessalines was cruel, bloody and ruthless. Those were days of blood and cruelty. While other nations were struggling for political or economic independence, Haiti's fight was for human freedom, for the right to live as human beings. It was a slave nation, bowed beneath the yoke and the lash of its French masters. Its three black leaders had all been slaves. Dessalines bore to his death the scars of the slave whip on his body and in his heart the sting of the white man's contempt.

In order to understand Haiti today, it is necessary to throw a long bridge across the pages of history; to realize that not one trace remains of the estimated million Arawack Indians whom Columbus described as "so lovable, so tractable, so peaceable—and although it is true that they are naked, yet their manners are decorous and praiseworthy."

As we have seen, the Spaniards had established themselves on the eastern end of "Little Spain," with their capital of Santo Domingo as the hub. And while they attempted to exercise rule throughout the island, they were not greatly concerned



Photograph by Ray Pinney, from Three Lions

Monument to the Father of Haitian Independence

with the western end until eventually it was occupied by French buccaneers and French occupation was recognized by the Treaty of Ryswick of 1697. The French brought thousands of Negro slaves from the Congo, and established themselves on the north-west coast, with *Cap Haitien* as their capital.

Frequent intermarriages between whites and blacks created a new race and brought about the natural conflict which a mixture of races arouses. The slaves had brought their Congo customs with them. Drums sounded in the forests. Voodoo worship entered the jungles. Negro mysticism joined with French drama. There were those, of course, who drew the color line. With Negro slave labor on sugar, coffee, cotton and tobacco plantations, the French built great fortunes, and a prosperous colony for France, in which the blacks outnumbered the whites twelve to one.

Then the trouble began in earnest. The ex-slave called Toussaint l'Ouverture, who styled himself "First of the Blacks," proclaimed liberty and independence for all slaves and made himself Governor for life. When l'Ouverture became a dangerous defender of Negro liberty, Napoleon exiled him to die in a French prison. Napoleon was determined to reestablish slavery on the island.

But the blacks were not easily suppressed. General Leclerc, Napoleon's brother-in-law, learned that to his sorrow during those agonizing months after Napoleon sent him out to keep order. Leclerc saw seven-eighths of his French army of twenty-five thousand die of yellow fever while Napoleon, so hard pressed for funds at home that he had to sell Louisiana and a million additional square miles of territory to the United States for a paltry fifteen million dollars, had no funds to equip another army.

It was then that Jean Jacques Dessalines took up his sword and dipped it in French blood. He ordered and accomplished the massacre of practically every white French man, woman

and child on the island. He tore the white strip from the tri-color of France and flung it into the sea, retaining only the red and the blue as the flag of the new nation. He proclaimed himself Emperor, Jacques the First, and called his new Empire "Haiti"—the original Indian name, meaning "mountainous land."

The reign of Emperor Jacques the First was brief. Within a few months he was ambushed by one of his rebel armies and shot to death. But he had given his people freedom, had made Haiti, after the United States, the second independent nation in the Western World, and Haiti has never forgotten.

Other leaders took over where Dessalines left off, among them the powerful Henri Christophe. But Christophe succeeded in establishing rule only over the northern part of Haiti. The south with Port-au-Prince as the capital became a republic under the leadership of Petion.

Oddly enough, Christophe had served with Lafayette in the United States War of Independence in the battle of Savannah. From a slave he had graduated to dishwasher in a Cap Haitien cafe. He was then promoted to steward on a French warship from which post he was brought—along with about eight hundred other West Indian recruits—under the leadership of Lafayette.

He returned from this war destined to rule Haiti. The region around Cap Haitien on the northern coast is haunted by the ghost of Christophe, the Black Giant King. A little way out from the city are the crumbling ruins of his regal palace, Sans Souci, built as a copy of the palace which the ill-fated General Leclerc had erected for his wife, Pauline, Napoleon's sister, and where the lovely Pauline had entertained the elect of Haitian society with French musicians and opera singers from Paris.

Sans Souci was designed to outdo the original, or any palace in Europe, and the ruins would indicate that it succeeded. Just

above Sans Souci on the peak of the mountains are the ruins of the historic Citadel or Fortress of La Ferriere, 2600 feet above the sea on the summit of Bonnet-a-l'Eveque. Christophe had it built and fortified against a French attack which never came. But even today in ruins it remains one of the most remarkable structures in all the Americas.

A scholarly old French priest accompanied me on my first trip to the Citadel.

"I never tire of viewing the incredible structure," the good priest told me. And then with a twinkle in his eye: "But you must see it at night, in the moonlight, when the ghosts walk. It is a thrilling experience."

We hired porters and camping equipment and drove in the early morning to the foot of Citadel Mountain. After an hour among the ruins of Sans Souci, we began, on horseback, the wearisome climb to La Ferriere, one of the world's greatest fortresses on top of a lonely mountain, almost in the heart of the jungle but overlooking the surrounding country and the blue Atlantic in the distance. We entered and climbed the long stairway to a broad gallery.

What a picture! The scene was overwhelming, as the sun plunged behind the western mountains and the tropic night fell like a heavy cloak about us. From the little farms down in the valley we could hear faint voices, the cackle of chickens, the lowing of cattle and, far away, the beat of the Haitian drum.

My companion and I walked to the edge of the parapet—on the side which Christophe used as a parade ground.

"The Citadel, you know, was built to accommodate ten thousand soldiers," the old priest told me. "Here Christophe, always haunted by the fear of an attack, was prepared to withdraw to his fortress whether the attack came by sea or by land. See these giant guns set in massive mahogany framework? But the attack never came. After years of despotism and iron rule, Christophe was practically deserted by his people. He suffered

a stroke which paralyzed him from the waist down. In his despair he shot himself through the heart—with a silver bullet, so it is said. Not here at the Citadel, but down in the palace of Sans Souci at the foot of the mountain.”

The priest beckoned me to the edge of the parapet once again, and pointed down in the darkness. “Just over there it is said that Felix Ferrier, the architect who designed and built the Citadel and for whom it was named, was hurled to his death in order that the world might not learn the secrets of the Fortress.

“But Christophe’s cruelty and despotism did not stop there. Once while the King was playing host to an English Admiral, several companies of his bodyguard were being put through their drills. ‘Look, Admiral, my personal bodyguard, two thousand strong, fine-looking black soldiers, every one over six feet tall and weighing more than two hundred pounds—the pick of the manhood of all my people. And magnificently disciplined, Admiral. So well disciplined that if I told them to march over the edge of that precipice, they would obey my order. Such is the power of Christophe! Captain, march your company over here—in front of me,’ he ordered. As the soldiers came forward, the King commanded, ‘Continue the march, Captain. Straight ahead. Eyes straight ahead, until I tell you to stop. Straight ahead. Straight ahead! Straight ahead!’ The Admiral gasped and would have interfered, but Christophe was adamant. ‘Discipline, Admiral!’”

I, too, gasped. His story seemed incredible. “You mean,” I asked, “that two thousand soldiers were sacrificed for a whim?”

“So tradition has it. They marched over the cliff to their death. Down there. Do you wonder that I said that ghosts walk at night at the Citadel of La Ferriere?”

All of this history, the fabulous stories of Christophe, the customs of the hard-working peasant folk, the ghosts of Cap Haitien, the ancient charm of Port-au-Prince, of Aux Cayes,

the south coast seaport, the unfailing courtesy found everywhere, in the mountain summer resort of Kenscoff or in the palm-thatched native huts in mountain villages—all these make up the epic that is Haiti.

There were, of course, periodical, if not continual disputes and clashes between the Haitians and the Dominicans. There was an attempt, early in the nineteenth century, to unite the whole island of Hispaniola and create one government for both Haiti and Santo Domingo, but the union did not last long. The Dominicans insisted upon remaining an independent nation.

For nearly three-quarters of a century afterward Haiti had a stormy time. Eighteen presidents—or was it twenty-two—were elected and deposed between 1844 and 1915. When one of these presidents was assassinated, the French legation was attacked and foreign debts were repudiated. The United States stepped in, landed marines at Port-au-Prince and kept order until August 14, 1934, when the last of the army of occupation was withdrawn. Since that time Haiti has been on her own, a republic with a regularly adopted Constitution, a President, and a legislative body, consisting of a Chamber of Deputies and a Senate.

Three million French-speaking people, nine-tenths of whom are engaged in agriculture, live in the Haitian Republic. There are more than 275 people to the square mile, a density of population greater than that of any other American republic, not even excluding crowded little El Salvador. Probably nine-tenths of them are pure black, with about 10 per cent mixed French and Negro. The number of foreign residents is small, perhaps 1500 in all, but they are important from a commercial standpoint.

Coffee is still the principal agricultural crop, with sugar, sisal, cotton, logwood, rum and fruits, following in about that order.

I had not realized the importance of sisal in Haiti's economic

welfare until I met Pierre Flandin, foreman of a large American-owned sisal plantation on Haiti's northern coast.

"The world's bread supply hangs by a string," Pierre told me. "Not just an everyday string, either, but one that is tough and strong and whose every strand is full of natural oils put there by Mother Nature to make it work easily and smoothly in complicated harvesting machinery. It is a string made of the silky fiber of the sisal leaves."

Without vast supplies of such fibers, used extensively in the manufacture of binder twines, it would be impossible to harvest the crops of Kansas, the Dakotas, Minnesota and other wheat-growing states, and John Citizen of New York, Kalamazoo and San Francisco might go hungry.

Last year American wheat growers paid out more than thirty million dollars for binder twine. Millions of dollars have been spent in research and experiment in an effort to find substitutes.

"You can tie a package or sew a bag with an ordinary string made of grass, straw or paper," Pierre said, "but for binding grain nothing has been discovered to supplant the twines made from sisal or a combination of manila hemp and sisal."

Pierre ought to know, for this proud descendant of the first African slaves in all the Americas was brought up in the business. "For twenty years," he told me, "I was a roustabout—a common sailor—and then an engineer on a Yankee ship that followed the fiber trade. Captain Barker, my old skipper, who transported hemp from the Philippines, as well as henequin from Mexico, to the cordage mills along the New England coast, used to wonder why Americans didn't wake up and stop depending upon Asiatic and other faraway producers for such necessities of life. 'Even if fiber plants won't thrive on the United States mainland,' he urged, 'they ought to be cultivated as close at hand as possible.' Well, his wishes have come true. North Americans established a portion of this new industry

right here in Haiti, which is why, at the age of forty, I came back home and settled down."

From Pierre's front porch, it was a splendid sight. Stretching away to the blue waters of the bottle-necked bay was one of the largest sisal plantations in the world—twenty thousand acres in one field—endless rows of the stately, swordlike *agave sisalana*, first cousin to the typically American century plant.

"Scientific domestication and modern scientific development have taken the adventure out of the fiber industry," said Pierre wistfully.

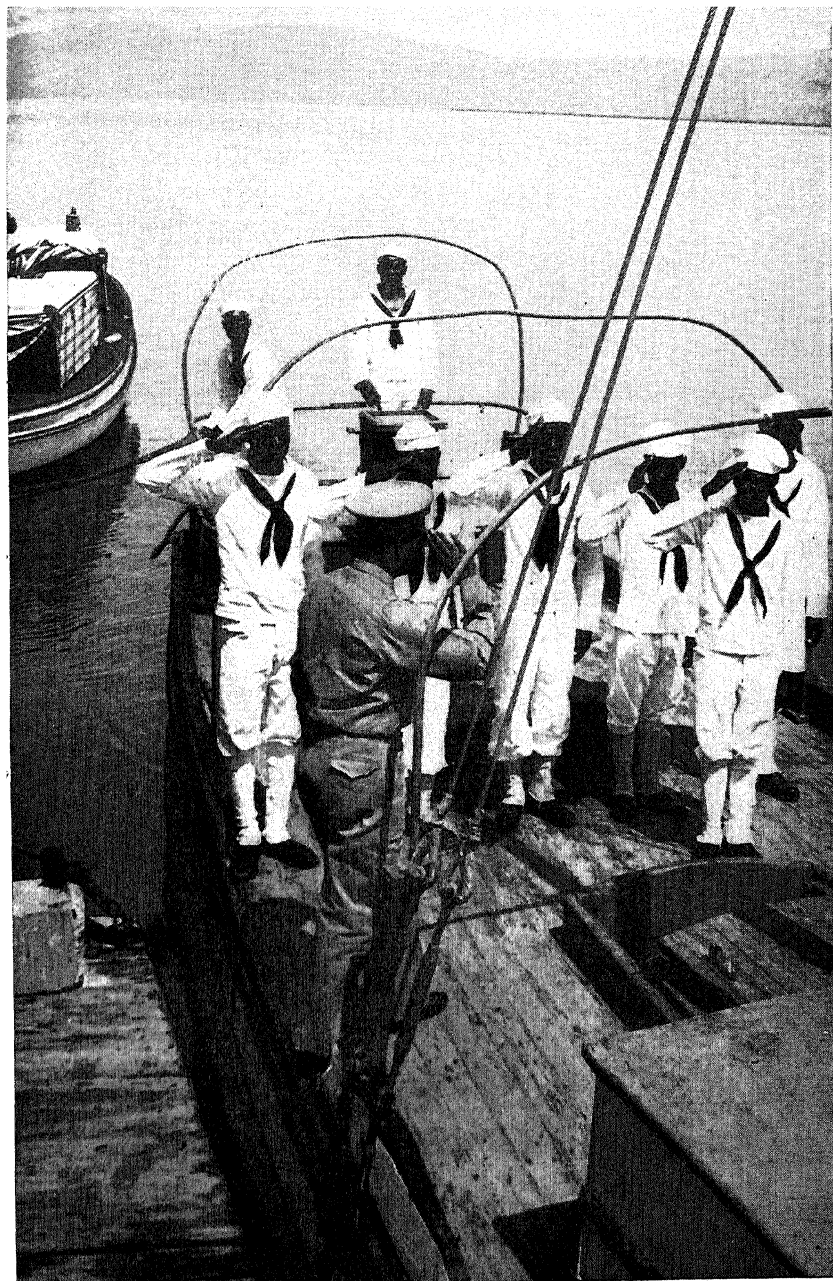
Before us the long rows of sisal plants, set out in mathematical order, with about 1800 plants to the acre, spread away beyond reach of the eye. Portable railroads laid down through the fields enable gasoline locomotives to haul the long trains of leaves to a mill operated by electrical machinery. Delicately adjusted machines—decorticators, they are called—crush the bulky leaves and remove the green pulp from the fiber strands. Elaborate air-drying and bleaching machinery completes the preparation of the fiber. Only when fiber is thus properly prepared will a cordage factory pay top prices.

"See this 'Panamá' hat?" Pierre asked. "Well, it's sisal. Sisal hats are beginning to take the place of Panamá hats. They are cheaper and even better looking."

I had already noted the brilliant rugs that covered the floors of the Flandin home. The rugs were soft and cushiony, with a shimmering silk down.

"Sisal rugs, of course," Madame Flandin assured me. "I paid a Chicago mail order house \$7.50 for this 9 x 12 rug here on the living room floor. Sisal rugs are extremely durable, easily cleaned, too, and do not absorb dirt as quickly as ordinary rugs do. They are particularly suited to this tropical climate."

Interestingly enough, the sisal plant is a native of the American tropics. It was introduced to the world from the tropical countries of this hemisphere, principally from Yucatan and



Photograph by Evans, from Three Lions

Sailors of Haitian Navy

Mexico. British planters carried it from the Bahamas, where it had been introduced, and began cultivating it in the Far East. But Haiti is now contributing her share of this product.

"Yet our Haitian laborers are not dependent on industry," Flandin assured me with pride. "Practically every laborer on this plantation owns a plot of land up in the hills on which he produces everything he eats."

Nearly every family in Haiti owns a piece of land. The average holding of the peasant is one *carreau*, or about three and two-tenths acres. In this tropical region this is ample to supply the needs of three or four people. Each owner can produce beans, plantains, coffee, sugar cane, oranges; can keep a cow, pigs, a few goats and a flock of chickens, and he can produce as many as three agricultural crops on the same ground during the same year.

In the words of Pierre Flandin: "Americans are not only beginning to produce their own fibers, but they are producing them closer home—and if anything goes wrong with the sisal industry, the laborers know that they can eat."

Today Haiti is a country of law and order, maintained by the Garde d'Haiti, the crack military forces which were trained by the United States Marines during the occupation. An organization whose officers, by the way, are not only proud of their Marine training, but insist that they intend to remain loyal to its teachings.

One of the highest officers in the Garde told me: "We of the Garde owe much to the American Marines. The training which we received from them, the examples in discipline which they set, the unselfish service they rendered us will always be treasured by the responsible people of the country and particularly by those who came under their training."

III

Pearl of the Antilles

CUBA is not only the "Pearl of the Antilles" but the enchantress as well. Rich, beautiful, with a sweet tooth and a good cigar, she was coveted for centuries by one foreign nation after another—our own included.

When Columbus landed, on October 28, 1492, at what is now the Bay of Nuevitas, he called it "the fairest land he had ever seen," and for the next three centuries Spain possessed that fair land and waxed fat on its sugar and tobacco.

Compared with Mexico or some of the South American republics, Cuba's area is not imposing. But spread out across the United States, it would reach from New York to Chicago. A sort of narrowed and elongated Pennsylvania—an immense island, the largest of all the West Indies, she lies at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico—with an area of 44,164 square miles and innumerable excellent harbors indenting her two thousand miles of coast line.

Columbus believed he had reached the mainland of Asia and named the country *Juana* in honor of the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. Later it was called *Santiago* (St. James) and *Ave Maria*, but finally reverted to its original Indian name of Cuba.

Cuba was not rich, as Spain counted riches, when Columbus discovered her, but she had fertile soil and an advantageous

location. She had good harbors and became a hideaway for treasure ships en route to Spain and a strategic point of departure for expeditions to other parts of the Americas.

There was an appreciable number of Siboneys, the natives of pre-colonial days, when Diego Velásquez began to conquer the island in 1511, bringing horses and cattle, pigs and chickens, wheat and sugar cane. The diseases which the Spaniards brought from Europe helped materially in conquering and killing off the native population. But the Spaniard was tough. Year after year expeditions went out from Santiago de Cuba—where Velásquez had moved his capital from the first site at Baracoa. Juan de Grijalva and his company sailed from Santiago in 1518 to discover Yucatan. Being optimists, they carried seeds to plant in the soil which they expected the King of Spain to grant them. But let Bernal Diaz tell it as he recorded it later in his history, and as Frans Blom retells it in his *Conquest of Yucatan*.

"I want to tell you how I planted some seeds of an orange next to the idol houses [at Tonola in the State of Tabasco, Yucatan]. Because there were many mosquitoes on the river, ten of us went to sleep in one of the tall idol houses and next to this I planted the seeds I had brought from Cuba. And they grew very well because the priests of the idols cultivated and watered them and from these came all the oranges in that province." Diaz was never modest about his own achievements.

Cortés likewise carried seeds from Cuba as well as all the loot he could gather in when he escaped from Santiago in the night while Velásquez was trying to stop his expedition to Mexico. So did De Soto en route to the Mississippi River.

Cuba was poor at that period of her history. The Spaniards had not yet learned of the wealth that lurked in the *tabacos* (tobacco) which the natives were smoking when Columbus landed. Nor had they learned how to cultivate the succulent "grass" as the natives termed the sugar cane which the Spaniards had introduced.

The King of Spain ordered them to import three hundred Negro slaves from Africa, to take the place of the natives who had died of epidemics, been killed by the Spaniards or fled to the hills. But there was no money to pay for slaves. That was in 1517.

It was thirty years later before the first sugar mill was set up and worked by natives brought from Haiti, but almost from that day a steadily increasing stream of sugar has poured out from the seas of "grass" cultivated on the island.

The profitable "sweet grass" (for sugar cane is an over-sized grass) was not native to Spain or her possessions. It probably originated in India and was introduced into Egypt, Sicily and South Spain by the Arabs in the Middle Ages.

Those ancients had a word for it. They called it "Shakar" and used it as a drug. Long-bearded Arabian doctors either rolled it into pills and plied the sick and afflicted with them, or diluted the liquid and drenched the unfortunates with it. But time passed. "Shakar's" social standing increased. The doughty old *conquistadores* planted it in Santo Domingo and the other newly acquired islands. And now we call it "sugar."

It was sugar that sent the other Europeans rushing forth in search of West Indian possessions. Brilliant statesmen in classic and cultured France gave England the whole of Canada for the little island of Guadeloupe, because they said that while those frozen northern wastes would never be good for anything, the tropic island of Guadeloupe would grow millions of pounds of sugar for Frenchmen everywhere.

Sugar has become a necessity instead of a luxury or a medical remedy. For which Cubans, rich and poor, give thanks—or should—every morning and evening. Why not? Cuba cultivates more than one and a half million acres of sugar cane and is the second largest producer in the world.

Her harvest season for sugar cane lasts six months. So fertile is her soil and so adapted is her climate for growing cane that

while many other countries have to plant every year—or even every season—Cuban growers seldom have to plant more than once in seven to ten years. One of Cuba's larger mills requires the crop from 250 acres of cane to keep it going one day.

More time was required to turn a profit from the *tabaco*. At first the Spaniards thought the use of *tabaco* was a religious rite (which it was at times) and that the Indians were perfuming themselves with the smoke. The early explorers referred to it as “drinking *tabaco*,” but seeing that the natives were deriving considerable pleasure from the act, the Spaniards had a try at it themselves. They liked it. So did the Spanish sailors who carried the custom and the “makings” back to Spain. English and French sailors introduced the weed into their own countries, and soon all Europe and Asia were “drinking” tobacco—or “eating” it in the form of snuff.

Long before Sir Walter Raleigh popularized tobacco in England or John Rolfe made Virginia's tobacco into a paying crop, tobacco was being sold in Spain and France as a remedy—internal and external—for dyspepsia, carbuncles, lockjaw, and the hundreds of other ills to which the human flesh of early days was heir.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth a pound of Cuban tobacco sold for more than a pound sterling. By the beginning of the nineteenth century, cigars, originally used in Cuba and then introduced into Spain, became generally popular in England. The cigarette—which originated in Mexico—was brought back to England by soldiers returning from the Crimea where the Turk had adopted it. Rapidly the use of cigarettes spread over Continental Europe and America. Today Cuban cigars and cigarettes are known wherever smoking is popular. The unique flavor of her crop produced in the famous Vuelta-Abajo region has never been duplicated in any other part of the world. Today Cuba's tobacco is surpassed only by Cuba's sugar in economic importance to the island.

But Cuba's road to prosperity was not an easy one, any more than her road to independence was easy. No American republic suffered more in her war for independence. No other, except Panamá, received her independence so late.

Even before the United States took over the job of winning independence for the troubled country, many of Cuba's own native sons had devoted their lives to its cause.

Greatest, perhaps, of them all was José Martí, son of a Spanish soldier, a soldier who had come to the New World. But from boyhood José was a devout Cuban. He breathed the free air of the Americas and loved it. For him a free, independent Cuba was an all-consuming passion, a passion that even prison and persecution did not smother.

Although frail of stature, studious and scholarly, he was at the same time a flaming brand of determination, an orator and a fighter. Even as a young man José Martí had suffered imprisonment time and again in Cuba and finally deportation and prison in Spain, and exile in the United States, Mexico and Guatemala. But in spite of prison he found time to study in the universities of Europe. He wrote half a dozen books, he ran a newspaper in New York, worked as a bookkeeper, translated English and French novels into Spanish for a New York publisher, corresponded for newspapers and magazines all over South America. He taught school and wrote several books of poetry for children. He served as professor in the University of Guatemala and at the same time kept the fires of independence burning in the hearts of the Cuban people, and finally died on a Cuban battlefield at the age of forty-two just as Spanish rule in the New World was crumbling forever.

Some of the seeds Martí sowed while living in the United States for those fourteen years must have fallen on fertile ground. Within a month after his death, on May 19, 1895, so many men from the United States were taking part in Cuba's fight for independence that Grover Cleveland, then nearing the

end of his presidential administration, warned his countrymen against such procedure. Three years later, however, the ill-fated U. S. battleship *Maine* was ordered to Havana and before the month had ended, was blown up in the harbor with a loss of 2 officers and 258 seamen.

The United States was plunged into a war with Spain which cost us about \$150,000,000 in money and approximately 2000 men killed and wounded. But it gave Cuba her independence and launched another war far more important to human life and happiness—the war on yellow fever and tropic diseases.

In December, 1898, Major William C. Gorgas of the United States Army was appointed health officer of the city of Havana. What he and his colleague, Major Walter Reed, accomplished there has been written too many times to need repetition. They acted on the theory, already advanced by Cuba's native son, Dr. Carlos Finlay, but about which they were skeptical at first—that the mosquito was the carrier for malaria and yellow fever. Finlay had reached his own conclusion about mosquitoes in 1881, but it was 1900 before Reed and Gorgas and the United States Yellow Fever Board accepted it. When they did, they set about to prove it and Cuba today is the shining example of their success.

People of the United States know Cuba better perhaps than any of the nineteen other Americas. It lies just across the Florida Straits from Key West, an overnight journey by ship from Tampa, or two hours by airplane from Miami. We know its people, its political leaders, its statesmen, its poets and musicians. We know some of its outstanding writers—one of them is Gertrudis Gomez de Avellaneda. We know the Cuban Rhumba, and the music of Ernesto Lecuona, the Republic's most famous composer. Cuban music has something of Spain, something of the United States, something of the Indian, something of the Negro. One-fourth of her four and a third million in-



Photograph from Three Lions

Havana, Metropolis of the Caribbean

habitants are Negroes. There remain but a few of the original "Siboneys."

The nearest Cuban city to the United States is dignified old Matanzas, the Athens of Cuba, home of patriots and poets, the birthplace of nearly all of those strange and fascinating musical rhythms, as well as of their authors. Lecuona was born and reared in Matanzas. Joselito White, famous Cuban violinist, long a director of violin at the Conservatory of Paris, was likewise born in Matanzas. So was Moisés Simon, who performed the miracle of lifting the lowly peanut vendor from obscurity to rhythmic immortality.

There is the capital city of Havana itself, which the Cubans—who use the Spanish "b" and "v" interchangeably—call *Habana*, a city of more than half a million inhabitants and growing rapidly. Havana was not the original capital. Baracoa, the ancient Indian village on the eastern tip, is where Velásquez began his activities as governor, moving to Santiago de Cuba five years later. Santiago had a landlocked harbor. It had richer, more fertile soil. It was the gateway to the copper mines which have been worked since 1547.

But the old city of Havana, founded in 1519, was made the capital in 1552. Some of the crumbling old palaces and cathedrals still stand proudly in the midst of garishly new office buildings. For Havana is a modern American city, full of the hustle and bustle of modern business and industry, with palatial tourist hotels and proud boulevards thronged with shiny automobiles. The national Capitol, very much like our own in design, has a gold dome that dominates the surrounding landscape, and in the floor beneath that gold dome is a diamond set in a golden ring. That diamond is the hub of the Republic. All distances are measured from it as a center, as one would say "East or West of Greenwich."

Along the gay Prado, now named the Paseo de Martí, there are still old houses built around flower-filled patios. There is

the Castillo de la Fuerza (the Castle of Power), oldest house in Havana, one of the oldest in the Americas, the house from which De Soto bade good-bye to his lovely Doña Isabel before setting sail for Florida to begin his epic journey through Georgia, Alabama and along the Gulf to discover and be buried in the mighty Mississippi. From this same house scores of other glorious figures went out to discover and conquer vast stretches of the New World. To all Cubans, the *Castillo de la Fuerza* is as historic as the Alhambra is to the Spaniards, and is almost as romantic to the traveller.

But Havana, with its historic houses, its modern skyscrapers and its cosmopolitan air, is not the complete picture of Cuba. There is still the Cuba of the far interior, the verdant countryside, the mountain valleys. There is Camagüey, capital of the leading sugar province, the largest interior city, halfway between Nuevitas on the north and Santa Cruz on the south, with a population of 132,000.

You can travel the 760 miles through the heart of Cuba over a winding road that leads from Pinar del Río, the tobacco center on the west, to Santiago de Cuba on the southeast. This royal road through Cuba's riches is crowded with fields and farms, not merely the great estates of old-time aristocrats but the little farms of hard-working peasant folk and the thousands who work in the cane fields and sugar mills.

Cubans cultivate, grow and supply the greater portion of all the sugar we consume. For years and years on end the welfare of the island was almost entirely dependent upon whether the Yankee tooth was growing sweeter day by day. If the price of sugar fell then economic paralysis crept through Cuban cities and towns.

No one realizes better than Cuba herself the dangers attached to a one-crop or a two-crop country. While sugar is still king in Cuba, there are those who now insist that no one commodity, be it ever so sweet, should wield such imperial power.

The Other Americans

Wise Cubans rightly reason that four and a third millions of people in a country the size of Pennsylvania, a country rich in fertile land and in all manner of natural resources, should have more varied means of support.

In Cuban mountains and valleys there are still eight million acres of forest—hardwood timbers galore. There are iron and coal and manganese—mercury, zinc and gold. Cattle thrive on the grassy plains and *savannas*. The province of Camagüey is developing its livestock industry. Beef cattle and hogs are on the increase. Not only is Cuba supplying meat products for home consumption, but she is also able to export hides and soon may be exporting meat.

Diversity of industry is already on the way. By laws, which some think wise and some think not, sugar production in 1942 had been reduced from five million tons a year to only about three million.

"Give us a few more years of this," said one prominent Cuban, "and our life and livelihood will not be wholly determined by our sales of sugar to North America."

Trade with North America is working well at the present time. From Cuba we are buying sugar, rum and cigars, as well as bananas and avocados, pineapples and lima beans. In fact we have always bought more from her than she has bought from us, and in the year before the outbreak of World War II, more than twice as much. Yet under normal conditions, thanks to the Cordell Hull doctrine of reciprocal trade, our sales had been increasing by leaps and bounds, not only in automobiles and electrical apparatus but in paper, leather and lumber, textile products and chemicals. And let not the farmers of Maine and Mississippi, Illinois and Iowa be too critical of tariff concessions in this particular case. For this island republic has been buying rice and white potatoes, flour, pork and lard in rapidly increasing quantities.

The lot of little farmers and the owners of great sugar mills,



Photograph by Janett

Sugar Cane, Symbol of Cuban Economy

as well as shopkeepers and foreign traders, ought to continue improving in normal times.

Indeed, with cooperation and cordiality, and with the spirit of give and take on the part of all concerned, Cuba and Uncle Sam should find themselves more and more useful to one another, and Yankees and Cubans everywhere the best of neighbors and friends.

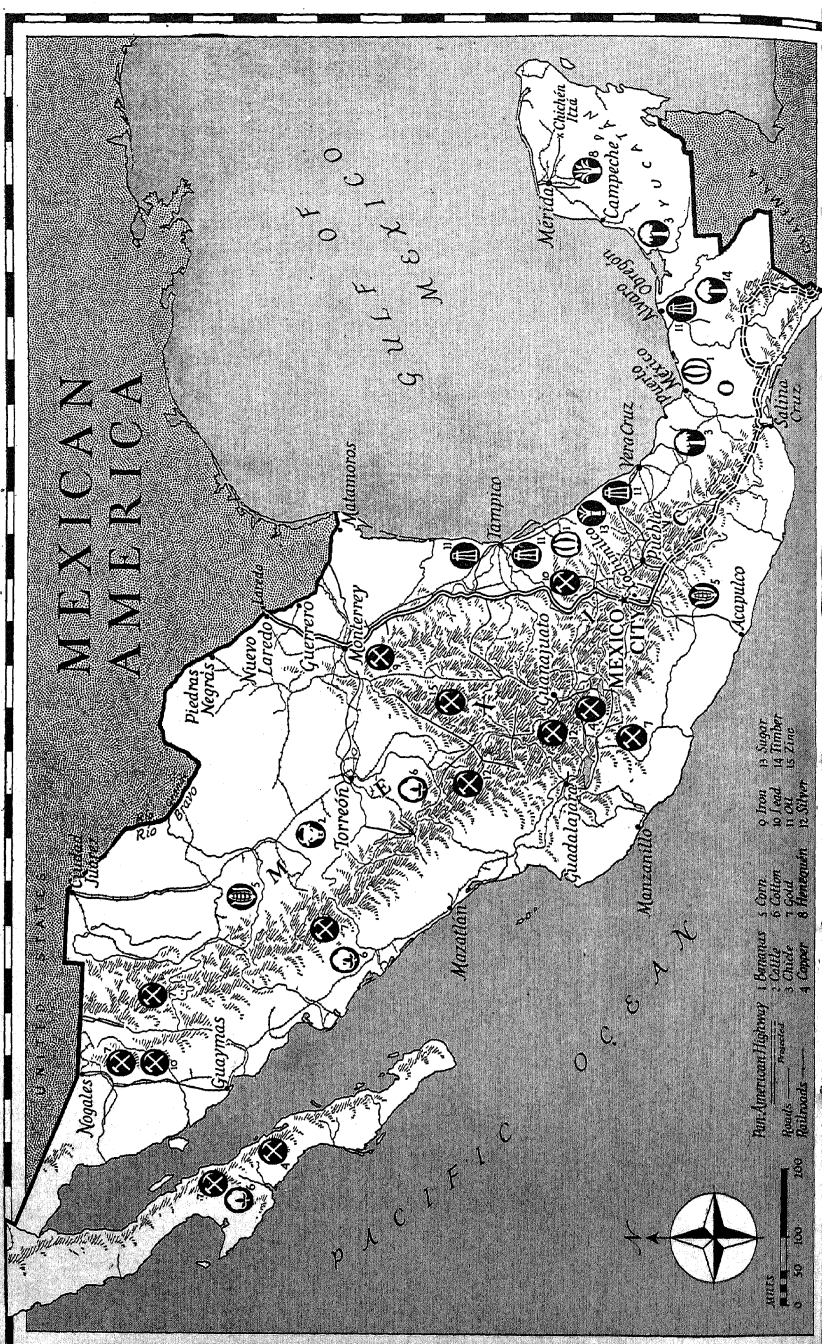
THE OTHER AMERICANS

Mexican America

MEXICO



MEXICAN AMERICA



IV

Below the Río Bravo

IN THE VEINS of the typical Mexican of today flows the blood of more than a thousand years of Mexico's many and varied civilizations—the blood of the Spaniard, the Aztec, the Toltec, the Tarascan, and many others. It is not surprising then that the mind of Manuel Flores was filled with story and legend and the desire to tell them to the stranger.

I met Manuel in the *Palacio de Bellas Artes*, the marble palace in Mexico City, which is the center of Mexican art and culture of today. He was a student of archaeology, a bright-eyed young man of seventeen, who first guided me through the sprawling metropolis of our nearest neighbor republic. In carefully chosen English he recited the legend of the Aztecs, his own face an eloquent reminder of the ancient people. The Aztecs were the *viajeros*—the nomads of the land—he told me. Their god was Quetzalcoátl, whom they had inherited from the Toltecs who preceded them.

"*Quetzalcoátl* means bird serpent, or feathered snake, Señor," he explained. "He was named for the rare *quetzal* bird that inhabits southern Mexico and Guatemala." Manuel was not sure whether Quetzalcoátl was a god or a ruler of the Toltecs. "Probably both," he said, evasively.

At any rate this god—or some other god, for they worshipped many at the time—communicated with the Aztecs by that

secret grapevine route known to the fabled gods of those early days. He told them that their wanderings would cease only when they found a giant bird standing on a rock eating a serpent.

"They found it, Señor!" he exclaimed. "They found it here, in the high plateau country. On an island in the center of a lake, an eagle was perched on a prickly-pear cactus that grew out of a rock. In the eagle's beak was a serpent which he was strangling with his talons."

Here the Aztecs settled down in the shallow Texcoco Lake. Here they built a city which they called Tenochtitlán, "the place where the cactus is on a rock." "And, Señor," said Manuel, "the city of Mexico stands today on the ruins of the Aztec capital."

In the family of American nations, Mexico is one of the oldest. Important civilizations had flourished and faded in her broad valleys and on her high plateaus many centuries before Christopher Columbus was born. The last—and perhaps the least—of these civilizations, the Aztec, had been thriving on the fertile central plateau of Anáhuac for two hundred years when Hernando Cortés and his six hundred Spanish soldiers reached the Empire of Montezuma in 1519, more than a century before the Mayflower landed its Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock.

When soldiers of Cortés, in metal armor, overcame the forces of the Aztecs, a new civilization took root in America, and Spain acquired her first ready-made colony in the Western World. At first it was called New Spain, but later the name was changed to Mexico, taken from "the place of Mexitli," one of the names which the Aztecs gave to their capital in honor of their war god, *Mexitli*.

Upon the ruins of *Mexitli* or *Tenochtitlán*, the island capital of the Aztec Empire, the Spaniards built Mexico City. Spanish churches were constructed. Schools and universities were established. In 1553 the University of Mexico was founded. It had

a chair of Indian languages. Grammars and dictionaries were printed in twelve different dialects. The first secular book ever produced on North American soil was issued by Friar Diez in Mexico in 1556. It was a book of mathematics—interestingly enough, a rapid calculator.

The development of natural resources, together with agriculture and commerce, brought about untold prosperity. Hospitals and public schools multiplied. Perhaps in all the world Spain could have found no nation with which it had so much in common. Here was beauty and, in spite of his ruthlessness, the Spaniard loved beauty. Here were flowers and gardens, parks and palaces and fountains, a water system and winding canals. Here were silver and gold, and Spain had the artisans to work them. Here were women who spun and wove and dyed cloth and reared their daughters as strictly as did Moorish women.

The difference between the two races was in their mental processes and in their sense of values. The battle was to the strong. The Aztec was an idolator, and in the mind of the Spaniard, he must be brought to the true church. He had riches, too, which should not be left for pagan use. He also had land, and the King's dominion must increase.

So the Spaniards destroyed the idols, wrecked the temples and buried the Calendar Stone, which had marked the seasons and festivals, indicated the period for planting and harvesting corn, and told the time of day while Europe was still reckoning time by the sun. Moreover, it remained buried for 250 years until archaeologists discovered it and eventually placed it in the National Museum at Mexico City.

After European civilization had been established, Mexico remained for a long time a land of peace and prosperity. The welding of two strong races continued, and for three hundred years the nation was a viceroyalty of Spain.

Mexico today is a rich blend of Spanish and aboriginal cultures, and it requires expert knowledge to distinguish where

the Aztec ends and the Spanish begins in the art, the music, the customs and the manners of modern Mexico.

It is a sizable country, curving southeastward for almost two thousand miles between the Pacific Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico, from the temperate borders of the United States to the tropics of Guatemala. Its amazing area is sufficient to embrace Spain, Portugal, France, Italy, Belgium, with almost enough room left over to squeeze in pre-Hitler Germany. It is a land of magnificent distances and breath-taking altitudes.

"A fellow can turn around here," an engineer told me on one of my visits to Mexico. Yes, a man or a race of men can turn around. In Mexico's long march of time she has made many turns, each turn an upward spiral.

Most of us are accustomed to speak of "our neighbor to the south," yet almost one-fifth of Mexico's area lies north of the latitude of Brownsville, Texas. Even the Río Grande, on its journey to the Gulf, causes geographical confusion. After meandering southward from its source in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado, it zigzags now east, now south, now north, now south again until it finally flows lazily into the Gulf.

Mexicans call it the Río Bravo, "Brave River of the North." No longer is it the dividing line between us. Rather it unites us. It is a mere line of demarcation over which bridges are built, rails are laid, airplanes flown and automobiles driven.

Students of art and architecture, of music and ethnology, go every summer from New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Minneapolis or St. Louis to learn how the peoples of the southern regions of North America live and have lived, while Mexican students from the capital, from Guadalajara, Tampico or Torreón, come north to study medicine, engineering, dentistry or economics in the colleges and universities on this side of the Río Grande.

This dramatic country strikes the North American, on his

first view, as one vast stage with all her sons and daughters as actors. The raggedest *peon* in the *maguey* fields flings his worn *sarape* over his shoulder and moves with all the majesty of Hamlet at his best. Well he may. The best blood of the ancient races flows through his veins.

Not the least of Mexico's drama lies in her topography. A double chain of mountain ranges, soaring to great heights, flanks the elevated central plateau where four-fifths of her population live at an average altitude of six thousand feet. This is the gentle Temperate Zone—or as the Mexicans say it, *La Tierra Templada*. Down along the coasts lie the hot, moist tropical regions known as the *Tierra Caliente*—the hot lands—while high on the slopes of the Sierras, to the east and west, are the cold lands—the *Tierra Fria*, where there is always some ice and snow.

Flying southward from the Texas border, or following the new Pan-American highway that connects the United States at Laredo with Mexico City, one sees a panorama like that of the Holy Land. Powdery desert, arid mountains rising abruptly from the plains, broad fertile valleys dotted with far-flung fields of the cactus-like *maguey*, all unfold in a colorful scroll. Lithe girls with water jars on their shoulders patter from village well to adobe hut. Blue *rebozos*, or head shawls, float dreamily in the clear sunshine. Water is a precious commodity in the remote desert and dry mountain regions where it is carried on the shoulders of women or sold from carts drawn by sleepy-eared burros. Gay little villages, their houses and adobe huts painted pink, blue, orange, or all the hues of the rainbow, cling to the steep hills.

Silver lies in almost every mountain. Mexico produces more silver than all the countries in the world: more than 140,000,000 pesos' worth annually. Some of her mines have been in actual production for four hundred years—day in and day out.

Corn, Mexico's staff of life, grows everywhere and in endless variety. Seven and a half million acres of it produce an average annual crop of more than fifteen million tons. Some of it is grown on vast farms, plowed, cultivated and harvested by machinery; some in small fields where oxen and mules supplement handwork. But the Aztec *milpas* still persist, where the handmade wooden plow, the *machete* and the hand-and-foot power of the *peon* are the only cultivators and harvesters.

Every day in every way Mexico eats corn. Both the product and the appetite were inherited from their native forebears who were grinding maize in stone *metates* and baking tortillas over hot coals when Cortés reached the valley of Anáhuac. Beans—*frijoles*—come next in popularity, with *garbanzos*, or chick peas, running a close third. Cotton fields are numerous. Most of rural Mexico dresses in cotton from daylight to dark and from January to Christmas.

The plateau rises gradually as one journeys to the south. So do the mountains. Important cities punctuate the skyline. Monterrey, metropolitan capital of Nuevo León in the fertile Santa Catarina Valley, pushes upward to an altitude of 1500 feet. Part of its city gas supply is piped from Texas. Its factories are numbered by the hundreds. Its 150,000 inhabitants, some of whom come from the United States, call it the "Chicago of Mexico."

"But the prettiest girls in Mexico live in Guadalajara," I have been told frequently, "girls with the smallest hands and feet and speaking the best Spanish." Well, if an outsider may be a little presumptuous, there is not much ground for argument. In Guadalajara I have met families of unmixed blood whose customs are still much the same as those of their ancestors who came from Guadalajara, Spain. Some of the early architecture still exists, notably the Cathedral and the Governor's Palace facing the old blue-tiled plaza. The lace iron balconies of the

Palace are of exquisite pattern and workmanship. Its entrance archway is formed of twenty-one keystones. The doorway is flanked by handsomely diapered columns.

Guadalajara has lost much of its Spanish colonial atmosphere. If we may believe some poetic enthusiasts, it was formerly a city in which music was not a luxury but a necessity of life. "Until recently," one Mexican writer told me, "when a young man wrote a poem, won a horse race or vanquished a rival, he hired an orchestra and paraded triumphantly through the town. Only a few years ago," he went on, "the streets and plazas of Guadalajara were overrun with organ grinders. They had been subsidized by a fund which a rich gentleman had willed to the city to insure free hand organ music in perpetuity." At any rate, in the musical sentiments of the *rancheros*, those cowboy songs, the Guadalajara girls are called "Highlanders," and are immortalized in one composition called "Las Alteñitas."

Today in Guadalajara you find skyscrapers, modern department stores, neon lights and all the appurtenances of a modernistic civilization.

"But for Spanish colonial architecture, go to Puebla," Mexicans urge you, and they are right. I saw it first at midday with a sapphire sky arched above the white towers and the tropic sun throwing long shadows across its rectangular streets. I basked in the little *Paseo* beside the statue of the young General Zaragoza who, in 1862, on *Cinco de Mayo*, the 5th of May, drove a superior French force back to the coast and gave Mexico one of its most festive national holidays.

Puebla, fourth city of size and importance in the Republic, is an artist's as well as an architect's dream. Even the humblest houses are fascinating. Balconies dotted with flowerpots overlook the patios, and many of the façades are covered with the highly glazed, tin-enamelled *Talavera* tiles of blue, white and yellow which are Puebla's earmark. Beyond the tiled domes of old cathedrals rise the plumed crests of the two famed vol-

canoes, Popocatepetl (the Smoking One), and the feathery white bed of Ixtaccihuatl (the Sleeping Woman).

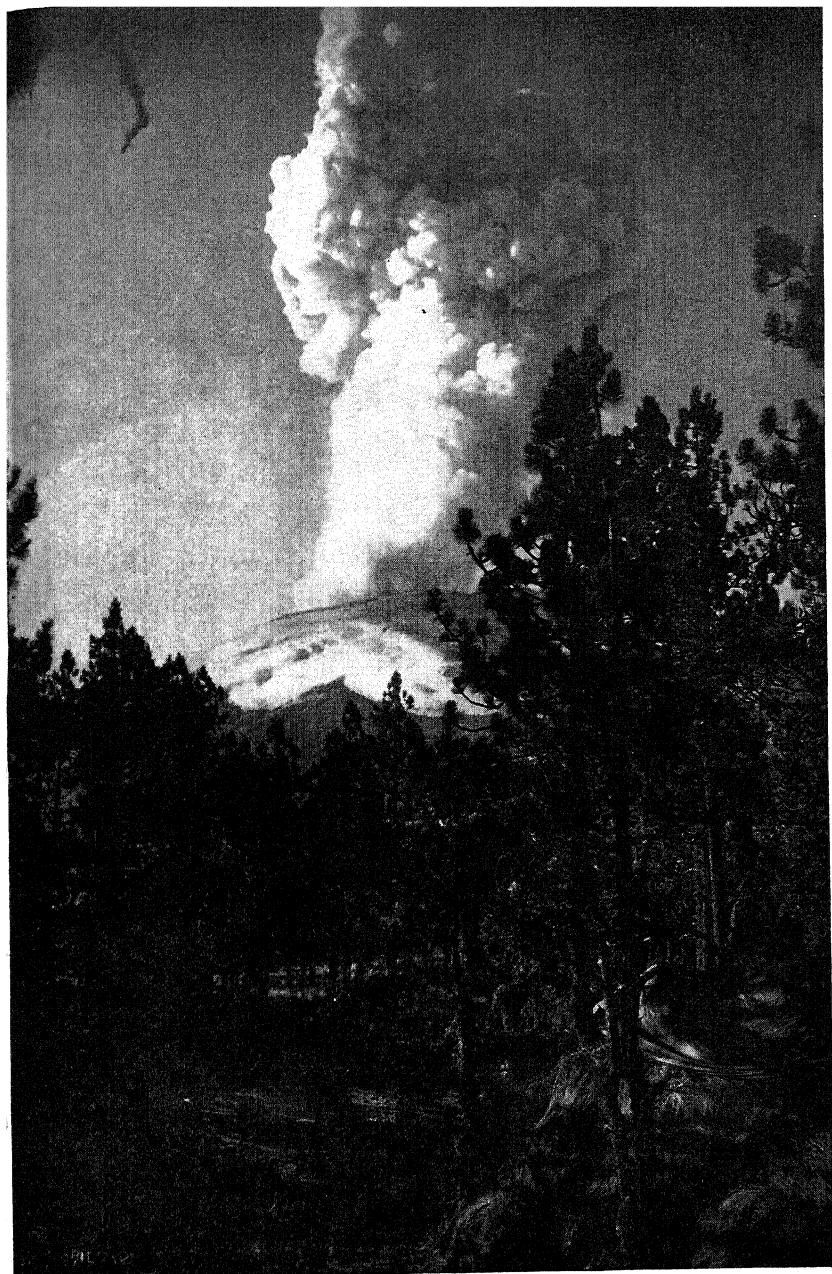
Land of magnificent scenery, of mountains, lakes and garden spots, of cities and states with picturesque names. There are such cities as Matamoros and Monterrey, Guanajuato and Guerrero, Tampico and Torreón, and such states as Morelos and Michoacan, Zacatecas and Tabasco. Tabasco's Indian music is as gay and peppery as its name. Here, if a señorita dares to become too choosy or—shall we say, high hat—the gay blades of the community soon bring her to reason with the typical Tabasco expression—*Caña Brava!*

But if the cities and states to the north and the cities and states to the south, the towns and villages of the green valleys and along the meandering seacoasts, cling to ways and customs all their own, the metropolis of Mexico City opens its arms to the cultures and customs of the world.

The ancient capital of the Aztecs is now a modern metropolis, with a population of more than a million and a half, and a wing-spread of fifteen square miles. Broad avenues are lined with modern office buildings, with theatres, clubs and hotels. Mexico City is the political, industrial and economic center of the Republic. The historic cathedral and *Sagrario*—actually two separate churches—form the finest ecclesiastical group in North America. Built on the site of the great *teocalli* of Montezuma, it was begun soon after the conquest and completed in 1667.

"The City of Palaces," the geographer Humboldt called Mexico City. Nothing so emphasizes the striking contrast between the old and the new as does the "House of Tiles," built as a palace by the Conde del Valle de Orizaba and now utilized by the American druggist, Sanborn, as a popular drugstore, restaurant and banquet hall.

"You will never build a house of tiles," the old Count told his spendthrift son, fearing he would squander his patrimony. But the young Count belied him and built what is still con-



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

Mt. Popocatepetl in Action

sidered one of the most beautiful houses—if not the most beautiful—in the city. Its façade presents much rich plateresque carving. But the outstanding feature is that the entire area of the outside walls is covered with the lovely blue, white and yellow glazed tiles of Puebla. Its interior is equally lovely.

The giant castle of Chapultepec and its spacious gardens still crown the highest hill in the city—"the hill of the grasshopper" where Montezuma had his summer home. Garishly new skyscrapers and apartment houses flank the gardens and parks. But the skyline of Mexico City remains distinguished by the lovely domes of old cathedrals—the half-orange or elongated Persian dome, a dominant feature of Mexican colonial architecture.

In restaurants and concert halls, the quaint and haunting melodies of yesterday blend freely with the music of the twentieth century. And there is always the Spanish guitar, Spain's poetic gift to the other Americas. Most music lovers of New York and Chicago are familiar with the compositions of Carlos Chavez, Mexico's leading present-day composer and conductor of symphonic music; and with the classic guitar music of Manuel Ponce. The words and music of "Estrellita," "Cielito Lindo" and "La Golondrina" are as well known on this side as they are below the Río Grande.

So much history has been written about Mexico and from such widely divergent angles, that the average reader is inclined to shy at the mere mention of history. Yet it is impossible to dissociate Mexico from her history. The two are interchangeable. Modern highways parallel old Spanish trails which in their turn followed the Aztec footpaths. Architectural monuments of the Conquest appear at every turn of the road. Some of the *tezontle* palaces built of the original pink stone used in Aztec temples are still occupied as dwelling places by modern Mexicans. Many of them are equipped with furniture brought over in the days of the viceroyalty.



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

Modern Apartments in the Mexican Capital

Whenever I journey from Vera Cruz by that breath-taking railroad that climbs upward to Mexico City, I like to reconstruct the world-shaking arrival of Hernando Cortés in the land of Montezuma. I can visualize his spectacular exit from Santiago de Cuba on February 10, 1519, with sails set for Yucatan, which had yielded a rich harvest of gold to Juan de Grijalva and his associates in the preceding year.

Diego Velásquez, Governor of Cuba—Spain's island child in the New World—had received royal permission to send a newer and larger fleet to the mainland. He selected Hernando Cortés, a gentleman by birth, a valiant captain and a landholder on the Island of Cuba, to lead the expedition. Adventurers eager for gold or glory flocked to join up. Merchants loaned him money, gave him merchandise, contributed horses.

But it was an age of intrigue. The Governor ordered the fleet to be watched lest any plots be hatched. Cortés, fearing that his expedition might be cancelled or taken from him, rounded up his soldiers in the night, appropriated all the cows, pigs, and sheep available, gathered in—on a sort of lease-lend plan—an additional ship loaded with bread and cassava.

"With all our artillery, consisting of ten brass cannons and some small guns called *falconets*, together with crossbows," to quote Cortés, they set sail with six hundred men and sixteen precious horses.

Bernal Diaz, self-appointed historian of the expedition, has immortalized those horses: "A vicious dark chestnut horse," which belonged to Cortés and died on arrival at San Juan de Uloa. "A powerful gray mare which we called 'bob-tail'—a very good charger. A good chestnut horse belonging to Pedro Gonzales de Trujillo—all chestnut—which ran very well. Jan Sedeño's chestnut mare—and this mare foaled aboard ship. A very good sorrel mare, good for both trotting and galloping, owned jointly by Pedro de Alvarado and Hernán López de Avila, and, after we reached New Spain, Pedro de Alvarado

bought the other half share in the mare." Or as the historian was pleased to point out, "he took it by force."

The Governor tried to stop the expedition, but Cortés, who "went around looting the Governor's own farm like a very excellent pirate"—to quote him directly—sent back word that he would sail next day and that he remained "his very humble servant."

Sail they did, steering first for the island of Cozumel, off the coast of Yucatan, to learn if possible the fate of their countrymen who had been shipwrecked and taken prisoner there eight years before. Learning nothing, they rounded the end of the peninsula and gave battle to the warlike natives of Tabasco, and temporarily subdued them with a cavalry charge.

Sixteen horses—wild-eyed snorting beasts with flying manes and tails and death-dealing hoofs! This was native North America's first encounter with the horse and its rider—a strange centaur-like creature, half man and half beast—and with their cannons that spat forth thunder and lightning. These strangers, they feared, were the sons of Quetzalcoátl, the Fair God, whose return to earth had long been prophesied.

The natives sent gifts of gold, also women slaves, among them the beautiful and intelligent Malinal, whom the Spaniards called Malinche and finally baptized as Doña Marina. She came from the province of Coatzacoalcos and she spoke Aztec as well as the Mayan language of Yucatan.

With Marina as guide and interpreter Cortés set out for the fabled land of gold, the Empire of Montezuma. He headed northwest and, anchoring at Uloa, took possession of the land in the name of the King and founded the city of Vera Cruz.

Rumors got about even before the days of the telephone and radio. In the capital of Tenochtitlán on the plateau of Anáhuac, Montezuma learned of the coming of the white man. Was their leader the Fair God, Quetzalcoátl? Montezuma was curious. He sent gifts down to the coast: birds and animals of gold and

silver, cotton cloth, pearls and precious gems, a circular disk of wrought gold estimated by Cortés as worth \$200,000. Montezuma's curiosity as to the strangers was as nothing compared with the curiosity which the gifts aroused in the Spaniards. The journey to the capital was on.

And what a journey! Travel it today by rail and let your imagination carry you back four and a quarter centuries. Two hundred and sixty-three miles through steaming jungles, infested with crawling snakes and stinging insects, through forests of giant trees covered with hanging vines, many of them poisonous; through jagged rocky footpaths, up steep mountains, over sun-baked lava fields. They rounded the base of glorious Orizaba—Mexico's highest mountain. They blazed a trail, between Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, wide enough to permit the passage of horses and cannon. Two of the soldiers scaled Popocatepetl and peered into its smoking crater.

Before the Spaniards could reach their objective, they had to cross the high sierras, climbing to the freezing Tierra Fria. But at last they came down to the temperate plateau where the agricultural skill of the Aztecs had planted their Garden of Eden, rimmed round with giant mountains.

Here was Spain at its best—grass for horses, giant trees, blossoming flowers, winding canals and waterways. Corn, which the Spaniards had never seen and which the Aztecs called *maiz*, was good for both man and beast.

Before them lay the island capital, Tenochtitlán. Here was the end of the rainbow with its promised pot of gold.

Two crowded years of war and cunning were required to conquer the region. Montezuma II was killed in 1520. More than a year later, after three months' siege, Tenochtitlán was taken. Cortés was made governor of New Spain, and the building of a new world began; the building of a new world and the rebuilding of the old.

Horses, cows, pigs and sheep were transplanted from the

haciendas of Spain to the plateaus and valleys of Mexico. In exchange, America sent the potato, the tomato, the tobacco and other products of its soil to the Old World. The gay lilt of the Spanish guitar infiltrated the melancholy music of Aztec drum and flute.

Spain left its imperishable influence upon Mexico—its language, its art, its music—but Mexico's influence on Spain was equally great. With the birth of Mexico began one of the most glorious epochs of Spain. For three hundred years Spanish viceroys paid tribute, in Mexican silver and gold, to the motherland across the water. Once a fleet of ships was sent to Spain with thirty million minted silver dollars in their holds. In one silver mine Cortés had a tunnel dug wide enough for the King of Spain to ride through with a coach and eight horses. The King never reached Mexico, but Mexican treasure plowed a wide path across the Atlantic.

Not only did Mexican gold and silver flow across the sea to fill the coffers of Castile, but Mexican art and the imprint of Mexican civilization overran the museums and libraries of the motherland. Spanish musicians took old Mexican folk songs and dances and adapted them to their own uses. Sometimes the Spanish interpretation of a Mexican song would return recreated to the land of its birth. Thus the haunting melody and rhythm of both countries is heard today interwoven in Mexican music.

Listen, some starry night, to the *mariachis* in the plaza of some old town or city and you will hear the throb and beat of Aztec drums sounding in the music of modern Mexico. Watch the merrymakers at a *fiesta* and note the twinkling feet of a graceful young girl or an agile young man as they gaily dance around and over a sombrero tossed to the ground. This is the *Jarabe Tapatio*, the Mexican hat dance.

And at last, when the moon is waning, stand in the shadow of a tree and hear a lover strum his guitar while he sings the

exquisite "Ojos Tapatios," Sparkling Eyes, one of the loveliest of Mexican songs, to the señorita safely protected behind the bars of the window, "Playing Bear" they call it in Mexico. This system of keeping lovers apart by means of iron bars was Spain's gift by way of the Moors. Mexican women have been granted national suffrage, but in some sections the tradition of iron bars and protected daughters still persists.

V

The Horn of Plenty

AFTER THE tradition of Spanish overlordship and old Spain had endured for nearly three hundred years, Mexico rebelled. A Mexican priest, Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla, the "George Washington" of Mexico, gave the rallying cry of independence on September 16, 1810. From the parish church in the little town of Dolores, came the ringing of the church bell at midnight, and the cry of "Long live the true religion! Death to the false government!" The revolutionists lacked both arms and discipline, yet they captured Guanajuato and Valladolid, set many prisoners at liberty, and marched on the capital. For a time they were successful, but at the end of four months they were routed. Hidalgo was shot in Chihuahua, but another priest, Father Morelos, took up the torch. He, too, was executed.

Eleven years of struggle were required to lift Spain's yoke from the shoulders of her first-born child on the American mainland. General Agustín Iturbide accomplished it. The following year he was made Emperor but six months later was dethroned. A few years later the vacillating General Antonio López de Santa Anna declared himself the ruler of Mexico and took his seat in the President's chair.

Then began for Mexico a seesaw era, now up, now down. A regrettable war with the United States ended on February 2,

1848, with the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Some years later, while the United States was in the midst of her own Civil War, Napoleon III of France, seeking empire in the New World, sent the Archduke Maximilian of Austria and his consort, Carlotta, to Mexico to serve as Emperor and Empress, with more than 30,000 troops to support them.

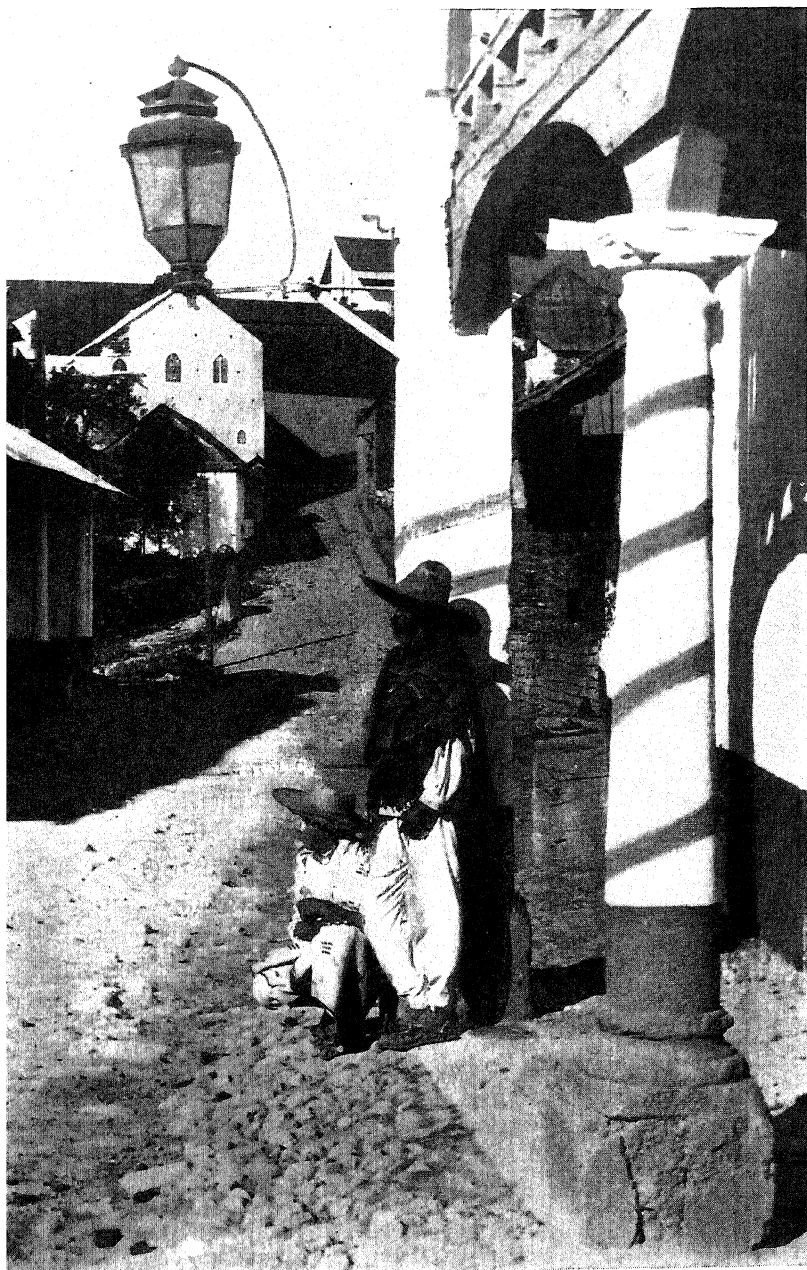
Benito Juárez, one of Mexico's heroes, a full-blooded Zapotec Indian, was President at the time. When at the close of our own War between the States, we moved troops to the border, Napoleon withdrew his forces. Maximilian was soon captured and executed by the Mexican soldiers. Carlotta became insane and finally died in Europe in 1927.

Since then Mexico has solved her own problems in her own way. The era of Porfirio Díaz—who brought in foreign capital and foreign industrial experts—was followed by a succession of revolutions. Díaz was in effect a feudal dictator. He handled Mexican land and resources as if they had been his own personal property. Finally, he was overthrown. Then the pendulum swung to the extreme left during the regime of President Lázaro Cárdenas. But under the government of President Manuel Ávila Camacho, the nation settled down to a middle-of-the-road policy, under a businesslike liberal administration.

Yet never in her history, until her declaration of war against Germany and the Axis powers in June, 1942, had Mexico officially declared war. This record is a treasured precedent.

Gradually our neighbor republic has established herself among world powers. In 1917, her new constitution was adopted, designed to prevent the concentration of power, to distribute economic wealth and to prohibit unscrupulous leaders from succeeding themselves in public, elective offices. Today the United States of Mexico comprises twenty-eight states, two territories and a federal district.

There are about a million people throughout Mexico who are either of pure Spanish blood or are so considered. The majority of these live in modern city homes, in urban apart-



Photograph by William Land, from Three Lions

México of the Past

ments, or in some ancient *casa paterna*, or old house, where the family has lived since viceregal days. A very few live on *haciendas*, or plantations, which annually decrease in size, due to the agrarian laws.

They usually speak French and English, as well as Spanish, and perhaps other languages. Most of them, men and women, are graduates of Mexican or foreign colleges and universities.

The middle class, or the *mestizos*—mixed Spanish and Indian—number about fifteen million. Besides these, there are about four million Indians. I dislike that word, Indian. It was imposed upon the natives of the Western World by Columbus who thought he was in India. Some people call them peons, but incorrectly, since the word applies to any laborer, regardless of race. At any rate they are all Mexicans.

The *peon* is the most picturesque person in Mexico. He lives in an adobe hut, mud-colored or washed with blue or pink or green or orange paint. His hut and its paint job are his own handiwork. He speaks his own ancient dialect, mixed with a little Spanish or much, according to his education and opportunity. He wears pajama-like cotton suits and a *sarape* which serves as a cape, a raincoat or a blanket according to the season, the state of the elements and the time of day or night. His head covering is a sombrero, his dearest material possession.

The Mexican sombrero is no mere hat, but an important item in the theatrical property of the country. It is exclusively masculine and no *peon* is properly dressed without it. It ranges in size from that of ordinary summer headgear to cartwheel proportions. It is a hat in summer, an umbrella in the rain and a fan in the tropics. No two Mexicans wear their sombreros at the same angle, and a careful analyst of Indian psychology can determine, by the angle at which he wears his sombrero, the exact state of the wearer's mind, body and finances. The *peon's* son is a small copy of himself just as the daughter is a diminutive image of her mother.

The Indian women usually wear long full skirts, gaily embroidered blouses and black or blue *rebozos* gracefully draped over their heads or about their shoulders. Their long black hair is usually in braids. Their big black eyes mirror the whole of Mexico's colorful past.

The peon is hard-working, patient, kindly, often deeply religious and has a passion for color, flowers, and animals—and an inordinate love for *fiestas*. Seldom have I visited any part of Mexico without finding myself in the midst of some fiesta, religious, political or merely local. Take *Xochimilco* on Santa Anita's Day—the Friday before Palm Sunday.

Xochimilco was the Aztecs' "place of flowers." Here modern merry-makers celebrate the festival of Santa Anita—and any other available holiday. Flower-trimmed, canopied flatboats wind along the dreamy canals that separate islands of flower and vegetable gardens which have been producing since the days of Montezuma. Willows and poplar trees throw slanting shadows across the waters. Pansies and violets, lilies and carnations, poppies and zinnias, flowering shrubs and flowering trees line the canal banks. Tomatoes and peppers, beans, peas and squashes, melons and the ever-present corn of Mexico, flourish abundantly in the black soil.

At *Xochimilco* every boat has its name spelled out in flowers arched across the front of the canvas awning—Conchita, Margarita, Carmen. There are music boats carrying orchestras, barges built for dancing, kitchen boats where sizzling chickens and spicy *tamales*, red-hot *chile con carne* or hard boiled eggs are passed over the sides and devoured by hungry customers. Boatmen pole leisurely from winding canal to winding canal. The music of guitar and violin and soft liquid Spanish songs fill the air. All day from sunrise to moonset on holidays and Sundays *Xochimilco* is like this, an outdoor pageant.

But there is another side to the picture. Women have arisen at daybreak, ground corn, gathered flowers, arranged them in

a harmony of soft colors or a riot of brilliant hues according to taste. They have tied their bouquets with straw or *maguey* fiber and piled them in boats which are the pushcarts of *Xochimilco*. Men and boys have gathered vegetables and arranged them in patterns as artistic as bouquets. They have killed chickens, burned charcoal for the braziers, decorated boats and polished them ready for their customers.

Holidays are harvest days for the residents of the village of *Xochimilco*, but every day their lives run in more or less the same stream. The little winding waterways lead to the broad Viga Canal which in turn leads to the village of Santa Anita where merchants from Mexico City and nearby towns gather daily to buy their stores of flowers and vegetables for their urban customers.

These floating gardens were the happy invention of the Aztecs who, living in an island home, built their gardens in the water. On a base of branches, roots and water plants, they spread seaweed and moss, covering the moss with earth. In this soil they planted tomatoes, corn, peppers. On other floating bases they grew flowers. What a convenience these gardens must have proved on an Aztec moving day!

The *Xochimilco* gardens have built themselves up—and down—since the days of their original planters. Time has rooted them until they are now a part of the canal banks. But every once in a while, just for old times' sake, a clump of purple-hearted pansies or spicy pink geraniums or a garden of chile peppers separates itself from the parent island and goes off on a watery adventure down the broad Viga Canal.

We, this side of the Río Grande, are accustomed to celebrate our holidays one at a time and call it a day. For example, we begin our Christmas with Christmas Eve and end it the following night. But the Mexican peon, who does nothing by halves, celebrates Christmas for nine days.

The Indian, however, begins the midwinter celebration on



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Lines

Floating Gardens of Xochimilco

December 12th, with the religious festival of Guadalupe. The origin of Guadalupe dates back to December 12, 1531, when the Virgin is said to have appeared to a little Indian boy, Juan Diego, on the rocky hill of Guadalupe just a few miles north of Mexico City.

Guadalupe is one of the most beautiful churches and the most hallowed shrine in the Americas. Annually, on December 12, the Indians climb the long flight of stone steps—often on their knees—to worship or plead at the shrine of Guadalupe. I have seen ten thousand Indians from all parts of the Republic bring their flowers to the Virgin of Guadalupe. And when the day was ended, I have seen the flowers piled six feet high against the church walls.

After the ritual of Guadalupe, the other Christmas festivities seem like child's play. Interestingly enough, as in all the other American republics, there is no Santa Claus in Mexico. But every night for nine nights before Christmas, beginning on December 16, processions of children and their elders go from door to door singing songs and, in the manner of Mary and Joseph, asking for shelter. Then, on the ninth night, which is Christmas Eve, the doors of all the houses are opened, and the merrymakers enter to enjoy music and dancing and to exchange gifts.

But give the Mexican adult his bullfight. The Sunday *corrida* at the Plaza de Toros is as important a sports feature to the Mexican's Sunday afternoon as a baseball game or a prize fight is to the fan in the United States. He takes his bullfights seriously. Not only has he inherited his love of the *corrida* from his Spanish forebears who introduced the sport into America, but part of his enjoyment comes by way of his Aztec progenitors. The same observance of pomp and ceremony and the same profusion of flowers that attended the rites on the ancient sacrificial altars, remain in the Mexican *corrida*.

Twenty-five or thirty thousand people of all classes gather

on a Sunday afternoon wherever a bullfight is to be held. All afternoon they sit waiting for that supreme moment when the matador, with the agility of a dancing master and the skill of an expert swordsman, will dispatch the bull, or, more thrilling still, the bull will dispatch the matador.

Mexican bullfighters are among the best in the world. I once saw a Mexican matador save the honor of Venezuela. But that story comes later—it belongs to Venezuela.

I have said that the Mexican peon is the most picturesque person in the nation. But I must make one reservation. That reservation is for the historic *charro*. Just try to find, outside a Walt Disney fantasy, anything so splendrous as the old-time Mexican horseman on parade. Try to find anything to equal his broad sombrero, with its band of gold or silver braid and ornaments, his bespangled short jacket and his tight-fitting pants buttoned from waist to ankle with silver buttons down each side seam. His boots and his wide-rowelled spurs are covered with the most delicate engravings. His saddle and bridle are silver-mounted.

Not only is the *charro's* costume the most picturesque in Mexico, but it is the most expensive as well. And, like almost everything in Mexico, it is interwoven with tradition. It was the costume worn by horsemen in old Andalusia in Spain. The short-fitting jacket is adapted from the bullfighter's costume.

In his heyday the *charro* was the owner of one of the vast *haciendas*. Some of them are still *hacendados* or *rancheros*, but many who are no longer landholders still cling to their picturesque costume and to their custom of riding in the city parks on Sunday morning.

Heretofore in these pages I have dealt only with Aztec Mexico. There is another Mexico, however; a far, far older one. It rises from the dead past at San Juan Teotihuacán—"St. John's place-of-the-gods"—about thirty-three miles northeast of Mexico City, where the Pyramid of the Sun and the Pyramid of the

Moon, with the fortress, cover more than eleven acres. Here are revealed the building habits and customs of one of the pre-Aztec civilizations of Mexico.

Archaeologists estimate that these ruins were built 2500 or 3000 years ago, but until less than a century ago they were so buried beneath the accumulated soil of the ages and so overgrown with brush that they were thought to be hills rising from the plain.

After numerous attempts at excavation, Dr. Manuel Gamio of the Bureau of Archaeology of Mexico, began the job of systematic restoration.

Today in the shadow of this ancient city of the dead the Bureau of Education has built a rural school—one of the most fascinating experiments in Mexico. Here Indian boys and girls are encouraged to develop their inherent arts and talents. I have visited their art classes. The strength of line, the vitality of form and the daring in color expressed by these youthful indigenes make them worthy successors to Diego Rivera and José Clemente Orozco.

But for a life-sized view of an ancient race and the ruins that remain after them, go to Yucatan which, archaeologically and ethnologically, belongs to Central America rather than to Mexico. There you will find the remains of that mysterious people, the Mayas, who lived in the southeast of Mexico—in the states of Chiapas, Tabasco, Quintana Roo and Yucatan—as well as in Guatemala and Honduras.

Just why they left the rich and fertile section where the peninsula joins the mainland and drifted farther north to the arid peninsula of Yucatan is a moot question. They had shaped their civilization in the southern region of lakes and rivers, but gradually drifted north where civil strife and unrest, pestilence and the Spanish invasion, killed the majority of them and scattered the rest through the depths of the forests.

They built cities of stone, developed a method of writing

and a science in numbers and, like the Aztecs, had their own calendar for computing time and the seasons. Their history has been traced back to 418 A.D. or a little earlier, and it is believed that some time about 1190 their capital, Chichén Itzá, was captured by the Toltecs who transmitted it in turn to the Nahuatlán Indians of whom the Aztecs were one tribe.

The Middle Americas Research Department of Tulane University, at New Orleans; the Carnegie Foundation, as well as Mexican and Central American archaeological expeditions have unearthed and restored cities and temples of astounding size and importance. Chichén Itzá, restored by the Carnegie Foundation of Washington and the Government of Mexico; the nunnery of Uxmal, reconstructed in miniature by Tulane University for the Chicago Century of Progress; the ruins of Tulem on the East Coast of Yucatan, all are but a few of the many chapters of ancient history dug out of the soil of Mexico.

For many years I have been observing and commenting on the customs and manners, the resources and institutions of the twenty other American republics. In Mexico I have found nineteen million people busy at putting and keeping their national house in order. It is a life-sized job because the triangular Republic south of us is a horn of plenty in more than mere configuration.

Mexico has a rich past and a richer present. Its chief wealth is in its mines and its petroleum deposits, yet its basic occupation is agriculture. Only in the last forty years has Mexico known of its wealth in oil. At one time more than fifty million barrels of oil were shipped yearly from the ports of Vera Cruz and Tampico, where the largest refineries are located.

The immense *henequén* plantations of Yucatan furnish a large portion of the world's rope and binder twine. By 1940 Mexico had become a leading exporter of bananas, with about one-fourth of its crop coming to the United States. There is a steadily increasing acreage of wheat. Upwards of 500,000

tons per year are produced on about a million and a half acres.

Chicle is also a major product of the more tropical, or low-land regions of the country. The natives of Yucatan, Vera Cruz, and Campeche tap the wild *zapote* or chicle trees, gather the sap, cook it over slow fires and transport the white, waxy blocks to market where they are carried to the United States and made into chewing gum.

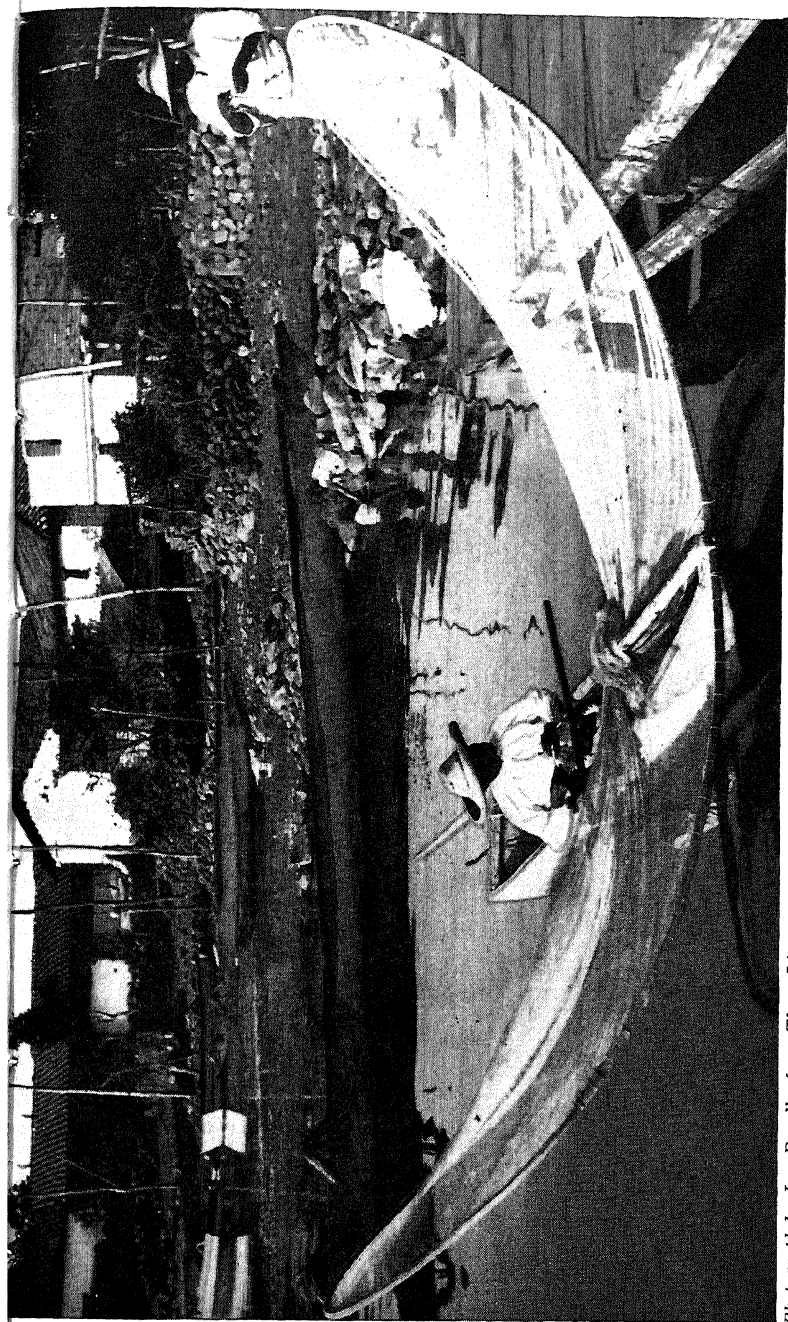
Other natives of the tropics plant and cultivate *cacao* trees, gather the pods, cure the seeds in the sun and ship them to factories to be made into chocolate or cocoa powder. Many Mexicans prefer chocolate to coffee, but about 240,000 acres of land are planted in coffee for both the national and export trade.

Not the least of the changes I have observed in Mexico in the past fifteen years is her increasing awareness of the outside world. The radio and the airplane have, of course, helped bring this about. She has made much progress in the development of her highways, but still has room for improvement. In so vast a country, sliced north and south by two mountain ranges, road building is not a simple process.

Due to the increased traffic brought about by the enormous exports of minerals and other products to the United States during World War II, the entire rail system of Mexico has been greatly improved.

Commercial aviation has made rapid expansion. Mexico boasts numerous airlines, flying more than 3,000,000 miles a year.

As its resources and its capital increase, its public institutions improve in proportion. The Department of Public Education serves as a clearing house for educational information and guidance. The Secretary of Public Education is a member of the President's cabinet. There are more than 13,700 rural schools, including farm schools for the assistance of rural boys and girls who desire to remain on the farms. Indian education is stressed,



Photograph by Leo Favella, from Three Lions

Fishermen and His Net on Lake Patzcuaro

and a special department of the Bureau of Education directs the work among the laboring classes.

Public Health requires special attention in a country so largely tropical. The National Department of Health works in conjunction with the Cooperative Health Service of each State. In some parts of the country, travelling clinics are maintained to educate the people and combat disease. But there is still much to be done in the outlying towns and rural districts.

Mexico is no longer a top-hat and frock-coat country, but a practical, hard-working nation. So are its diplomats and officials. At inter-American conferences in the past fifteen years, I have seen the passing of the old-time Spanish American diplomats who wore stovepipe hats, Prince Albert coats and pearl-gray spats, bushy beards and long mustaches.

Today a gathering of these statesmen is about as picturesque and formal as the annual business meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of Memphis or Minneapolis. And I find that about the smartest, most businesslike and least formal of them all are the Mexicans.

And naturally so. For, in spite of many historic scenes, cities and colorful traditions, in spite of rural Indians who dress themselves in gay sombreros and theatrical costumes on Sundays and holidays, the Old Mexico is ancient history.

Gone forever are the fabulous *haciendas* with their millions of acres and feudalistic surroundings, whose owners spent most of their time luxuriating in Mexico City or on the French Riviera. No more do you find the younger men of remote towns and villages migrating from one comic opera revolution to another, while women and children and old men occupy all their time in idleness.

Twenty-six million sheep, cows, horses, pigs and other live-stock scattered over thousands of square miles of valleys and plains, require a lot of attention. The ever-increasing wheat, corn and cotton crops do not grow and harvest themselves. A

host of people in Yucatan are kept busy producing enough *henequén* to supply the world. And it takes time to mine, refine and sell millions of ounces of silver a year, as well as hundreds of thousands of tons of lead and nearly as much zinc.

New irrigation dams and ditches have already spread water over vast areas of dry, dusty northern farm lands, much of which has been parcelled out to peasants and small farmers.

Road building has become a consuming passion. With a keen eye to the material aspects of international travel, Mexico is laying ribbons of concrete that will soon connect many points in the United States with her own towns and cities.

Never before have Mexican-American political relations been so cordial. Great changes now characterize the policy of Washington, D. C. towards the southern Republic. Old-time dollar diplomacy long since went on a holiday. To the disappointment of some and the delight of others, the State Department no longer carries water for concessionaires, or for commercial salesmen.

Tourists from New York to California and from Montana to Mississippi left fifteen million dollars south of the Río Grande in 1941. We like to see the skies that have showered us with such popular motion picture stars as Dolores del Río, Lupe Velez, Raquel Torres, Ramón Navarro, Leo Carillo and Tito Guizar. We want to learn what advances the theatre has made in the four hundred years since the first performance was given in Mexico City in 1538. We want to feel the rhythm of the land that inspired María Gréver, its daughter, to write the rollicking "Tipi Tipi Tin" so recently popular up here. We want to touch the soil that inspired "La Paloma."

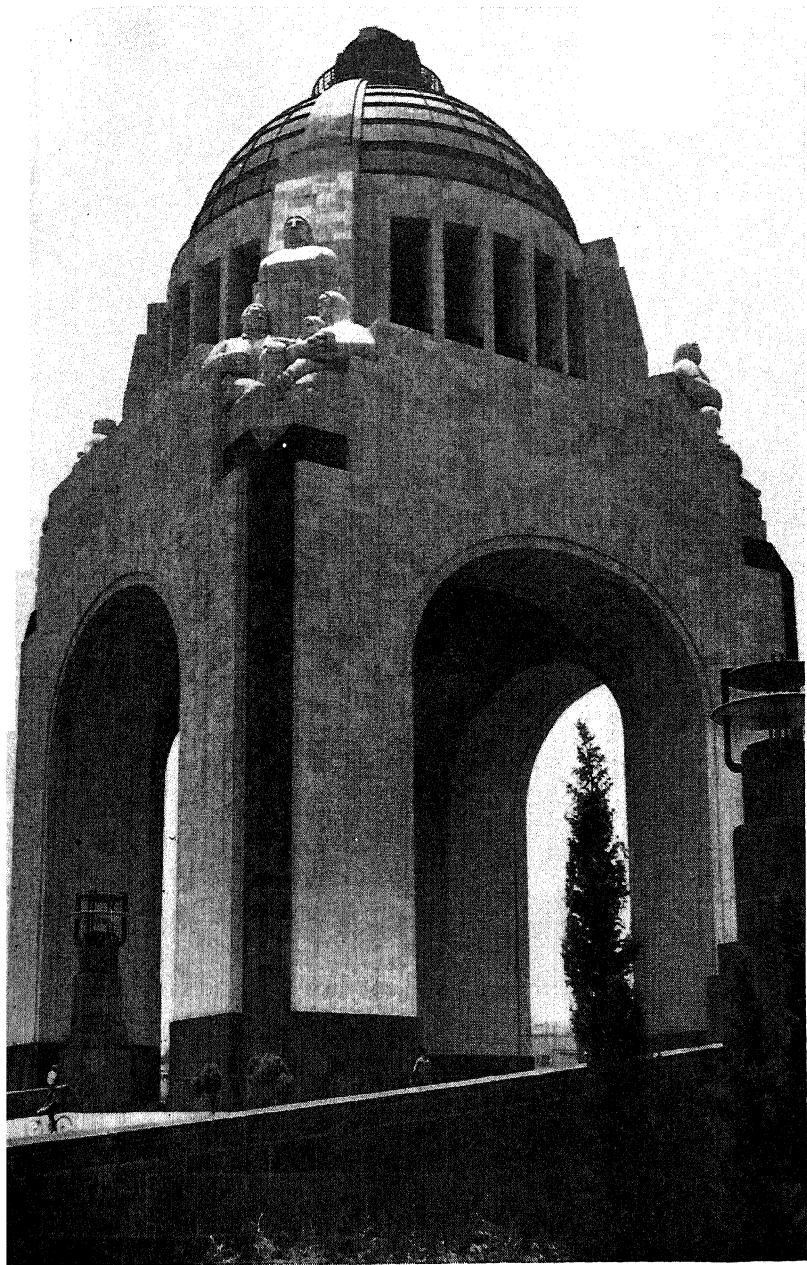
But the war against the Axis probably did more than anything else to bring the two nations closer together. One afternoon in September, 1942, when the outlook for the defeat of Fascism and Nazism seemed doubtful, I stopped to talk to a carpenter who was building a new front to a little neighborhood grocery

shop in Mexico City. He made an interesting comment on United States-Mexican relations. "It's not easy," he said, "to forget a foreign country that actually invaded your own. And some Mexicans will probably never forgive you. But this is no time," he said, "to dwell on the past. Both the United States and Mexico are faced with the possibility that the principles which they have tried to establish through the years may be destroyed.

"The Mexican Revolution," he went on, "was a struggle against dictatorship that was totalitarian. What we have struggled for in this long revolution is now in danger. And we must preserve the essentials of the revolution at all cost. You are also fighting the enemies of our revolution," he said. "Therefore, it is our duty to stand with you in this common cause, to preserve the rights of the common people."

Every day there are demonstrations of friendlier relations between the peoples and governments of the two countries. One day a prominent Mexican suggested that I go to a certain movie theatre and see the newsreel. He said, "In that newsreel you will find something that accounts for some of the changes which are taking place in this country, the changing attitude of the general public towards the United States." I dropped in at that theatre. In the newsreel a Vice-President of the United States was shown making a speech in Spanish. When this sequence began the audience burst into hearty applause. And all around me I heard comments of approval.

Our Mexican friend had said to me, "This is the third time the movies have shown the Vice-President of the United States speaking in Spanish. I must tell you that the first time there was practically no applause. His Spanish was terrible. The second time however, his Spanish had greatly improved. There was more applause. This time his Spanish shows a 500 per cent improvement, and the applause, as you will see, is genuine and hearty. Frankly," he continued, "the United States



Photograph from Three Lions

Monument to the Revolution, México City

and Mexico have lived side by side here for hundreds of years, but I think this is the first time that a high official of the United States has publicly demonstrated his ability to talk our language and meet us on our terms."

Mexico contributed materially to our World War effort. She possesses critically necessary minerals and metals. They were not only close to us, but they had been explored, and made ready for intensive exploitation. And by our prompt aid to her overtaxed railroads, these goods were made to flow across the border in unlimited quantities.

All this is a far cry from the war of 1914-18, when we were fighting Mexico as well as Germany! The road to genuine friendliness and confidence between Mexico and the United States is still a long and difficult one. But, at least, common sense has prompted officials in both governments to realize that we live side by side and must continue to do so.

A scene in the public square of Nuevo Laredo, on the banks of the Río Grande, during September, 1942, was a reminder of what the future might hold for Mexican-United States relations. In the presence of ten thousand Mexican troops, the Mexican Government bestowed upon a publisher of a Texas newspaper, William Prescott Allen of the Laredo *Times*, not only one, but two of the highest decorations ever bestowed upon a foreigner.

For what the citation called: "His long and efficient work as a friend of Mexico, and an advocate of closer relations between the two peoples," Allen received from the hands of General Eulogio Ortiz, the "Order of the Aztec Eagle" (*Aguila Aztec*), and the "Order of Military Merit."

THE OTHER AMERICANS

Middle America

GUATEMALA
EL SALVADOR
HONDURAS
NICARAGUA
COSTA RICA

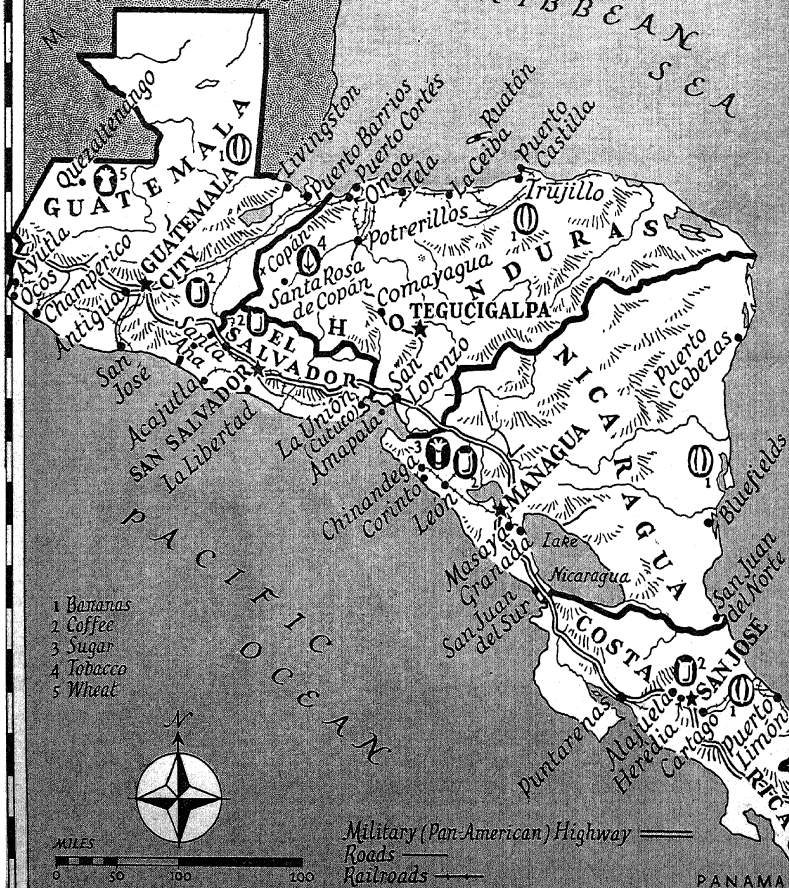


GULF OF
MEXICO



MIDDLE AMERICA

CARIBBEAN
SEA



VI

Land of the Quetzal

A TREATY of peace with music! Probably nowhere in the world save in the wonderland that was and is Guatemala could so melodious a pact have been signed.

In that picturesque country of Central America, where the past comes alive at every curve in a mountain road, it is easy to recreate the scene. The past rises like a mirage from two thousand coffee *fincas*—plantations—in “the valley of the cows,” or in Spanish, *Las Vacas*. It climbs the forested slopes of the Sierra Madre, the backbone of the nation. It drifts down with the lava flow of active volcanoes.

The time was Spring in 1524. Mexico had already fallen to the bearded strangers from Spain, and Pedro de Alvarado, cruelest—and most garrulous—of all the conquerors, had subdued every Guatemalan tribe save one. This was the powerful Quiché tribe, ruled by King Tecum-Umam, who had successfully eluded one enemy attack after another.

At last one evening the native King and his army were trapped by the Spaniards in a mountainous valley where next day they would be forced to fight.

Long before sunrise on the following morning Alvarado was ready and eager for the battle. His staff officers stood waiting, while he sat before the fading flame of his campfire, talking—as usual—to his friend and aide, Captain Herrera.

"Well, Captain," announced the dashing Alvarado, "today his Majesty, King Charles V, receives another crown. Another heathen king will yield to the sword of Alvarado."

Captain Herrera had his doubts. "But, sir, King Tecum-Umam is a brave and cunning soldier."

"Yes, Captain, I agree, but at last he must face another brave soldier—a soldier who is unacquainted with defeat." Alvarado stroked his chestnut beard.

A low murmur of voices stirred the group of waiting staff officers. Not all of them saw eye to eye with their Chief. They had experienced the strategy and cunning of King Tecum-Umam. Encouraged by their seeming dissent, Herrera continued:

"He may elude you, sir, as he has three times before. He may have escaped from the valley already."

Alvarado's proud Spanish lips curled in scorn.

"Escaped? Bottled up here between these mountains? How can he escape? No! This time he must stand and fight."

The faint beat of native drums sounding far away down the valley, seemed to fling Alvarado's words back in his own fair face.

"Sir!" exclaimed Herrera, "already our enemy is on the march!" His silver-rowelled spurs clanked together. He awaited orders.

Alvarado leaped to action. "Yes, Captain, he is on the march! And we, too, are about to march. We break camp at once!"

"At your service, sir—at once." Herrera was a disciplined officer.

The soldiers bestirred themselves. They also had heard the Quiché drums and were eager to give chase.

Alvarado turned to his Chief Officer. "Captain, are the musicians ready to march also? As we go forth to battle, there must be music."

"They are ready, sir. Already they are in line."

The first touch of crimson streaked the eastern sky. A golden light edged the peaks of the sierras. Alvarado, noting it, said: "Then let them play. Let us greet the sunrise with the martial music of Castile, on this memorable morning." He pointed to the east. "There is the red and gold of our banner."

The drums rolled, the oboe sounded, the shrill blast of the trumpet rent the air.

"Before tomorrow's sunrise the flag of Spain will be supreme over these mountains and plains." How Alvarado did love the sound of his own voice!

Herrera nodded, then caught his breath. "Listen, my Chief," he cautioned, "the Indians, too, are marching to music. Down there in that ravine!" The Indian drums were louder now. The mournful wail of the ancient clay flute rose from the valley below the camp of the Spaniards.

"Ah!" Alvarado's tone was still scornful. "The last of the heathen kings and his warriors. Captain—these orders!"

Herrera waited.

"Tell Colonel López to attack with cavalry from the right, and Colonel Sánchez and his foot soldiers here on the left!"

The Spanish trumpet sounded the call to arms. The Indian flute shrilled its defiance.

"*Viva España! Santiago y el Rey!*" (Long live Spain! For St. James and the King!) The battle cry of the Spaniards leaped from rock to rock.

All day the battle raged. Indian arrows filled the air. Spanish cannon and musketry spat fire and lightning. By sunset the valley was crimson with blood. Hundreds were killed, Christian and "pagan" alike. Both Alvarado and King Tecum-Umam were wounded. As night fell, a truce was called and a conference arranged.

Alvarado, reclining in front of his camp, awaited his brave adversary, the King of the Quiché nation. He removed his sword.

"Alvarado will receive his enemy unarmed!" he announced.

King Tecum-Umam approached, borne on his litter by his soldiers. The green plumes of the royal *quetzal* bird drooped from his helmet. Plumes decorated the canopy of his litter.

"I am honored to receive so brave and fearless a foe. I trust your wounds are not serious," Alvarado queried.

The wounded King held his royal head high. His voice boomed through the forest. "The white stranger is also a brave soldier. May I hope that he has lost but little blood?"

"My wounds are slight. The white man does not mind the loss of a little blood. He fights for a good and noble King, the ruler over all this realm." The Spaniard waved his arms to encompass all Central America which at that time was known as Guatemala.

His adversary was suspicious. "A brave and good ruler, you say?"

"A good ruler who will be pleased to have you and your people dwell under his protection, provided you follow the ways of peace and obey his laws."

"Will the brave and good King permit me and my people to live in our villages and till our fields undisturbed as long as we keep the peace?"

Alvarado assured him such would be the case.

"Then I accept!"

When the treaty had been signed, King Tecum-Umam ordered his musicians to play. "In token of our friendship with the white man," he explained.

The Indian musicians in robes of purple and crimson played on wooden drums and the ancient clay flute—grandfather of the modern ocarina. (And the ocarina, interestingly enough, is called the "musical sweet potato.") Anyway, the simple rhythms of ancient Guatemala pierced the evening air. That music was the death knell of the Indian, as a power in Guatemala.

Alvarado listened until the last wail of the flute had died away. Then he commanded his musicians to play the music of Castile.

"And now, your Majesty, the music of the white man, as a pledge of our friendship," he announced. The victorious notes of Spain's triumph floated over the conquered country.

The conquest of Guatemala was ended, and Alvarado set about to build his capital. He had previously burned Utatlán, the Quiché capital, but the gods of Guatemala had their revenge. Tecpán, the first city built by Alvarado, was destroyed by fire. An earthquake drove them from the second, now known simply as *Ciudad Vieja*—Old City. Finally, in the lovely valley of Almalonga, with towering mountains on one side and the Volcano Agua on the other, the Spaniards built the historic city now known as Antigua—"The Ancient." It was the capital of the Spanish Empire of Central America, and in its day, one of the most glamorous cities in the world. It was founded in 1542, and King Charles V of Spain bestowed upon it this imposing name: *La Muy Noble y Muy Leal Ciudad de Santiago de los Caballeros de Guatemala*—or, in plain English, The Very Noble and Very Loyal City of St. James of the Gentlemen of Guatemala. Quite a name, even for those bombastic days.

What a city it must have been! Houses of pink and yellow and blue. Churches and cathedrals streaked with black, their blue domes reflecting the heavens. The Palace of the Captains-General had gay tiled patios and imposing arched galleries, where armed soldiers passed in review. Antigua today is crumbling and faded. Many of her churches and her altars are overgrown with weeds and shrubbery. She is like a queen bereft of her crown yet proud in her desolation.

No American need envy the grandeur that was Rome or the ruins that were Pompeii. The earthquake of 1773 which de-

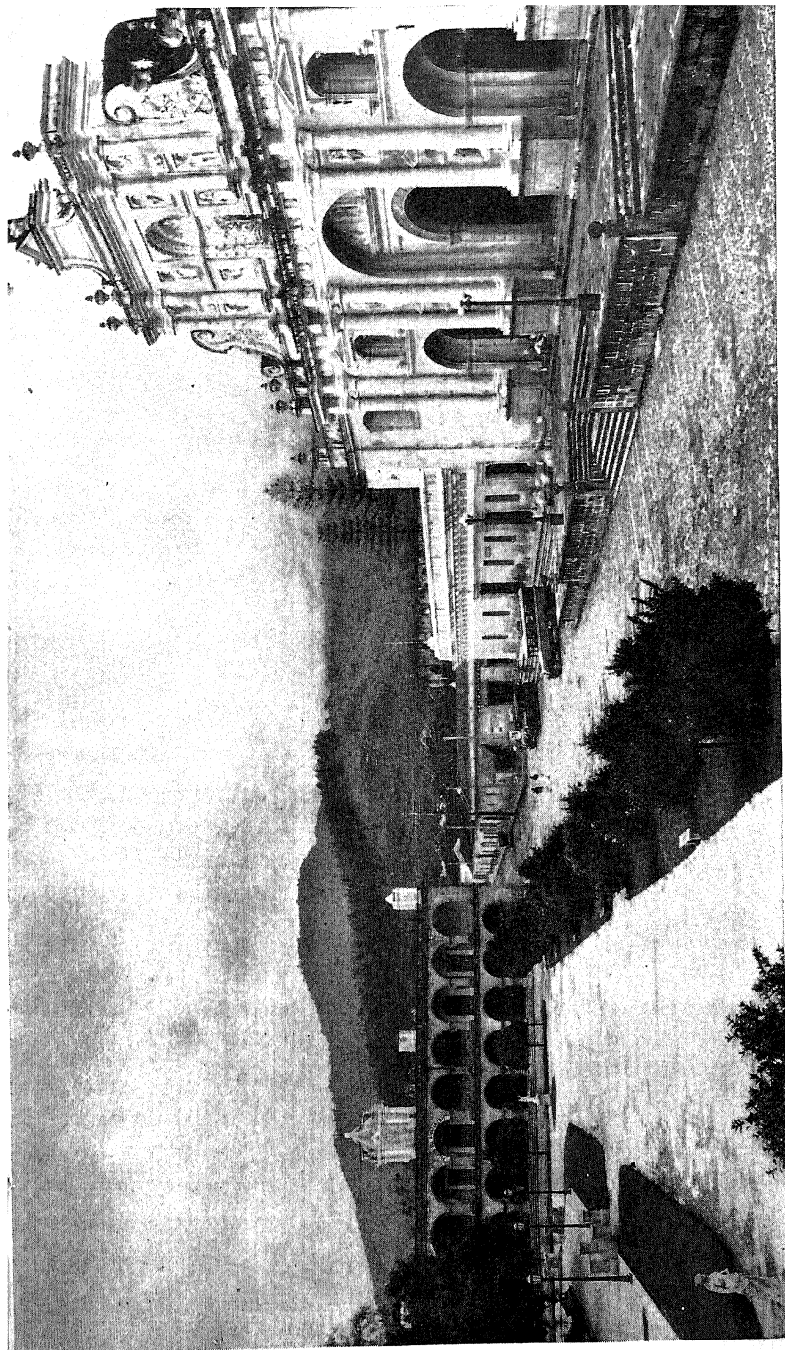
stroyed "The Very Noble and Very Loyal City of St. James of the Gentlemen of Guatemala" left the Western Hemisphere some of the world's most imposing ruins.

Some of the architectural treasures of Antigua are being restored. The late Dorothy Popenoe, long a resident of Guatemala, rebuilt and re-created the historic house of Don Luis de las Infantas Mendoza y Venegas, which had been built in 1634. Restored and refurnished as in its original glory this quadrangle of gracious rooms surrounds a patio with a venerable cypress tree towering from the center. It is a perfect example of Spanish colonial life in America's beginning.

From the ashes of Antigua, rose the Republic of Guatemala. A scenic wonderland, a "Garden of Eden," a famous naturalist has appropriately called it. Its mountains and volcanoes are wrapped in a haze of transparent blue, with waterfalls cascading down their slopes. Its forests of eternal green are splashed with floral rainbows of flowering trees and shrubs. Its fields, farms and orchards produce almost all the grains and all the fruits known to the world, except the one for which the Garden of Eden is best known.

Outside the metropolitan centers, the people of Guatemala, both men and women, have clung tenaciously to their native garb, a garb that out-*quetzals* the gorgeously plumaged *quetzal* bird, royal symbol of the Republic.

The *quetzal* belongs to the bird family of *trogons*. It is a gorgeous tropical creature with peacock-green head, scarlet breast feathers and a trailing blue-green tail, sometimes three to six feet long. The *quetzal* is almost as sacred to present-day Guatemalans as it was to the ancients whose god, *Quetzalcoátl*, carried its name. Wherever you go in the Republic, the image of the *quetzal* follows you. He surmounts the national coat-of-arms, a seal with two crossed rifles and two crossed swords of gold entwined with laurel branches on a field of blue. He sits supreme on the center scroll which unrolls with the words:



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

The Glory That Was Antigua

"Liberty—15th of September, 1821." That was the day on which Guatemala declared its independence from Spain.

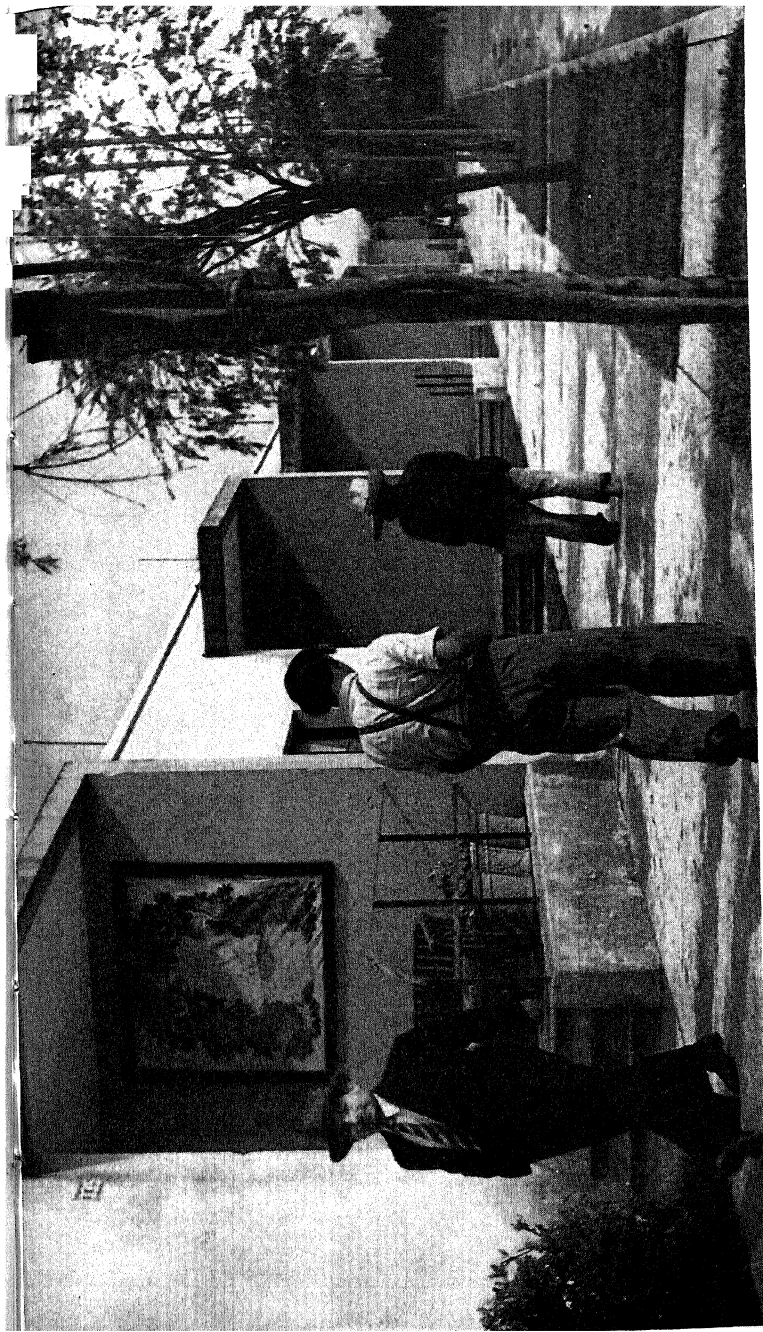
The *quetzal* is the coin of the realm, equivalent in value to the dollar of the United States and, like the dollar, divided into one hundred cents or *centavos*.

One of the twenty-three political divisions of the Republic is *Quezaltenango*, with its capital of the same name. *Quezaltenango*, meaning "the place of the *quetzal*," is today the second largest city of the nation and an important distributing center for corn and wheat.

"He is a bird of freedom, our *quetzal*," one of the citizens of the Republic assured me. "He will never live in captivity. Not even when he is taken as a fledgling will the *quetzal* live in a cage."

Maybe not in Guatemala, but the *quetzal* likes Chicago and St. Louis. I have seen them preening their plumage in the bird houses of those two cities, and Dr. Crandall, curator of the New York Zoological Society, told me that his scouts in Guatemala and Costa Rica have gathered *quetzals* and other tropical birds for the cages of the Bronx Zoo.

I am always fully conscious of Guatemala's importance as a progressive nation, whether I arrive from the east coast or west, through steamy Puerto Barrios on the Caribbean or the rockbound Pacific port of San José de Guatemala. Coffee and sugar plantations meet you at the sea coast and trail along with you as you journey to the capital. As you reach the slopes of the "Valley of the Cows," you scent the delicate aroma of thousands of white flowering coffee trees. Guatemala's sugar plantations produce forty-two million pounds of white sugar and three times that amount of brown. Two thousand coffee *fincas* yield more than a hundred thirty million pounds of coffee annually, an increasing amount coming each year to the United States. Unlike sugar cane, coffee grows in the highlands, usually at altitudes ranging from 2500 to 3000 feet.



Photograph by William Land, from Three Lions

Modernistic Houses of Workmen in Guatemala City

Guatemala City, the mile-high capital of the Republic and largest city of Central America, has a population of more than 150,000. Today most visitors to Guatemala arrive by way of *La Aurora* airport and see only the roofs of coffee and tobacco warehouses, the railroad yards and other evidences of commercial activity of the metropolis.

But no matter by what route you enter, you never escape that proud boast: "Guatemala Grows the Best Coffee in the World." In English and Spanish, on billboards and store fronts and hotel menus, Guatemala tells the world. You believe it, too, when the odor of roasting beans greets your nostrils in Guatemala. Brazil, Venezuela, Costa Rica, Colombia and El Salvador are then too far away to dispute the claim of their competitor.

Surrounded by towering mountains, Guatemala City is a place of perpetual spring, an immaculate metropolis of brilliant sunshine and sparkling air. Scarcely less interesting than its classic predecessor—Antigua—the new capital is proud of its parks and public gardens, its hotels, clubs, libraries, its primary and secondary schools, its State University and its three-mile long Paseo de la Reforma, extending through the heart of the city. As in most cities in the Other Americas, the center of activity is the *Plaza de Armas*. One entire side of this great square is occupied by the enormous new Government Building. In this imposing new structure Guatemalan architects have incorporated the best features of Spanish colonial architecture.

Any afternoon in the Plaza you may hear the spirited music of the national band, or you may listen to your favorite radio broadcast. One section of the Plaza has been set aside and seats provided for radio audiences. A loud-speaker has been placed on the band stand. At times you might find as many as a thousand people listening to the radio programs. Between broadcasts you may witness the historic *paseo*. In this circling human skein of promenaders—two skeins to be exact, one male, one female—you will find not only the sons and daughters of Spanish

colonial antecedents, but countless descendants of King Tecum-Umam and his ancient Quiché subjects.

Guatemala's *paseo* is a pageant of color. The native women wear embroidered skirts tightly wound about their hips, with white embroidered blouses and frequently a bright halo of embroidered material wound about their glossy black hair. The Indian men look like something out of a comic opera—like Yankee Doodle Boys—with their red and white striped pants and blue jackets which have been worn in the Guatemalan highlands ever since the Spanish *padres* arrived. Every village has its own style of dress, entirely different from its neighbor's. Curiously enough, these picturesque costumes were designed by the priests in order to distinguish the natives of the different villages.

But leave the capital and climb to the city with the birdlike name—Quezaltenango—120 miles northwest, at an altitude of 7500 feet. Travel on some of the nearby mountain roads is like the journey up Pike's Peak. Look down on the acres of soft green corn and wheat. Some of the fields are producing the same varieties of corn which enabled the Quiché to keep the Spaniards at bay for several years.

Scattered throughout the mountains are quaint native villages, each with its colorful market. Woman's place is not in the home in these highlands, but in the market place where she rules supreme. Wearing their hand-woven, bright-colored skirts and blouses embroidered in intricate designs, the women are seated on the ground with their wares spread before them. In baskets or in neat little stacks are tiny pyramids of tomatoes, green and red peppers; baskets of corn and *cacao*, coffee or beans; little mounds of salt from the marshes, clay pots or jars of honey furnished by well-kept bees.

In some of the larger markets each specialty has its own street. Down this street are fruit and vegetable women. Along this narrow lane are the pottery products; around the corner

you may find hammocks, straw mats, handmade chairs and furniture.

While the women attend market, the children romp in the street and, since market days are also fiesta days, the men and boys play ball. Why not? Their ancestors played *pok-ta-pok*, using the first rubber ball the Spaniards had ever seen, bouncing it back and forth from player to player by the use—not of hands—but of well-padded buttocks. They played in an “I” shaped court and to a throng of spectators, mingling religious rites with an exciting pastime, cheered and encouraged from the sidelines.

Some of their customs have remained unchanged until today. Pedro, in his mountain village, may have loved María, his neighbor’s daughter, from childhood before he gains her father’s consent to marry, but not, mind you, until he has first proved his devotion. He may do this by chopping her father’s wood, hauling water, and doing all the chores in her father’s house for, perhaps, five years, seeing María only in the midst of the family circle. But at last after years of this routine, comes the day when Pedro and María move with their long wedding procession to the church.

The ceremony over, they return to the house of María’s father and join in the long fiesta, where fathers, mothers, grandparents, as well as neighbors and friends, dance with the bride and the bridegroom to the music of the native *marimba*. Everywhere in the highlands you hear the *marimba*. This ancient ancestor of the modern xylophone was played in Guatemala more than two thousand years ago.

If you can read Spanish or the original Quiché you can learn something of the music of ancient Guatemala from one of the most fascinating relics in the nation, the *Popol Vuh*—or Quiché Bible—written by one of the native scribes who was educated and baptized by the conquerors. It is a complete chronology of the Quiché nation from the creation to the conquest. It gives the details of manners and customs, gods and



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

Marimba Player of Chichicastenango

heroes, saints and sinners—and it even records the Councillor—or Referee—at the ball game. Guatemala is proud of her past, as she is proud of her present, and it is sometimes difficult to judge where the old leaves off and the new begins.

Guatemala fought hard for the peace that now exists between her and her neighboring republics. For centuries she strove for a union of Central American Republics. Señor Justo Rufino Barrios, one of Guatemala's most honored heroes, dreamed of such a union. He was killed in April 1885, while leading his troops against the army of El Salvador which opposed the union. To most Guatemalans, however, Barrios is the hero not only of those wars which he lost but of a recent cultural fraternity which the republics have accepted in lieu of a political union.

In April, 1934, official representatives of Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua and El Salvador, met in the University of Guatemala and signed this treaty of Central American Fraternity. The Treaty binds the five nations in a pact for economic and military peace and the unification of education and culture. Although not a political union, it is a long stride towards the progress for which Guatemala has labored.

The Republic is proud of her educational system. The Department of Education is responsible for the preservation of her archaeological sites and monuments. School attendance is compulsory for all between the ages of seven and fourteen, and the law is becoming more and more effective as new schools spring up throughout the country. Kindergartens and school nurseries serve the children of pre-school age. The Military Academy, for the training of army officers, is one of the finest in Central America. There is a school for nurses at the General Hospital in the capital; a school for telegraphers and, of course, an Academy of Music.

As on the day when the peace treaty was signed between Alvarado and Tecum-Umam, music is an important factor in the life of Guatemala.

VII

Republic in Miniature

IN 1839 Antonio J. Coelho, a Brazilian school teacher, planted coffee trees on his little farm on the outskirts of the city of San Salvador. These coffee trees paved the way to future prosperity for El Salvador, smallest of all the American republics.

Whether Coelho brought the trees from Brazil—as is generally believed—or whether he secured them elsewhere, no one really knows. The coffee plant is said to have existed in El Salvador as early as 1820. But Maestro Coelho planted his alien trees in the rich volcanic soil, his pupils cultivated them, and the “golden bean” did the rest.

El Salvador today is almost a one-crop country. Coffee has accounted for more than 90 per cent of the total national exports in recent years. The greater portion of this total was absorbed by the United States.

The prosperous little coffee Republic which lies on the Pacific side of Central America has no Atlantic seaboard. A rectangular country, it is volcano-studded and mountain-rimmed, and extends 160 miles on the Pacific with an average width of 60 miles. In area and population, it is about the size of Maryland, and, except Haiti, is the most densely inhabited country south of the Río Grande, having 132 persons per square mile.

Nearly two million hard-working, peace-loving, happy peo-

ple secure their living from farms, some of them scarcely bigger than an ordinary city block. For every twenty dwellers in city or village, there are ninety tillers of the soil. Most of them grow *cafeto*, the name by which the coffee tree is usually known. Regardless of its size, El Salvador is the largest coffee exporter in Central America, and one of the largest in the Western Hemisphere. From the borders of Guatemala to Honduras, lengthwise of the nation, every one of the fourteen national departments produces some coffee. One hundred and forty million coffee trees are divided among twelve thousand small or medium sized *fincas* (plantations). The large *fincas* number fewer than two hundred.

To indicate how seriously the nation takes its coffee, there is an old statute, dating back to 1858, which exempts from public or military service all citizens engaged in the cultivation of *cafeto*.

As in Guatemala, most people arrive in El Salvador by air. But it is also interesting to enter the country by way of Cutuco—the port for La Unión—where so many sacks of coffee and bales of henequin are stacked up on the 850-foot concrete wharf, like cordwood awaiting shipment. Another point of arrival is in the open roadstead of La Libertad or Acajutla, where your ship anchors almost in the shadow of the Volcano Izalco. If it isn't Izalco's night to glow, then it may be San Salvador's or Santa Ana's or San Miguel's or San Vicente's—all of which stand like sentinels facing the sea and daring the timid to come ashore.

Not very far from where you go ashore at La Libertad, monkeys swing from the branches of the twisting *amata* trees. And there are parrakeets chattering away, and other birds of brilliant plumage. The rippling sea lies behind you, and as you leave the port and the alluvial coastal plains, the verdant countryside of El Salvador rises before you. All along there are little farms and vast haciendas, green and pulsing with life and ambition and activity.

Salvadoreans call the Volcano Izalco the national "safety valve" and believe that its frequent eruptions save them from earthquakes. Like the country itself, Izalco has made rapid growth, having built itself up from the plains in less than two centuries by its frequent eruptions.

But not all volcanoes are so beneficent. When San Salvador erupted in 1917, it cost the Republic fifteen million dollars in destroyed farms and villages. When San Vicente went on a rampage in 1936, a severe earthquake shook the surrounding country. But always the soil nearby is enriched by the potash blown over it by these eruptions.

Nevertheless, mountain climbers—both resident and non-resident—persist in climbing the slopes of these volcanoes. Santa Ana, the highest, is only 7825 feet high.

It is true that the decomposed lava which makes up the soil of practically all this region, is ideal for the growing of coffee, the lifeblood of the country. It is no less advantageous for sugar cane, another important product of the country.

San Salvador, the national capital and chief city, is only twenty-five miles inland, an hour's motor ride from the seaport of La Libertad. Time being the essence of most of my travels, I usually fly from some nearby republic, dropping down at Ilopango, the Pan-American airport at San Salvador. (I have to keep reminding myself that the Republic is El Salvador, and the national capital is San Salvador.) But railway or motor roads connect the capital with all of the country's seaports. There are only 375 miles of railroad in El Salvador, but this is ample transportation in so tiny a country.

By agreement with Guatemala, the International Railway System, one of the few Transcontinental lines in Central America, offers service from La Unión on the Pacific to Guatemala's Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic.

San Salvador is a city of more than 100,000 population and is a good cross section of the nation. Its aristocracy consists of Spanish, British, French, Belgians, Italians, Germans,

and Syrians, many of whom married into old Spanish colonial families. But there is an aristocracy of pure Indian as well, and many prominent families are proud of their native blood.

The city of San Salvador today gives no evidence of its three centuries of stormy history. It was founded in 1539, after the first Spanish capital, Cuzcatlán, established by Alvarado's soldiers, had been destroyed by an earthquake. Cuzcatlán was named for the aboriginal chief Cuzcatleco, who was killed by Alvarado's soldiers. But pirates along the coast and internal dissension both before and after it became a republic, kept the little nation seething. For the past century it has been too busy making progress to indulge in much serious political unrest.

Some of San Salvador's streets retain the flavor of colonial days with one-story houses surrounding flower-filled patios, but most of its buildings are modern, like the suburban country club, or ultra-modern, like the urban Casino.

The need for earthquake protection has brought about a novel and interesting type of architecture in which wood and pressed iron are utilized, as in the Cathedral of Santa Ana. The National Palace of San Salvador, an artistic example of reinforced concrete construction, is probably the most stately building in the Republic.

Shoppers along Calle Arce are as likely to be dressed in the latest New York fashions as in the typical native garb. Probably as many of the leading people of San Salvador read the *New York Times* as read their own newspapers. The two leading newspapers are *Diario Nuevo*, published in the morning, and *Diario Latino*, which is an evening paper. Among the schools of higher education are the Military Academy and the National University. At various centers, outdoor sports are supervised by the National Commission of Physical Training.

To single out any one city would be unfair to all the fourteen departments, each with its capital city. Most important of all

the coffee centers, however, is Santa Ana, capital of the province of the same name.

But San Salvador, being the capital of the Republic, is naturally the cultural and economic center. The fact that most people are engaged in agriculture, that is to say, farmers who own and live on their farms, does not interfere with their devotion to the arts and the theatre. Even in towns far from the capital, it is not uncommon to find imposing theatres. Theatrical companies tour the provinces and present new comedies, as well as old Spanish plays. And while they import the songs and dances of Madrid, Paris and New York, they are loyal to their own poets and composers. As a matter of fact, El Salvador is a nation of poets. It is a rare individual in that Republic who has not at some time tried his hand at versifying.

Once I dropped out of the sky, so to speak, to spend the night in San Salvador. At daybreak I had to depart for Panamá. But no sooner had I arrived than my host carried me off to a late supper party where every guest read his own poetry—good poetry, too. They seemed amazed to discover that I was not similarly addicted.

Between verses they till the soil. Next to coffee, sugar cane is the most important crop. But corn, all of which is consumed at home, commands an even greater acreage than coffee. Some gold and silver are mined commercially, and henequin is being grown in increasing amounts. It is used for making coffee bags and some is exported. Indigo, which comes from the native plant *jiquilite*, is also an important export.

But any one who has ever travelled up and down the Pacific side of Central America and has stopped at the ports of La Libertad and Acajutla, has noticed massive iron drums. These drums are filled with balsam and usually weigh 500 pounds apiece. This side of the Central American coast is often called the "balsam coast" because of the large amounts of this product which are shipped out to the world. As a matter of fact, the

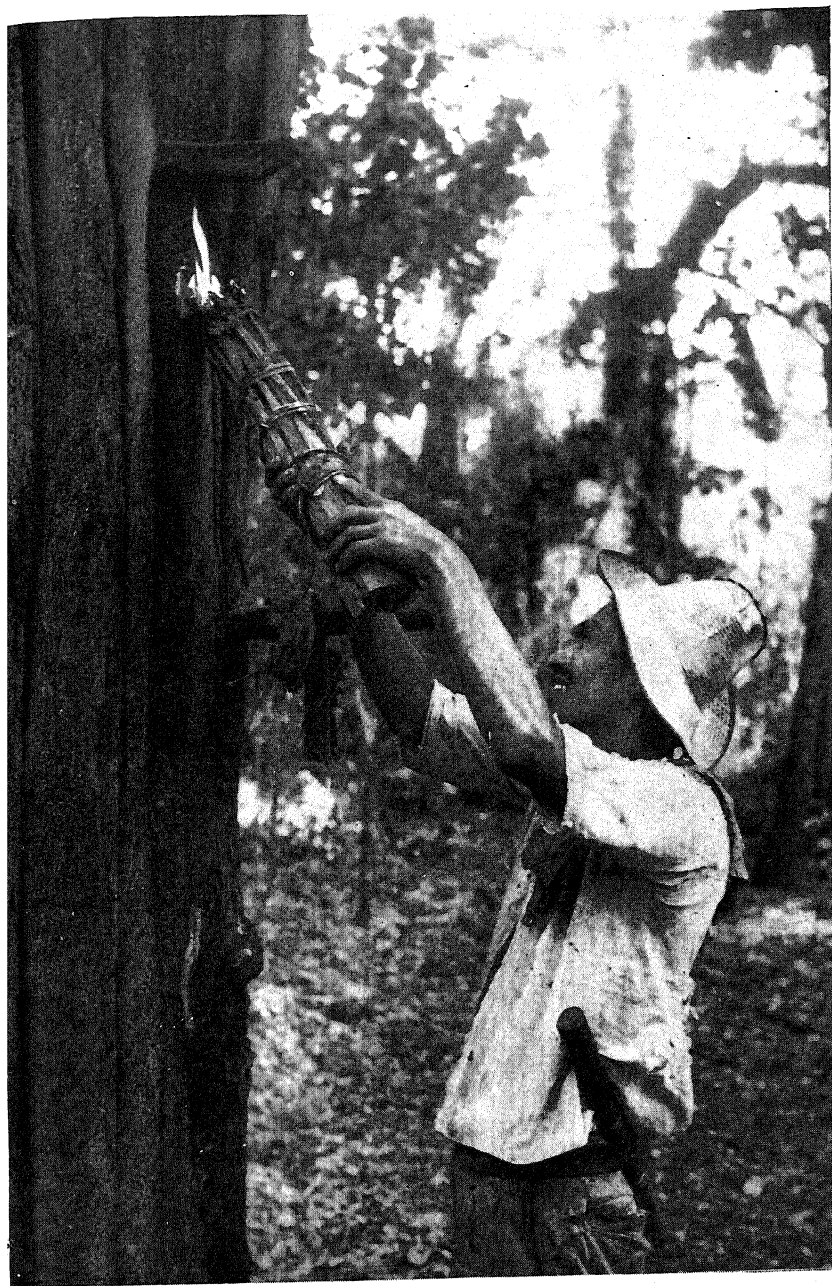
balsam tree does not grow along the coast at all, but inland in the higher altitudes.

"Balsam of Perú" it was and is still called commercially, although the nearest it ever got to Perú was when shipments from Central America in colonial days were credited to the viceroyalty of Perú. The fragrant *balsamo* tree is a flowering relative of the acacia, and is a native of El Salvador. It grows wild and is found principally on the slopes of the mountains in the departments of La Libertad and Sonsonate. It is tapped and the juices extracted in exactly the same manner as when the Indians used it for curing their wounds inflicted by the Spaniards in the days of the Conquest.

An incision is made in the bark of the balsam tree as we tap a sugar maple for its sap. But instead of using a cup or pail, the Salvadoreans stuff the opening with cloth or wadding. The juice is then wrung out of the cloth and boiled to remove all impurities. Sixty per cent of the product comes to the United States, about two hundred drums a year, at an average price of \$1.00 a pound. It is used as a component in medicinal unguents and lotions.

A trip over the Salvadorean portion of the Pan-American Highway, which has already been completed, is an interesting experience. It crosses the Lempa River, the widest river emptying into the Pacific between California and Cape Horn. Along that road you may view the entire process of coffee growing in El Salvador. In late October, immediately after the rains have ended, the trees are white with the delicate blossoms.

When harvesting time comes, the ripe red coffee "cherries," as the berries are commonly referred to, are picked by native women, one cherry at a time, deposited into small baskets which are, in turn, emptied into henequin bags. Interestingly enough, the mills where the industrial process takes place are called "Beneficios." First the coffee is put through a pulping machine, where the outside husk and the gelatinous substance that en-



Photograph by Lanks, from Three Lions

Gathering Balsam in El Salvador

velops it are removed. Then it is "fermented" in large tanks, and afterward washed in clear spring water. It is dried in the sun on concrete pavements, called "patios." After it is dried, polished and hand-inspected, it is sacked ready for shipment. You may have to remain awhile in the Republic to be able to follow the coffee through all of its various stages, but El Salvador is worth a lengthy visit.

San Salvador has some unusually interesting laws. At one time, so the story goes, the Government issued a decree abolishing radio static. Any one installing any electric or industrial sign or gadget, motor or machine that might interfere with radio reception, was subject to fine.

So, when the Stygian blackness of the tropic night settled over the land, Papa and Mama, Carlos, Alfredo, María and Rosalita could tune in for their favorite radio number, confident that the popping and sputtering from the old loud speaker would be no greater than the law permitted. All for the purpose of domestic peace and tranquility, in a land where people are neither too hurried nor too leisurely.

As evidence of the nation's world-mindedness, Salvadoreans have figured prominently in international affairs in recent years. The late Dr. Gustavo Guerrero not only served as the President of the League of Nations, but was at one time President of the now extinct World Court.

Relations between El Salvador and the United States have long been most cordial. The little Republic once paid the powerful northern Republic a supreme compliment. When Spain had to give up the ghost on this side of the Atlantic, Mexico took over the Central American countries for a time. But El Salvador objected strenuously and asked to be annexed by the United States. Happily, of course, this wish was not consummated. El Salvador remains an independent republic.

VIII

“The Depths” of Honduras

THE perspiring foreman on the banana wharf at Puerto Cortés looked up from his tally sheets and mopped his brow. “You North Americans are restless people,” he said. “Always you are going to some other place.”

“It’s the way we got our start—and so did you,” I replied. I reminded him that Continental America began when Europe’s first tourist, Christopher Columbus, followed a large native canoe to the shores of what is now Honduras and founded the town of Trujillo.

“And so we are called Central America,” he answered, “the center of America. Well, that is what we are.” He marked down on the tally sheet the 250 stems of bananas brought in by the last car and then added, confidentially: “I like to be going other places, too. Sometimes I tire of seeing bananas.”

No doubt there are times when Honduras’ largest industry grows monotonous. There are infinite details to the growing and marketing of bananas: planting the young suckers, cultivating them, cleaning the bush, pruning the old stumps to a point so the rains will not penetrate and rot the parent plant, spraying for beetles, dusting from airplanes to keep down leaf disease. Harvesting the crop requires even more detail.

Banana growers have a language all their own. We speak of bananas; they speak of “fingers.” What we call clusters, they

call "hands." Twenty or thirty bananas in a cluster is a "hand." Where we speak of a "bunch" of bananas, they speak of "stems." The green stems are cut down with a deft stroke of the *machete* when the "fingers" are just the proper size and of the proper greenness so they will continue growing after they are cut—drawing nourishment from the parent stem, and remaining green until they reach their destination. Overripe bananas are unattractive and unsalable.

After the stems are cut in the plantation, they are loaded on mule back—five stems to the mule. The fruit is transferred from the mules directly into the tramcars for transportation to the port, where it is carried on the shoulders of sweating natives to the banana boats in a rhythmic, colorful, singing procession. Hour after hour the procession winds in and out from car to boat until the crop of "green gold"—eight or nine million stems of bananas, valued at four or five million dollars—is sent safely off to market from Puerto Cortés, Tela, La Ceiba or Puerto Castilla on the Caribbean—the banana coast of Honduras.

Doubtless the banana foreman would like a change of scene when the crop is shipped. This trait is common to the people of our own and the other Americas. We love to go places and see things. George Washington did, if the proud patriots from Augusta, Maine, to Augusta, Georgia, can be believed when they assure us that "the Father of our country spent the night here or there." Similarly any one who has sailed the Spanish Main from Guatemala to British Guiana will be shown the bays and inlets where Christopher Columbus may or may not have dropped anchor.

Why Columbus on that last voyage did not remain longer in Honduras is part of the American tradition—the "keep moving" idea. The natives told him there was more to be seen farther on. Columbus was impressed with the evidences of civilization he found on the Honduran coast; copper knives and

hatchets, artistic and skillfully fashioned pottery, cotton garments, finely woven and dyed. But when he inquired about silver and gold, the natives pointed to the north and west—to Yucatan and Guatemala. It was the old Indian game.

There was and is plenty of gold and silver in Honduras. The name Tegucigalpa, capital of the Republic, means "Silver Hills." The famous Rosario mine at San Juan City, twenty-five miles away, has produced millions of dollars' worth of both gold and silver, and is still producing. Even today when the mines are working, the traffic policeman in Tegucigalpa directs the mule trains laden with thousands of dollars' worth of gold and silver bars. Airplanes are also beginning to be utilized for the transportation of the metal. The average annual export of gold and silver runs close to a million dollars.

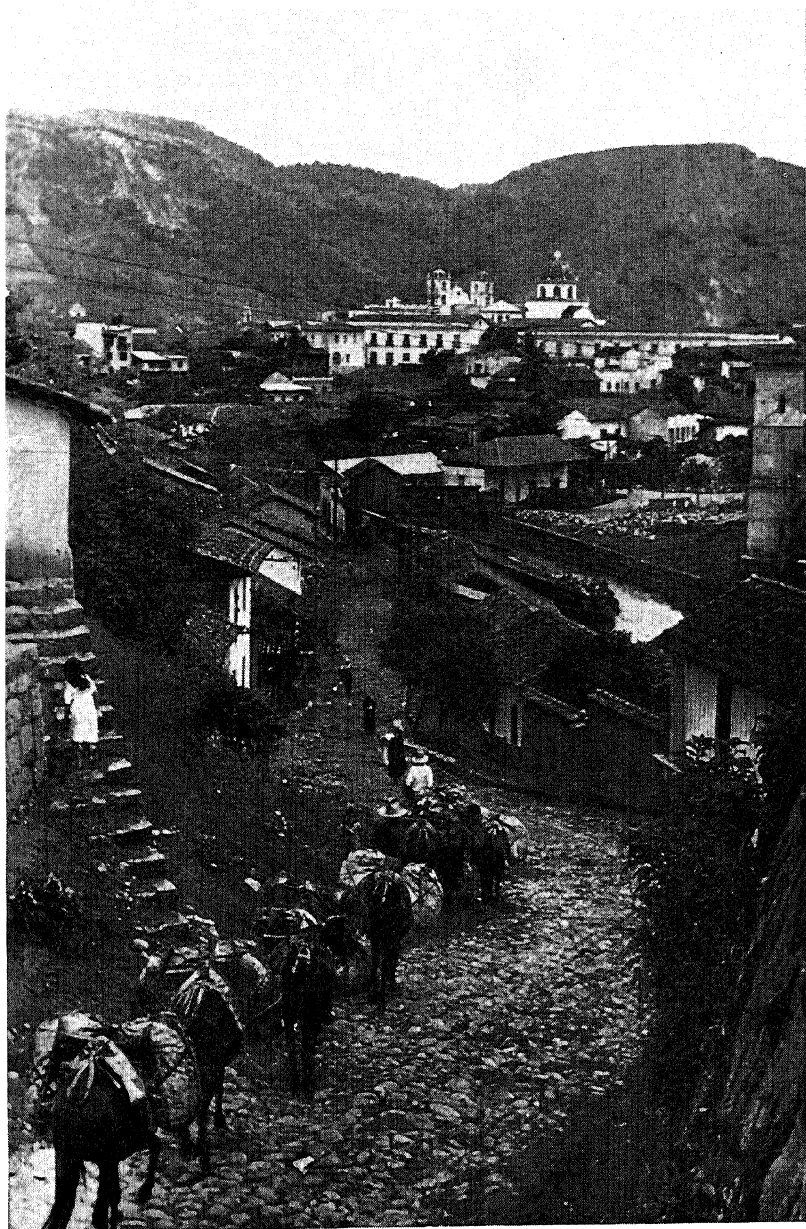
A quaint city, Tegucigalpa is, tucked away on a plateau in the heart of Central America's green mountains. It is a community of 50,000 inhabitants where Spanish ways and customs are still in vogue. The rambling castle-like old Presidential Palace stands on the river bank across the road from the National Treasury. Overlooking the plaza is a tall cathedral where four centuries of a nation's memories are preserved—births and christenings, sorrows and joys, deaths and marriages. Leading off from the Plaza are narrow, winding streets lined with old houses, some with quiet patios, others with overhanging balconies. Even today it is not unusual for poetic young men to stand under those balconies and unburden their hearts to dark-eyed señoritas just as they did in the romantic novels of old Spain.

In Plaza Morazán, young and old stroll about in the cool of the afternoon, as old and young have been strolling there for generations. Every year on September 15, the citizens of Tegucigalpa gather about the equestrian statue to honor the memory of Francisco Morazán, their native son and hero, probably the outstanding figure in the country's history.

Born in Tegucigalpa on October 3, 1792, Morazán had reached early manhood when the independence of Central America from Spain was proclaimed in 1821. From that day until the hour of his death Morazán fought for a permanent union of the five Central American republics. His forceful personality, his keen statesmanship, his clever military strategy won him both friends and enemies, at home and in the other four republics. He was executed, on September 15, 1842, by his enemies in Costa Rica, where once he had served as President, as he had likewise served as President of a short-lived confederation of all Central America. But Honduras remembers her hero and native son. So likewise does Costa Rica and the other Middle American republics. On September 15, 1942, Honduras declared a national holiday to honor the centenary of Morazán's death.

The birthplace of Morazán is a city without a railroad. The nearest approach to Tegucigalpa by rail is Potrerillos, terminal of the narrow-gauge National Railway, sixty-six miles from Puerto Cortés. The other short railroads in the Republic are mostly banana or sugar roads, privately owned, and do not spread far inland. A highway connects her with the south Pacific Coast at San Lorenzo across the bay from Amapala. Motor buses cover the sixty-two miles (one hundred kilometers) between Tegucigalpa and the port in about five hours. Another highway connects with the railway terminal at Potrerillos, and continues on down to Puerto Cortés. The nation fully realizes its need for better transportation, and many new highways are under construction. But a country of only a million inhabitants does not produce a large tax revenue for road building.

More than any other country in the Americas, Honduras depends upon air transportation. Pan-American airplanes connect her with the other Americas, north and south. *Transportes Aéreos Centro-Americanos*, known locally as "TACA," also carries the travellers in and out of the capital and to the various



Photograph by Lanks, from Three Lions

Tegucigalpa, Capital without a Railroad

The Other Americans

seaports and cities throughout Central America. Archæologists, historians and casual visitors can fly most of the way to the dazzling white temples and ruins of the ancient city of Copán near the Guatemalan border.

At Copán, Mayan priests and astronomers as early as 791 A.D. read the stars from America's first astronomical observatory. There engineers and architects built one of the world's most remarkable civilizations. Chicle hunters, searching the jungles for the wild *chico-sapote* trees which furnish the sap from which chewing gum is made, are said to have brought out the first knowledge of some of Honduras' celebrated ruins. The Copán ruins are being restored through the joint efforts of the Carnegie Foundation and the Education Department of the Republic of Honduras.

"If you would know my country, you must see it first from the air. After that, go any way you like: motorcar, oxcart, banana or sugar road." That is what my jolly old friend, Colonel Carlos Calderón, himself a great traveller through Central America, told me. And, on my various visits to Honduras, I have followed all three modes of travel.

From the air, it is a land of mountains, wave on wave of them; of dark brown rivers—the mighty Ulua, and its tributary, the Humaya—which winds its serpentine way through fertile valleys where the rich soil permits the raising of three crops of wheat a year. Numerous other minor rivers cut angry gashes through dark forests, where giant mahogany trees tower above their forest companions in lordly isolation. The felling of these forest giants is, to this writer, like the felling of a strong worthy nobleman. The mahogany trees are identified—either from the air or by woodsmen who climb to the tops of other tall trees—by their coppery red leaves, and they are always cut in the rainy season.

"Cut the mahogany by moonlight and in the waning moon," an aged forester of Honduras advises. "Then the tree has little sap and the wood will be richer in color." Ox teams haul the

massive logs to nearby streams where they are rolled onto rafts and floated out to the ships, to be transported to some furniture factory or cabinetmaker in the United States or England.

Honduras is a land of great forests; of vast mineral deposits, many of them undeveloped, copper, iron, lead. There are uncounted thousands of acres of fruit and vegetable lands awaiting the farmer or orchardist; endless fields suitable for cattle grazing. It is a land of rain and sunshine. There are only two seasons in Honduras; wet from May to November, dry from November to May.

The flat roofs and red tiles of comfortable homes, the mellowed bell towers of old churches, the palm-thatched roofs of native huts skim beneath the wings of the moving plane. Cities perch like eagles' nests on mountaintops or snuggle down in the green heart of valley or jungle.

La Ceiba, terminus of a banana railway; Tela, Trujillo, all three important ports on the north coast, lie between the living green of tropical growth and the opalescent waters of the Caribbean. Comayagua, the old colonial capital, lives on its mineral industry.

Amapala on the south is sheltered from the Pacific by the landlocked waters of the Gulf of Fonseca, one of the finest harbors in the Western Hemisphere and now an important naval base. Santa Rosa de Copán basks in the center of the tobacco country. Honduras, like other New World regions, was growing and smoking tobacco when Columbus arrived.

A poetic and colorful country. Even its place names have color and poetry. There is the old city near the Guatemalan border called “*Gracias*,” which is to say: “Thank you.” Honduras—“the depths”—the Spaniards called this land of towering mountain and profound valley whose natural riches are almost beyond imagination and which, after four hundred years, is still but partially developed because of its “depths.”

The Spaniards had good reason to know those depths. Cortés, on his spectacular journey from the viceroyalty of Mexico, had

plenty of experience with the depths of Honduras. He had sent Cristóbal de Olid with ships and men to explore the coasts to the south. America was on the march. The gold hunters from Spain were expanding their horizon in North, South and Central America. At the same time De Soto was exploring farther north and nearing the banks of the Mississippi; Coronado was searching for the seven cities of Cíbola; Pizarro was southward bound to the land of the Incas; Cristóbal de Olid was double-crossing Cortés and trying to steal Honduras for the wealth he had learned existed there.

Cortés was not the man to permit any territory or treasure to slip from his greedy grasp. On October 12, 1524, he set out for Honduras with a procession that must have been inspired by some sixteenth century Cecil de Mille. An army of Spanish soldiers was augmented by conquered Indian warriors, cooks, servants, porters, musicians, doctors, surgeons, falconers. He even carried along a one-ring circus consisting of acrobats, clowns and puppeteers, together with the necessary horses, mules, swine, fowl, guns and ammunition. Of course Marina, Cortés' girl guide and interpreter, accompanied him from Mexico.

They journeyed overland in order to learn something about the country and they learned much. It was the rainy season in Honduras as well as in Guatemala. They climbed mountains, forded rivers, hacked their way through forest and swamp. White soldiers died of malaria and tropic diseases; Indians bogged down in swamps and were swept away in the swift waters of swollen rivers. Horses slipped from crumbling cliffs. Four of the Indian musicians died, and one chronicler wished "that the fifth had died too because the music was so terrible."

When the procession, or what was left of it, reached the capital of Comayagua, Cortés learned to his dismay that the rebel Spaniard he had come to suppress, Cristóbal de Olid, had been beheaded by his subjects.

But the Spaniards had other foes to face when they reached

their destination. Chief of them all was Lempira, last of the great chiefs who stood out against the white men, and who continued to fight Cortés, resisting every onslaught until only a handful of his Indian warriors remained.

Finally, as legend has it, Lempira fled to the top of a mountain near the present city of Gracias. At nightfall of that historic day Cortés and his army had completely surrounded the mountain where Lempira was making his last stand. Somewhere on the moonlit mountain the gallant Indian fighter was trapped. Cortés, listening near the base, could hear the thin notes of the *chirimía*, the primitive flute-like instrument peculiar to the aborigines of this region. The music put Cortés' nerves on edge, and he admitted the fact to his officers.

“Ah, but you are not an Indian,” Captain García told him. “You are a Spaniard. Your race loves poetry and song. Lempira's people are filled with philosophy and resignation. You love laughter and gaiety. Lempira loves quiet and meditation. How strange it sounds and sad—yet resigned.”

Knowing the aborigines of Honduras, I can picture the brave young Chief Lempira on his mountain with his handful of loyal warriors around him, prepared for his last encounter with Cortés and the Spanish soldiers. Standing on the edge of that cliff overlooking the valley, Lempira gazed down into its deep shadows. The saga is immortalized in the song and story of Honduras.

One story has him saying to himself: “Deep shadows, they creep up the mountain, where Lempira and his band stand alone. Most of his brave warriors are slain. His people are scattered to the four winds or killed by cruel pale hands. His gods seem no longer to smile upon him. Only the goddess of the moon sends her white beams to console him. Oh, fertile valleys! Oh, thriving cities built by the hands of our fathers! All, all are destroyed or captured by mysterious visitors from other worlds! But they shall not destroy Lempira! They shall not touch his body with their white deathly hands. No! No!”

The Other Americans

So Lempira said his farewell to his adversaries in the valley below and later went his lonely way to the land where there are no wars, no cruelty, no bloodshed. Honduran historians differ as to whether he was killed by his enemy or whether he took his own life in order that the Spaniards should not touch his living body with their "white, deathly hands." But all agree in their reverence for one of the bravest and noblest of the ancient red men. They have named their monetary unit in his honor, so wherever the dollar of Honduras is in use, the "Lempira" immortalizes the name of their native ruler.

Spaniards were not the only despoilers of Honduras. British, Dutch and Frenchmen ravaged its coasts during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The famous French pirate, François Olonnais, held possession of part of the country in the year 1660. In 1740 British forces occupied the Mosquito Coast and, a half century later, by agreement with Spain, carved out the slice now known as British Honduras.

From 1821 when the Central American states declared their separation from Spain, Honduras struggled for her national independence which she obtained on October 28, 1838, when she finally seceded from the federation and declared herself a republic.

Many of her citizens have long desired a return of the political union with the other Central American republics such as existed many years ago, and for which Francisco Morazán labored and fought and died. And, on the one hundredth anniversary of his death, the people of his country pledged themselves to at least a cultural union—a union of mutual friendliness between themselves and their neighbors, indeed among all the people of the Americas.

One remembers Honduras long after the ship that carries him away has departed from its shores. The foreman on the banana wharf may "sometimes tire of bananas and like to be going other places," but he would return.

IX

The Kingdom of Nicaro

IF SOME of the gold-seeking '49-ers, en route to the mines of California, had paused in their mad dash across Nicaragua—the shortest route from New York to California in those days—they might have saved time and money. In their haste to cross Central America's largest republic, they overlooked some of its richest gold mines.

California's gold was calling in 1849, but today Nicaragua, though primarily an agricultural country, is mining annually more than six million dollars' worth of the precious metal, and has deposits of silver that may be worked in the future.

Until the Union Pacific Railway met the Central Pacific at Promontory, Utah, in May 1869, North American travellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific had a choice of three routes. They could go around Cape Horn. They could brave the hazards of an overland journey across the United States by mountain, plain or prairie. Or, they could sail from New York or New Orleans to the port of San Juan del Norte (Greytown) on the Caribbean. There they could follow the San Juan River by steamer to Lake Nicaragua and reach the Pacific by the route now proposed as another Inter-Oceanic Waterway. Many a prospector from the United States passed through Nicaragua unmindful of its golden treasure. Yet gold mines existed in Nicaragua's mountains before Columbus took refuge from a

Caribbean tempest in 1502 and named the snug harbor which shielded him, Cape *Gracias a Dios* (Thanks to God).

Seventeen years later—six years after Balboa had discovered the Pacific—a group of fifty Spaniards led by the dashing Gil González de Avila (or Davila, as some historians prefer), went north from Panamá by way of the Pacific in search of gold and adventure. On the shores of an inland lake he met King Nicaro, powerful ruler over many native tribes, who confirmed the tales of golden treasure and permitted the Spaniards to baptize him and about nine thousand of his subjects. In return for such piety, González named the country Nicaragua, after the chief and the lake of the same name.

But when the dashing Gil returned to Panamá, the crafty Royal Governor, Pedrarias (whose correct name, Pedro Arias de Avila, might indicate some connection by marriage) had other plans for Nicaragua and its gold. González was enraged and took himself off to Santo Domingo. Meantime Hernández de Córdoba proceeded to Nicaragua and founded the cities of Granada on the shore of Lake Nicaragua and León on the shore of Lake Managua.

For more than three and a half centuries afterward, Nicaragua furnished more high drama and more front page news than any other country in the Western Hemisphere. It began with the rivalry between the two cities: León, the original capital, and Granada, the city of merchants. Nor was the feud entirely abated when the earthquake of 1610 necessitated León's removal to another site. This required the creation of a new capital, Managua, as a compromise between the two rivals.

During most of the next century pirates harassed both coasts. Great Britain, warring with Spain, intrenched herself on the Caribbean until peace was declared.

Attempts at national independence caused much disorder during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Then,

scarcely had the new-born Republic attempted to stand on its own feet when England again intervened, this time in an effort to control the natives of the Mosquito Coast—mixed whites, blacks and Indians—who were rioting in the lowlands of the Atlantic. England even went so far as to install a native ruler as king over the rebels.

This difficulty had ended and England had withdrawn, when the spectacular William Walker, Tennessee-born filibusterer with fifty-six aides, made bigger front page news. Walker invaded Nicaragua, got himself elected president and before he finally fled the country and was executed in Honduras on September 12, 1860, he had plunged Nicaragua into war with all her neighbor republics.

It was the United States marines who finally brought order out of chaos. For a few years after Walker's death, Nicaragua had enjoyed comparative peace under President Martínez. Then José Santos Zelaya, liberal president and dictator, threw the nation into utter political, economic and financial confusion and made of himself what President Taft called "an international nuisance." The United States, urged by Nicaragua's conservatives, landed two thousand marines at Corinto. After a few skirmishes and one pitched battle with Zelaya's adherents at Masaya, the marines took control and peace reigned. Nicaragua was, for the most part, at peace for twenty-five years, and finally, in January, 1933, the last contingent of one hundred marines was ordered home.

During the "occupation" the United States was looked upon with suspicion by most of the other Americas. But the presence of the marines enabled our government to stabilize Nicaragua's currency, grant them a loan, purchase a three-million-dollar option on the proposed inter-oceanic canal and supervise two presidential elections.

It is difficult to find any remaining evidences of this "stormy period" in Nicaragua today. This land of mountains and vol-

canoes, of green jungles and vast crystal blue lakes, has enjoyed peace and order for the longest period in her history.

Lake Nicaragua is 96 miles long by 39 miles wide. Curiously enough, in its fresh water, such salt-water fish as tarpon and swordfish have been found. Lake Managua is smaller than Lake Nicaragua, being only 38 miles long by 16 miles across at its widest point.

In shape the Republic is triangular, with its southern point extending down into Costa Rica. The northern spur of the Andean Cordillera slices the country in two halves, leaving them almost inaccessible to one another. Nicaragua is about the size of Iowa, but its boundaries are not definitely determined since there is some disputed territory along the Honduran border.

Nicaragua's principal population lies on the Pacific side of the mountains. The Caribbean ports of Bluefields and Puerto Cabezas serve as outlets for most of its products. But Corinto, on the Pacific, is its chief port, with an excellent harbor and a modern pier, while San Juan del Sur serves as a secondary Pacific port.

In front of Corinto the sea comes rippling in on a smooth, sandy beach. Behind it rise the hills, green and pulsing with life. Guarding the Gulf of Fonseca, shared alike by Honduras, Salvador and Nicaragua, volcanic peaks like the digits of an upraised hand hail the coming and salute the departing guest.

Native women on the Corinto pier offer the refreshing milk of fresh, green coconuts hacked open with long, sharp machetes. Streams of coffee, cotton, sugar, cattle and hides are loaded for export on outward-bound ships. In normal times Nicaraguan cattle are shipped all the way to Perú. The Pacific Railway connects Corinto with Chinandega, thirteen miles inland, and with most of the other cities on the Pacific side of the Republic.

Bits of jungle, plain and valley, the yellow green of sugar

cane, the shining leaves of coffee trees, border the right of way. Glints of white-clad men or brilliantly garbed native women coffee pickers flash through the trees. Prosperous estate owners climb into or out of railway coaches whose chairs are made of native mahogany. Cowboys ride herd through the cattle country.

In spite of its scanty population—twenty-four to the square mile—Nicaragua is urban-minded, with numerous cities of relatively large population scattered along the Pacific side of the country. Managua, the present capital and largest city, has 120,000 inhabitants, as well as a commanding location on the southern shore of Lake Managua from whose blue waters rise the extinct volcanoes: Momotombo and Momotombito (little Momotombo).

León, second city in size, has about 40,000 population and the atmosphere of old Spain. Here Rubén Darío, its illustrious son and one of the greatest poets the Spanish language has produced, passed most of his boyhood. At the age of seven he was the despair of his old aunt, Doña Bernardina, with whom he lived. She was angry with Felipe Ibarra, Rubén's teacher, when she found he had allowed the boy to spend his time making up verses instead of improving his handwriting, or perfecting his spelling. In fact her concern over Rubén's misfortune was so great that she called in an old friend of the family for consultation.

"What shall I do with Rubén?" she asked. "Felipe is ruining him. He is teaching him to write poetry. It is really something awful. What do you think I ought to do?"

The old friend looked at some of the verses. He read them through carefully. Then finally, and with a great show of diplomacy, suggested to the old lady: "Don't worry, Doña Bernardina. Perhaps you might just as well let him go on with his verse writing. I wouldn't be surprised if he turns out to be a real poet some day."

Rubén Darío did become a real poet, one of the greatest the Spanish language has ever produced. For years he was the lion of literary Europe, acclaimed one of the greatest poets of the age, the idol of all who spoke or read Spanish, honored by the King of Spain, presented at the Courts of Madrid and London. He visited and lived in most of the countries of the New World. But the illustrious son of Nicaragua finally returned to the cobbled streets of old León, to the high-built sidewalks and the jingling of mule bells. He returned to sing again of his native land, its simple beauties, its lakes and mountains, its tropic nights and the seas that wash its shores. He died in León at the height of his fame in 1916 and lies at rest in León's three-hundred-year-old cathedral.

Granada, the commercial metropolis, has not yet caught up with its rival. Its population numbers only about half of León's, but its sunlit streets and plazas, its old buildings and the emerald islands in its lake lend an air of peace and charm. However, it remembers William Walker who schemed and plotted in the shadow of its ancient churches. Who knows, perhaps Walker's restless spirit comes back to walk again at night in the Plaza de Independencia, for the Granadinos assure me they harbor no ill will towards him but rather are grateful for the amusement his memory affords. After all, it is not every foreign country that can boast of having once elected as president a citizen of the United States.

Nor did I find any resentment towards the United States marines in the city of Masaya—a city of 17,000 inhabitants—famed for its gardens. This "City of Flowers," center of a rich agricultural district, does not retain any apparent resentment against these "leathernecks" who routed Zelaya's soldiers in their streets with American field guns in that memorable year of 1912.

There is more to international friendship than meets the eye. Like most other countries on the globe, Nicaragua's economic

structure is built on foreign trade. Ninety per cent or more of its exports are purchased by the United States which, in turn, supplies Nicaragua with about 80 per cent of her total imports.

Many of the nation's mines are foreign-operated. Under the present constitution, the Republic retains ownership in all its subsoil properties and minerals, but the largest gold mines in the Republic are operated by North American companies.

Until the airplane became a commercial carrier, Nicaragua was a strictly agricultural country. Only in the past few years has the export value of gold exceeded the export value of coffee. Agriculture and stock raising are still the leading money-makers.

Corn is still the favorite food crop for home consumption, just as it was when Gil González and his Spaniards were baptizing King Nicaro and his nine thousand subjects. Nicaragua takes pride in the fact that it is almost completely self-supporting in food products.

Leave the railway train or the main roads anywhere along the shores of Nicaragua's great lakes and wander into the back country where the natives still travel on foot or muleback. If it is the month of May and the corn is ready for harvest you may witness the fiesta of the Corn Dance performed in much the same manner as it was by King Nicaro and his subjects.

Let us imagine ourselves in some village on the shores of Lake Managua before the white man came. The Chief is seated in the center of the square, the men of his tribe gathered about him, his eldest son by his side. Soon the ancient land will be bathed in silvery moonlight. Nature has been kind to the Indian. His crops are good. He is about to give thanks to the gods of the harvest.

Early in the morning, before the sun has risen, the young men of the tribe have gathered corn for the fiesta, a full basket for every maiden. Only the choicest, tenderest ears have been selected. The women have boiled and prepared the corn for the

fiesta, and young and old are gathered to witness the sacred dance.

The tropic night falls suddenly. The soft glow of the moon spreads over the tall mountains and the dark jungle. The rippling waters of the lake are like molten silver. One maiden from every family, her feet bathed and anointed with sacred oils, stands in a great basket of thoroughly cooked corn, waiting the signal for the dance.

The voice of the Chief booms out across the waters. He gives thanks for bountiful crops, implores the gods for health, for happiness and protection during the coming year. The drums beat, the inevitable flute sounds on the evening air. The rhythmic clapping of hands keeps time to the beat of the drum. In the baskets of corn the maidens dance for the favors of the ancient gods. For hours the ceremony continues. Finally the spectators work themselves into a rhythmic frenzy until every maiden has trampled her basket of corn into a *masa* or mush. From each basket a mass of the trampled corn is taken and patted into a tortilla, or pancake, baked on an open fire and consumed by the tribe. In this wise are the ancient gods made happy. Or, perhaps, it is the baptism of the drums you are witnessing at the foot of Mount Masaya, where the descendants of those who were baptized by the white men are celebrating the feast of San Gerónimo in September.

But none of the ancient rites or fiestas produces such hilarious joy as the *Corrida de Toros*—the rural Nicaraguan rodeo. The village square has been fenced off, grandstands have been built on all four sides. The crowd is at hand, the bugle blows, the gates swing wide. "Here comes the bull!" some one shouts. And the fiesta is on.

A dozen frantic bulls are brought forth, and every young man in the community leaps into the ring to demonstrate his skill. Somewhat after the manner of our cowboys, only with more reckless abandon, they arouse the snorting bovines to anger.

They ride them or throw them, or try to, until every shirt is in shreds, every shin peeled. And a good time is had by all.

But these traditions are rapidly giving way to modern progress. For even while you watch this rural spectacle, the gleaming Pan-American airliner from Panamá or from Mexico City, or even from Miami, zooms down to the airport at Managua, or the local plane takes off for Bluefields, or some other port on the Caribbean. Today the airplane covers the 170 mile trip from the capital to Bluefields in approximately one hour. Before the airplane became the chief mode of transportation in Nicaragua, it required from two weeks to a month to make this same trip by mule or river steamer.

While river steamers still play an important part in land transportation, there is a considerable railway mileage in the country. The Pacific Railway of Nicaragua alone has a total of 225 miles.

Passenger automobiles and trucks hum—or chug, according to the state of the road—over 1500 miles of paved or dirt roads. An extensive highway program has been carried out as season and funds admit. The Nicaraguan portion of the Pan-American Highway has already been completed, some two-thirds of it having been paved, while the other portions are passable even in the rainy season.

The echo of the marching United States marines has faded into the past. Nicaragua faces the future with new ideas and ambitions. Any pause in the nation's activity is a pause for progress.

X

The Rich Coast

COSTA RICA is as different from her northern neighbor, Nicaragua, as Mexico is from the United States—different in geography, history and tradition.

The ancient red man contributed little to Costa Rica. It is a Spanish country, settled not so much by fortune hunters as by colonists from Spain: by Gallegos, the hard-working farmers of Galicia; by merchants from Aragón; by artists and artisans from the Bay of Biscay. Eighty per cent of Costa Rica's 640,000 inhabitants are pure Spanish. The indigenes were never numerous, but they were hostile. Early wars with the Spaniards practically exterminated them. Today only about four thousand remain.

What New England is to the United States, or Scotland is to the British Isles, Costa Rica is to Central America—small in geography but large in importance; the home of hard-working, peaceful and proud people.

The early Spaniards named it Costa Rica—"the rich coast"—but the major part of its population does not live on the coast. Costa Rica's civilization is on its temperate central plateau, high above the hot, moist tropical jungles. The greater portion of the population lives in the four chief cities of the country: San José, the capital, Cartago, Heredia, and Alajuela.

These industrious Spanish-Americans have made of their

country one of the most peaceful and democratic in Middle America. Every devoted son takes pride in his Spanish blood, his history, his art, his music and, above all, in the possession of a piece of land.

Imagine the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia a pattern of grassy fields and coffee farms, of banana plantations and coconut groves, of sugar cane checked off into farms of small or great dimensions, of brown cocoa beans drying in the sun. Imagine here and there a towering volcano keeping watch over the plain, with the largest crater in the world on top of one of them—Volcano Poás. And then imagine a tableland lifted three or four thousand feet above this green valley, a table set for four Spanish-speaking cities—with prim parks and spotless narrow streets, with houses of white or pink or yellow, with modest old churches like etchings out of an art book. Imagine all this and you have some impression of Costa Rica, a tiny nation of farmers.

A Caribbean voyage—unless there happens to be a hurricane—is a restful experience. There are the sparkling blue waters set with emerald islands, the flash of flying fish darting from wave to wave, the lush green shores, the bright stars at night and the glow of phosphorescence, the glamorous cities of history and tradition and well towards the end of the voyage, there is Costa Rica with its quiet restful charm.

I like to reach Costa Rica by way of a town with a name as refreshing as a picnic lemonade—Puerto Limón. It is a city on the point where Bartholomew Columbus, brother of the Admiral, established a Spanish settlement in 1503.

Puerto Limón is not a Spanish City now—not even a typical Costa Rican city. It is a Caribbean Coast city, where once productive banana fields are now being transformed into rubber and hemp plantations. Since Japan overran Malaya and the East Indies, the United Fruit Company has entered heavily into the growing of these and other new products along the

eastern shores of Costa Rica. As in the heyday of banana production, the vast majority of the laborers have been imported from the British West Indies, principally from Jamaica.

Yet it was an engineer from Brooklyn, New York, named Minor Cooper Keith, backed by a great Costa Rican, President Tomás Guardia, who transformed the tropical swamps into an area of progress and plenty, and built the railroad from Puerto Limón to San José. This railway, 103 miles in length, became the pathway for Costa Rica's present progress.

But its construction brought bitter hardships and bitter discouragements. It cost millions of dollars in money and the lives of thousands of laborers. Puerto Limón was a deadly jungle when Minor Keith, aged twenty-three, went to Costa Rica in 1871, having contracted, with his uncle and his three brothers, to build the transoceanic railway. That was ten years before Dr. Carlos Finlay of Cuba had discovered that yellow fever is transmitted by the vicious *stegomyia* mosquito. It was before Walter Reed or Jesse Lazear or John Kissinger or John Moran had made their heroic experiments with yellow fever in Havana, and long before General William C. Gorgas had cleaned up the pestholes of Panamá.

Keith, as an engineer, knew that it takes laborers and plenty of them to clear jungles and build a railway. His uncle was the famous Henry Meiggs who already had planned and begun work on the world's highest standard-gauge railway, which runs to the Peruvian mines in the Andean fastnesses.

But the jungles of Costa Rica fought hard. For years pestilential diseases dogged Keith's every footstep, and it rained incessantly for six months of the year. Rain, mosquitoes, more rain, more mosquitoes—everything knee deep in water. Some days not an inch of track could be laid. Then at last the first twenty-seven feet!

"The road must be built! The road must be built!" Day and night Minor Keith repeated those words. He impressed them

on his associates, on the laborers. Four miles of track were laid the first year, exactly four miles. Keith's three brothers died of malaria. He himself fell victim first of malaria and later of yellow fever. But miraculously, he survived. His workmen died by hundreds, in the agony of yellow fever, in the delirium of malaria, in the devastating weakness of dysentery. Whenever there was a temporary stoppage of work, the jungle crept back and the clearing had to be done all over.

The first sounds of the locomotive on that road meant, not the transportation of food or machinery, but the transportation of sick men, of dead men, hundreds of them every day, rolling back to the coast in funeral trains. More men were imported, more men died, but Keith's vision was clear, his determination was unabated. Where the discouraged saw death, the swamp, the jungle, Keith saw the railroad completed up to the fertile farms on the plateau, saw thriving cities, steamships loading at the port, carrying Costa Rican products to the ends of the earth, and returning with revenue heretofore undreamed of by the people of the little Republic.

In building the first twenty miles of that road, four thousand men gave their lives. No one knows how many died later. But at last the road was completed, and the combined dreams of the great Costa Rican President and the great engineer from Brooklyn came true. Puerto Limón became a boom town where city lots sold for fifty dollars apiece in American gold, and the starting point for one of the most spectacular rail journeys in the world.

Through Keith's foresight the giant United Fruit Company was born. The first experimental banana plantation which Keith set out in 1873 became eventually the nucleus for a vast banana empire, which preceded the present new rubber and hemp enterprises. Out of his tragic experiences grew also the present medical and hospital efficiency of the coast cities of Costa Rica, not only at Puerto Limón on the Caribbean, but in the regions

around Puntarenas and newer towns on the Pacific where the banana industry still thrives.

The road from Puerto Limón to San José begins at the water's edge, curves a little way along the coast, then turns inland through groves of tall, wind-tossed coconut palms. It winds through cane fields and thatched villages, through endless miles of towering banana trees, their great green leaves wigwagging in the breeze as the train races swiftly by. Presently the road begins to climb, to glide across bottomless caverns and cling to the corrugated walls of mountains. One moment it follows the floor of a gorge a mile deep, then plunges through a circling tunnel and out onto a shelf or narrow ledge. You look upward at hanging, verdant gardens of Eden and downward a thousand feet into the green tumultuous nowhere. Down there a slim river winds through the green, and waterfalls cascade through the trees.

Finally you come to the highlands and the open country. Lying before you are fields and farms like pictures out of a book. Ox carts with solid mahogany or cedar wheels, gaily painted, are drawn by sleek, matched oxen. Neat towns and villages appear, railroad stations crowded with people—fathers, mothers, brothers, señoritas. The undulating hills are covered with coffee plantations, the low coffee bushes shaded by tall banana trees.

First ancient Cartago presents itself, the nation's first capital, with its red-tiled roofs, and the smoke from Volcano Irazú behind it. Twice Cartago has been destroyed by earthquakes, but the old town lives on while Irazú takes an occasional smoke. The air is cool now, exhilarating and laden with the perfume of flowers. It is not the heady perfume of the jungle, but a lighter more delicate fragrance, because you have reached the plateau of Costa Rica.

From Ochomongo, near Cartago, 5118 feet above sea level, the road drops down 1259 feet in eight miles, and at the close

of day you roll into San José, the trim metropolis of the rich, red earth. San José, with its sixty odd thousand inhabitants, its red tiled roofs bathed in the yellow glow of the setting sun, with its background of tall mountain peaks, is silhouetted against the sky. Bells from the exquisitely proportioned cathedral echo across the city and countryside. The devout are on their way for evening prayers. Perhaps you may hear an Ave Maria by the great Costa Rican composer, Professor A. Monestel, long the organist of this historic church.

Costa Ricans are devout but they are also happy and light-hearted. They love to work, as their agricultural output demonstrates. They love education. They have to. It is compulsory and free but it is not casual. The flower-trimmed patios of the college of Costa Rica hum with the activity of its students. Even the students of the *Liceo de Costa Rica*, the Junior College, are required to take fourteen courses. Some of the classes begin at seven o'clock in the morning, and a few of them start at six. All primary schools begin at seven. Life in the tropics is not all sweetness and light, especially during a hotly contested soccer game—the national athletic sport.

As for politics—you vote in Costa Rica, or you pay a fine. The first time you fail to vote you pay five *colones*. (The *colón* is the monetary unit with an average value of seventeen cents American.) That does not seem high in American money, but it is something to a laborer on a coffee *finca*. Failure to vote a second time is worse—fifty *colones* with a ban on holding office for two years. Failure to vote a third time? Better not try it. It is cheaper to knock off work and vote.

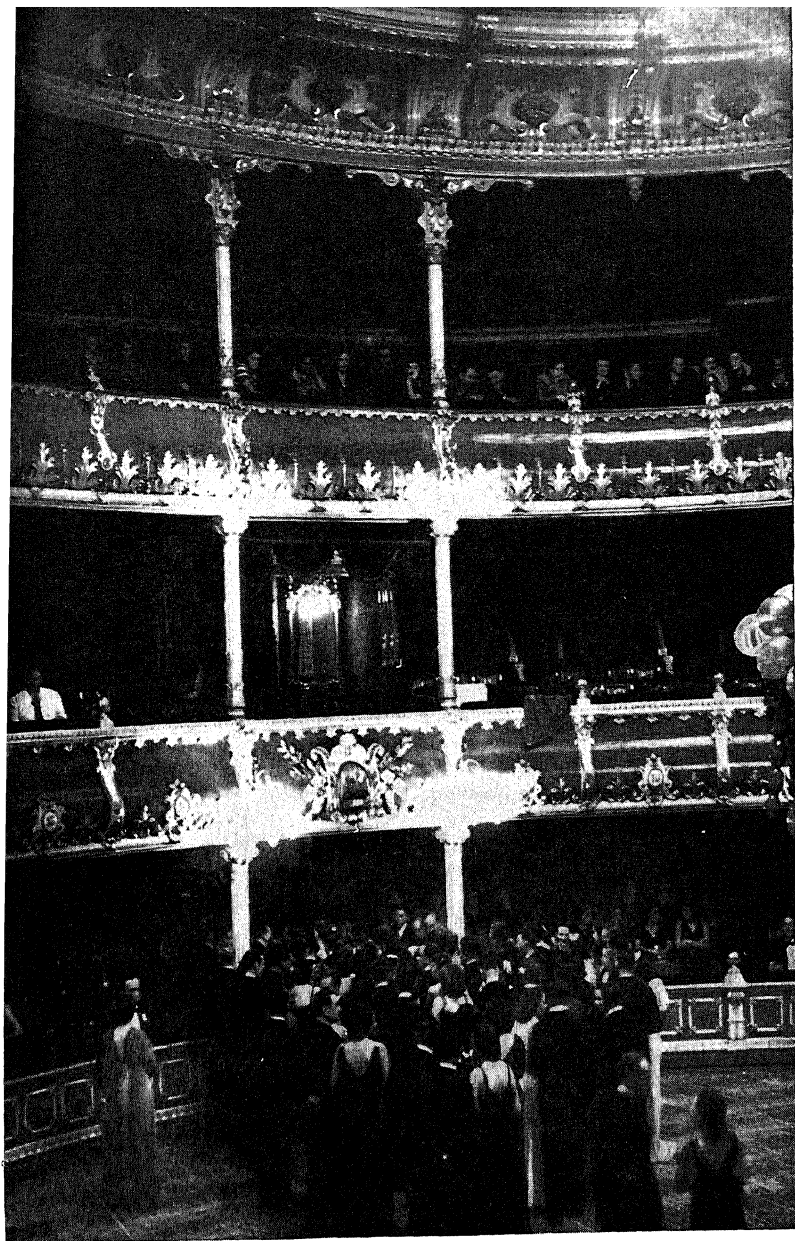
The seriousness with which the nation takes its politics and its education may account for its love of play, for its lilting music—its native songs and dances. The National Theatre in San José, built at a cost of a million dollars, with its tapestries and murals by world famous artists, is one of the show places of Central America—shrine of Costa Rican art and music.

No one who visits Costa Rica fails to note the beauty of its señoritas. To appreciate fully their beauty, it is only necessary to attend one of the annual balls held by the President every New Year's Eve, or a gala concert in the National Theatre. I recently attended one of these, in which the old folk tunes and songs of native composers were being featured. Every seat was taken. Every box also, and in those boxes sat some of the nation's most beautiful women. The Presidential box was occupied by the Chief Executive and his family. As he took his seat the curtain rose. The arrival of *El Presidente* was the signal for the performance to begin.

Some of the songs were in praise of the nation and its native flowers: the mammoth begonias, large as a dinner plate, the fragrant lilies, the gardenias, the roses and the orchids, without which San José would not be San José. One song was called "La Flor de Café," "The Flower of the Coffee," in appreciation of the delicately perfumed white coffee blossom.

In a nation which long boasted more school teachers than soldiers, it is natural that the government, in planning its cultural and educational activities, should appoint commissions to record and preserve the ancient music and folklore. Even the politicians of Costa Rica have frequently turned poets, while diplomats sometimes become song writers. His Excellency, Señor Manuel González Zeledén, for many years Costa Rican Minister to Washington, wrote the popular "Song of the Crop." It pictures summer days in his native land when coffee trees are laden with their deep red berries, the sugar cane drips sweetness and the corn is tinged with gold.

I often remember the words spoken by Roy Davis, once United States Minister to Costa Rica and one of the most beloved diplomats our government ever sent to Costa Rica, when I was spending the night with him at the Legation. We talked until long past midnight, in fact until almost morning, when the creak of cartwheels in the street below indicated that



Photograph by Severin, from Three Lions

Gala Occasion at the Opera in San José

country people were bringing their pigs, chickens, fruits and vegetables to the city markets.

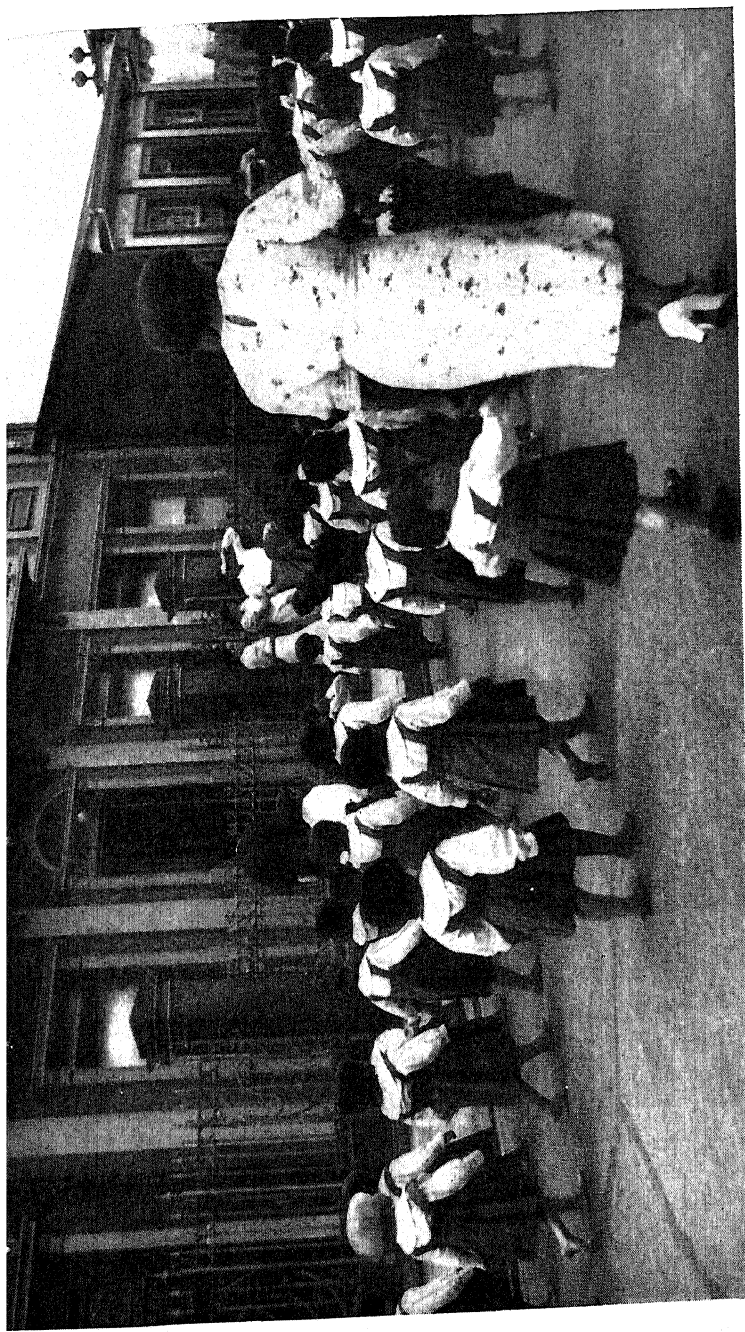
"Of course," Davis said, "I have not been Ambassador to Paris or to the Court of St. James. Maybe a small Missouri townsman would have been a little out of place in those surroundings. Spats make my ankles uncomfortable anyway, and I have never learned to twirl a cane. But now my time is up. Next year I am going to retire. I still have Missouri mud on my shoes, but Missouri summers bear down a little too heavily on one of my years and Missouri winters are pretty severe. I think I shall return to this high plateau country among these hospitable and cultured people. Costa Rica has become home to me."

But all people from the United States did not find it so hospitable, particularly the swashbuckling William Walker.

A bronze statue in San José honors the nation's hero, Juan Rafael Mora. As President of Costa Rica he brought about the defeat and expulsion of the Tennessee filibusterer who had usurped the presidency of the neighboring republic Nicaragua, and upset the peace of Central America.

There was a time, however, when President Mora himself was out of favor with at least some of his countrymen. Elected to the presidency for the third time in 1859, he was overthrown by a revolution and later, after giving himself up in order to save the lives of his political adherents, was executed. But today the entire nation honors him, not only because he defeated William Walker, but because much of Costa Rica's present progress can be traced back to him. Juan Rafael Mora made primary education compulsory, founded schools of medicine and law, gave San José its first street-lighting system and, as a practical agriculturist, was one of the first to recognize the potential wealth in the coffee bean, still the source of 60 per cent of the national revenue.

The thousands of acres of coffee plantations outside San José,



Photograph by Rosa, from Three Lions

Kindergarten Students in Costa Rica

Cartago, Alajuela, and Heredia, where the chief crop of the nation is grown, are articulate testimony to her hero's vision.

In order to do full justice to Costa Rica as well as to Minor Keith one should also travel down to the Pacific coast by railway. Keith was not only responsible for the building of the road from Puerto Limón to San José, but inspired the building of most of the little nation's 400 miles of railway.

The red earth of the Eastern Seaboard is left behind at San José. The sixty-eight mile plunge down the Pacific slopes presents a different panorama. If you are a sprinter you may want to do a marathon over the track, as the athletes of San José do every year in a contest for a \$25 prize, and a medal.

The new Pan-American Highway, the completion of which was spurred by World War II, skirts the western slopes of the mountains from Nicaragua to the Panamanian border, with branches extending up to San José and down to Puntarenas. The high mountains that separate Costa Rica from Panamá presented the engineers with their greatest difficulties, for here the road reaches a higher elevation than anywhere else between Texas and Panamá.

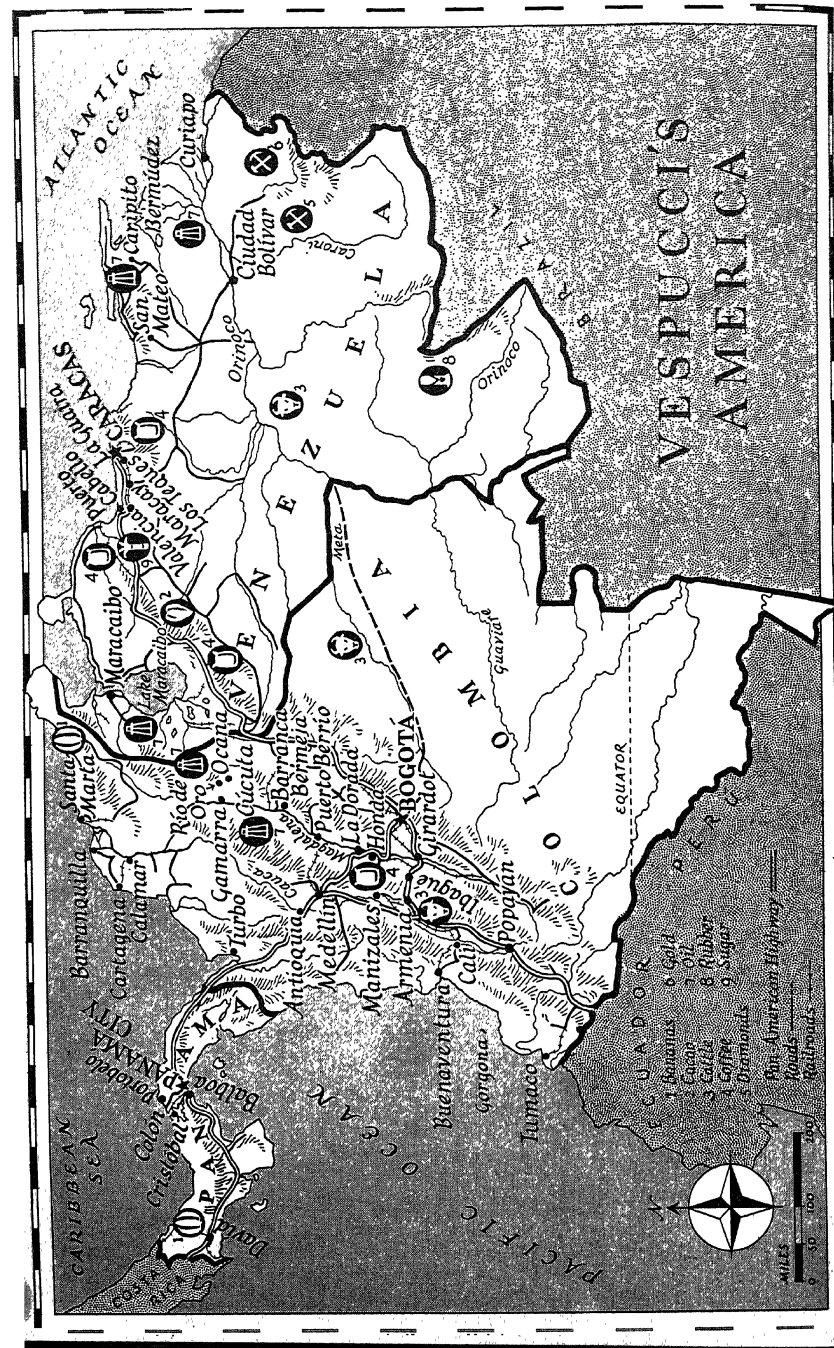
Near Puntarenas on one of the fruit plantations is the super-efficient, air-conditioned hospital and medical laboratory at Golfito. Of this hospital, Charles Morrow Wilson in his recent book on American tropical medicine, *Ambassadors in White*, says: "Earlier traditions of the plain and colorless tropical hospital are blasted at Golfito. This hospital at the same time perpetuates the old health principles of Minor Keith and introduces a new era in tropical medicine. It is a public monument to be envied by any city in the world."

THE OTHER AMERICANS

Vespucci's America

PANAMA
VENEZUELA
COLUMBIA





XI

Life Line of the Hemisphere

IT is impossible to be long on the Isthmus of Panamá without becoming hopelessly entangled in history. You are continually reminded that some of the giants of the story books have tramped its trackless jungles, sailed up and down its palm-fringed shores, scaled its mountain peaks and spattered its valleys with heroic blood. Whether on the Atlantic or Pacific side, there is romance and glamor aplenty.

Even the dauntless Christopher Columbus himself did considerable discovering in Panamá. He sailed his little ship into the wild recesses of Limón Bay, and dropped anchor just back of what is now the Stranger's Club, where in modern times giant steamers from the ends of the earth tie up to imposing docks.

Then there was that other frenzied discoverer, Señor Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, who fought his way westward across the jungle and conquered the Pacific. At least he must have conquered it, judging from his peculiar behavior. For we are told that he drew his sword, stuck out his chest, waded right in and claimed it for his Royal Lord and Master. You cannot overlook the courage of a man who takes an entire ocean single-handed.

In the footsteps of Columbus and Balboa came that old devil dog, Sir Francis Drake. According to the chronicles he went to a mountain top in Darien, climbed a tall tapering tree and

viewed the mighty waters from a distance. If you can, picture a man who was soon to become a brave knight of old England removing his shoes and "shinnying" up a tree to claim the Pacific Ocean for her Britannic Majesty, Elizabeth being the sovereign at the time. That, too, goes into the colorful epic of Panamá.

A hundred years after Drake, another subject of Britain not only made several visits to the region, but captured numbers of communities and finally crossed the Isthmus where he performed one of history's outstanding feats of perfidy and crime. He was Henry Morgan, Esquire, afterward honored as Sir Henry. Upon reaching the Isthmus, he subjected the town of Portobelo to a microscopic examination, and, because he could find nothing that resembled gold, became so angry he demolished the place almost stone by stone.

He returned to Portobelo in 1671. After weeks of preparation and exploration in the environs of Portobelo, and skirmishing with outposts all the way across, he finally arrived at Panamá City on the Pacific side. He looked greedily down upon the town from a hillside, a splendid sight. The tall spires of the cathedral towered benignly over the great stone houses and the massive flower-covered walls surrounding them. A few minutes later the sun splashed the red-tile roofs with its golden rays. Bells began to ring, bells presented by Queen Isabella herself to "the finest church on the Spanish Main." But the bells which had so often called the faithful to prayers were now sounding the alarm of impending disaster.

Bravely the Panamanian, or Spanish soldiers, went out to meet him, but were driven back, their lines shattered. People began to flee for their lives, to the sea, to the hills, anywhere. But very few got beyond their own doorways.

Guns barked, sabers rattled and glittered in the morning sunlight. All day the battle raged, until sunset. All that remained of a city of 10,000 was a handful of terrified captives,

a few stone walls, heaps of ashes and the lifeless bodies of hundreds of Spanish settlers and soldiers.

Morgan was looking for gold and silver. He had always considered himself quite adept at uncovering hidden or buried treasure, but when he had finished his memorable day's work he was grievously disappointed. Very little precious metal had been found. Even the famous cross of gold in the cathedral had eluded him. High and low he had searched for it but it had completely disappeared. Little did he realize that several times he had been close enough to touch it. But the clever padres had outwitted him. They had not buried the priceless piece, nor even hidden it. They had merely covered it with a coat of whitewash and left it in its place. But, gifted with a one-color vision, Sir Henry could only distinguish yellow.

In this coat of whitewash the cross of gold remained for many a long year, until 1903 in fact, when Panamá became a republic. The golden cross of colonial times, a revered and priceless relic, belongs to the modest little church of San José.

Drive seven miles from Cathedral Square, in the present capital of the Republic, through the new residential section of the city and along a paved highway, past the old bridge of gold on the Camino Real, its graceful arches still intact, and you may view the ghost of the Morgan crime. Only the vine-covered tower of the old cathedral and a few piles of stone remain as grim reminders of the gentle disposition of the old Anglo-Saxon.

Maps are sometimes misleading. The Republic of Panamá is no paltry ribbon of land flung between two continents, as most people suppose, but rather it is the anchor rope that connects them. In area it is about the size of West Virginia and is divided into seven different provinces. It is even more mountainous than West Virginia and, geographers tell us, it has 180 rivers flowing into the Atlantic and 300 or more into the Pacific Ocean.

For many years it was the seat of the Royal Court, with jurisdiction over Nicaragua to the north and all the Spanish Provinces to the south as far as the Straits of Magellan. Yet this ancient Panamá is the youngest of all the other American republics. It gained its independence from Colombia in 1903.

With no other country in the world are our relations so intimate and delicate. Thousands of our citizens are on the Isthmus engaged in purely United States' interests. Thousands of our soldiers and sailors have the run of the country, mingling freely with the people of Panamá. Panamá is to the other Americas a great example of Uncle Sam's treatment of his weak and smaller neighbors. As one Peruvian official expressed it: "Your treatment of Panamá is taken by other Spanish-American peoples as the measure of your attitude and intentions towards all of them. It is the show window of your inter-American policy."

Right through the middle of the Republic from sea to sea runs the Panamá Canal, with a strip of land ten miles wide (five miles on each side), and with the terminal cities of Cristóbal on the Atlantic side and Balboa on the Pacific, over which the United States rules supreme. It is well to bear in mind that the Canal Zone is not United States territory. We govern it but do not own the land. We lease it, in perpetuity, for an annual rental of 430,000 *balboas* (the dollars of Panamá).

Civilization in the Canal Zone looks new and modern, as if it had been set down in virgin territory. Steel locks, electric locomotives, telephone wires, radio equipment, shine brilliantly in the tropic sun. White stucco houses with trim green lawns line the well-kept roads that extend up and down the great Waterway.

As a matter of history the Republic of Panamá and the Canal Zone may be said to be twin creations. The treaty which guaranteed the United States the right to build the Canal was signed five days after Panamá had finally and definitely seceded from Colombia on November 13, 1903. On August 15, 1914, the Panamá Canal was opened to traffic. Today the Canal and the

Zone which lies on each side of it are the jugular vein of the hemisphere.

As examples of the close harmony that now exists between the Panamanian and the United States governments, take the two towns Cristóbal and Colón on the Caribbean side. Cristóbal in the Canal Zone is governed exclusively by the United States War Department, somewhat after the manner of a military reservation. Colón in the Republic of Panamá is, of course, under the jurisdiction of the Panamanian Government. The one melts or dovetails into the other at no particular place, so that a stranger is totally unconscious of passing from one to the other.

Nobody takes any notice of where this happens until he comes to vote or pay taxes. In Colón a citizen enjoys both these privileges; in Cristóbal he enjoys neither, for he does not pay local taxes or vote in local elections.

Many of the world's industries and business houses have branch offices on the Isthmus, headquarters for their trade activities throughout Spanish America. Dozens of steamship companies, including several owned by United States capital, register their ships under the Panamanian flag because the government of Panamá makes it very attractive for them to do so. Technically, Panamá has one of the most imposing merchant marines in the world.

Every year Panamá plays host to important officials—diplomats, business men, writers, observers, from many climes. Traders from Europe and Asia visit Panamá on their way to Central and South American countries. Sooner or later every influential business man in Nicaragua, Mexico, Colombia, Chile or Perú finds his way to the Isthmus. High officials of the various republics pass through it en route to or returning from important diplomatic missions. It furnishes refuge to unpopular politicians from near and far. Even those who still enjoy public favor come to the great hospitals of the Isthmus.

Panamá has been, except for a few interruptions, genuinely,

The Other Americans

dizzily democratic in its social complexion as well as in its politics. Every clan, tribe and nation of the human family is represented in its population. Front Street in Colón, facing the Panamá Railroad tracks, is more spectacular than any set in an Oriental movie. Hindu shops, Turkish bazaars, Chinese stores are filled with the most fantastic wares, and bargaining becomes the most exquisite of arts. In normal times when tourist ships are in port, barkers stand in front of every establishment minutely describing the wonders that are within, begging you to come in and view the marvels. If you go in, there is no worry about what follows. Any one but the most iron-willed eventually yields to the cunning and skill of psychologists with thousands of years of training behind them, and comes away with arms full of laces and linens, perfumes and shawls, jewelry and rugs, many of which could be bought in any store back home for 10 per cent of the Colón price.

The Fawk River Market is worth an hour any morning. Coal-black Jamaican expatriates who helped dig the Canal and then remained behind to eke out an existence and raise hordes of children, gather along the banks of a lazy stream on the edge of the town to swap the wild gifts of Mother Nature—bananas, green coconuts, yuccas and yams, plantains and papayas.

The Central Market in the heart of the city not only offers papayas in quantity, but is a good place to make an inventory of all the fruits and vegetables of the Panamanian tropics. It is a spotless place where a fly is considered a visitor from another world, and whose presence is made extremely uncomfortable thanks to the vigilant eyes of Uncle Sam's Sanitary Corps on the Isthmus.

While the urban section on the Atlantic side consists of twin cities, the Pacific side is divided, or more accurately, combined into interlocking triplet cities. If the Colón and Cristóbal frontier is imperceptible to the newcomer, it is next to impossible to distinguish the dividing line between Balboa, the Pacific

terminus and headquarters, Ancon, the residential section for employees of the Canal, and sprawling, cosmopolitan Panamá City.

As you become familiar with Panamá City, you will find that the Chinese and the Hindus, the Greeks, the Italians or the Yankees who run the shops, the markets and saloons, the Canal and the Army and Navy, are not the dominant element in the country. The Ariases, the Jiménezes, the Pachecos, the Navarros, the Aroseménas, the Alfarnos, the Boyds and the de La Guardias are the all-powerful elements. They and their kind are the lawyers, the doctors and the bankers, the *hacendados* and the politicians of the Isthmus. They are the native Smiths and Joneses of the country, names you will find in high places and public affairs. Some of these old families are survivors of Spanish colonial days. Compared to them our proud old Southern and New England families are newcomers, for their forebears were in Panamá stacking gold into ships bound for the Old World long before the Cavaliers came to the James River, or the Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock.

Four routes now traverse the Isthmus of Panamá: water, rail, motor and the air. The motor route is the newest, completed in 1942, the Trans-Isthmian Highway, first sea-to-sea motor road across the Republic of Panamá. It parallels the Panamá Canal, and follows the old gold road that once felt the tramp of Balboa's feet. Jungle-clad hills have been flattened out. Root-matted ravines and mangrove swamps have been cleared and filled by the powerful swing of native machetes and the relentless plow of the "bull-dozer." More than 1500 diligent workers—white engineers from the United States, ebony-skinned Panamanian Negroes, singing Jamaicans, lithe-limbed Martiniquans—strained their backs and mopped the tropical sweat from their faces to lay this four-lane forty-eight-mile ribbon of concrete.

I have travelled this road, which is primarily a military

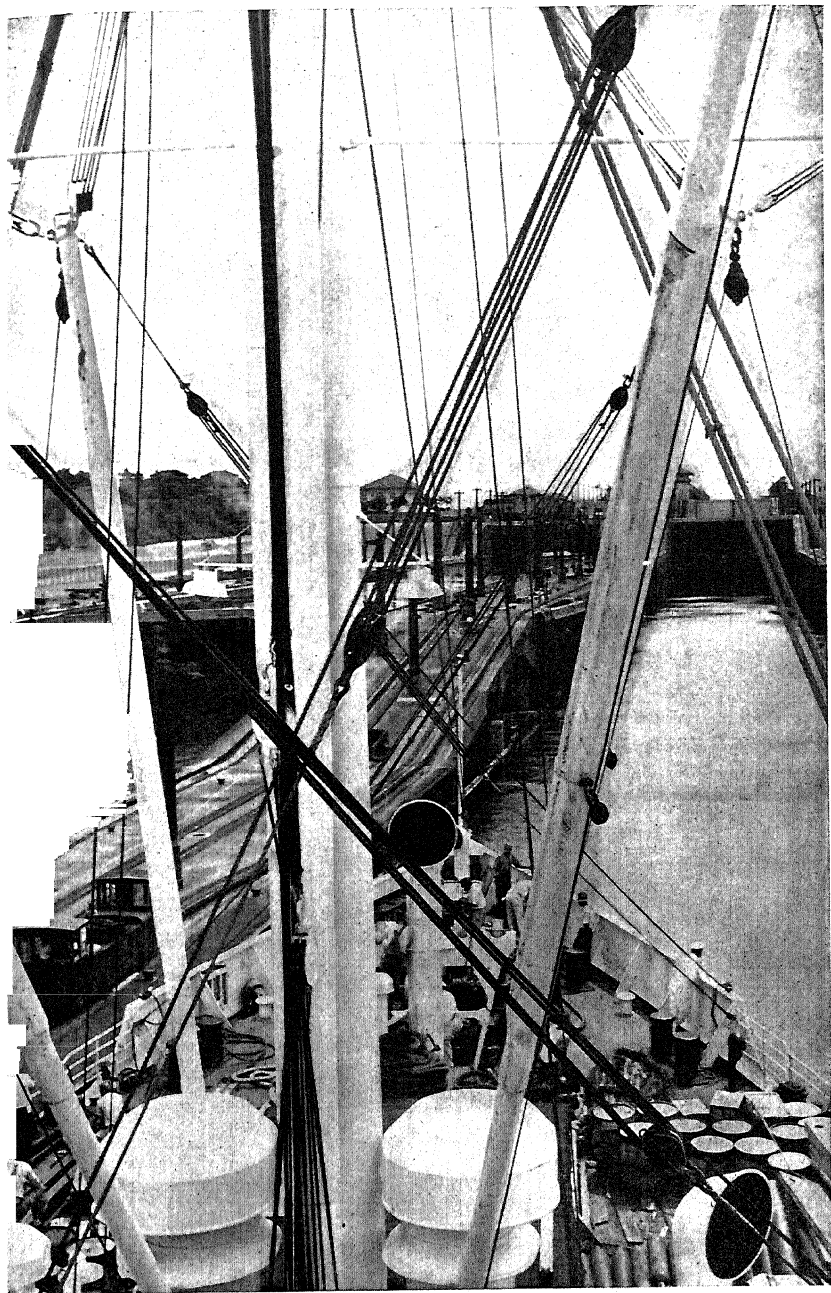
highway, and I have crossed the Isthmus by rail, air and water. It is a proud experience for a citizen of the United States to take this journey through the waterway made possible by the faith, the skill and the capital of his country.

Yet perhaps more than to money or engineering skill, the completion of the Canal was due to the knowledge and indefatigable energy of Dr. William C. Gorgas, who has been called one of the greatest sanitarians of all time. By eliminating insect pests and reducing tropical diseases to a minimum, he not only made possible the completion of the Canal, but demonstrated, to quote his own words, "that the white man can live and work in the tropics, and maintain his health at as high a point as he can, doing the same work, in the temperate zone."

Five miles back from this marvel of engineering skill, lies the Panamá jungle where bananas, mangoes, cabbage palms, breadfruit trees grow in a tangled network; where monkeys swing from tree to tree by day and howl by night. Iguanas—as popular as chicken in the native's menu—conceal themselves along the low branches. Partridges scurry through the underbrush, and tapirs and wild hogs snort through the swamps in search of palm seeds.

With Panamá's increasing population, it is difficult to import sufficient quantities of food even in peacetime. During the period of the World War, supplying her cities with food became a major problem, not only of the Panamanian Government, but also of the United States.

But while the bulk of the population of the Panamanian Republic live in the cities and communities near the Canal Zone, there are also other important communities in the northern part of the country, such as the old town of David, up near the Costa Rican border. The third largest city of the Republic, David—called "Dah-veed" by the Panamanians—is old Panamá, colonial Panamá. In such remote regions as this, you find different ways and customs from those in Panamá City or Colón. You hear different music, such as *La Cumbia*.



A Ship Enters the Canal Locks

It was in David that I witnessed the fiesta of La Cumbía, and saw this old dance performed, to the rhythm of *maracas*—pebble-filled gourds. An orchestra was stationed in the center of the hall. The cornetist, a little man who had evidently blown himself down to a skeleton, was assisted by a couple of portly fellows with drums, another with an old-time concertina, and still another with the inevitable *maracas*.

The dancers stood in couples in a circle around the orchestra. Each man held aloft a lighted candle as if to see the face of his partner. Sparkling eyes—like black diamonds set in provocative faces of coppery brown framed with shining sable hair—were revealed by the light of the candle. Feet began to tap, arms and bodies to swing and sway, the men and women dancing around each other, and all circling to the right around the orchestra, while the candles were raised and lowered with the rhythms of the music. There were laughter and shouting, but every ripple of laughter, every shout, every step and stamp and handclap followed the beat of the drums.

Perspiration ran in rivulets down the faces of the dancers in the heat of that tropic night. There were occasional intermissions, but the dance went on hour after hour. I left before it became a nightmare of frenzy and joy.

El tamborito is a more modern dance. You may see it at the fashionable Union Club in Panamá City. In the *tamborito* there is a touch of La Cumbía with a dash of the Cuban Rhumba. But it is neither of these. The dancers stand in a circle but not in couples. The music begins. There is clapping of hands. A gentleman steps to the center of the ring, salutes the lady, bows to her; she steps forward to meet him. He dances to her and around her. One by one the others join in until every one is in motion. *El Tamborito* has something of the stateliness of a minuet, plus the heat and passion of the jungle.

Late in a recent October I flew north from Cristóbal to see something of the outer world of Panamá. This northern region

around David is a rich and prosperous agricultural and stock-raising country—in fact, the most prosperous section of the Republic. Chiriquí Province has long been the cattle-raising center. Coffee is grown on an increasing scale. Along this coast were some of the largest and newest banana plantations in the tropics. As in Costa Rica, many of them now are being planted with rubber and hemp. Serious effort is being made to open up new grazing territory and to improve the breed of cattle so that meat will bring better prices and therefore a new impetus to the industry. Cattle for breeding purposes are brought in duty free.

David, remote as it may seem on the map, is by no means apart from the modern world. One of the leading airports and air bases on the Isthmus is located here. The Panamá section of the great Inter-American Highway was completed several years ago and paved all the way from David to Panamá City, a distance of 250 miles.

Aside from the fact that we operate the Canal and therefore have delicate official relations with the Panamanian Government and people, Panamá is diplomatically one of the most important countries in the hemisphere to us. The United States Embassy in Panamá City is one of the most important links, for Panamá is our Listening Post, which guides successfully the course of Uncle Sam's relations with all the nearby countries.

Panamá's paramount interest, however, rests in the strategic advantages of its airways and seaways. This connecting link between the Americas and between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans holds the key to hemisphere defenses.

Recently the Congress of the United States voted \$107,516,810 for the maintenance and improvement of the Panamá Canal and to permit the speeding up in the construction of new locks.

XII

Little Venice

IF PICKLES had been selling in Italy and along the coast of Spain and Portugal in 1499, there might not be a single American in the world today. Apparently it was due to a recession in the spice and pickle trade that the young Italian merchant, Amerigo Vespucci, shut up shop and went out to see the world.

Of course, if it had not been for Amerigo's luck in meeting at the moment a Spanish explorer by the name of Alonso de Ojeda, things might have turned out differently. Whether the Spaniard signed Vespucci on as just another roustabout, or to keep the records of the expedition, is not clear. At any rate, the restless youth went along and later wrote a book about his experiences, and still later the Americas were named after him.

Ojeda and Vespucci sailed along the north coast of the South American mainland and into the gulf that leads to Lake Maracaibo. When they saw the natives' bell-shaped huts built on stilts above the swampy lowlands, which perhaps reminded Vespucci of the Venetian city of his homeland, they named the country *Venezuela*, or "Little Venice."

Nothing less like Venice can be imagined than most of Venezuela's coast. For more than half a thousand miles its northern wall skirts the shores of the Caribbean, rising sheer from the water's edge like a giant battlement warning all intruders against

trespassing upon the treasured territory of this enormous country.

In Colombia the mighty Andes split into three ranges, one of which meanders more or less indifferently over into Venezuela, leaving in its course, here and there, tiny lakes and pocket-like valleys. From the heights of this rocky cordillera, slender streams come tumbling down to merge at last in the broad Orinoco River, third largest in South America, flowing northeastward to the Atlantic.

Superimpose upon the map of Venezuela all of our fourteen states whose shores are washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and there would still be room enough left for West Virginia.

Mt. La Silla and Mt. Naiguata tower upward above the lazy old port of La Guaira more than nine thousand feet, an impressive scene as your ship oozes out of the pale blue mist into the semicircular bay in the early morning.

Before a sea wall was built, which penned off a small portion of the Caribbean just large enough for three or four ships to tie up at one time, vessels calling at La Guaira anchored out in the open ocean and bobbed up and down like corks on a fish line. However, all of this has been changed. An elaborate new port has been built, which is only one of a series of modern ports constructed along the country's 1800 miles of coast line.

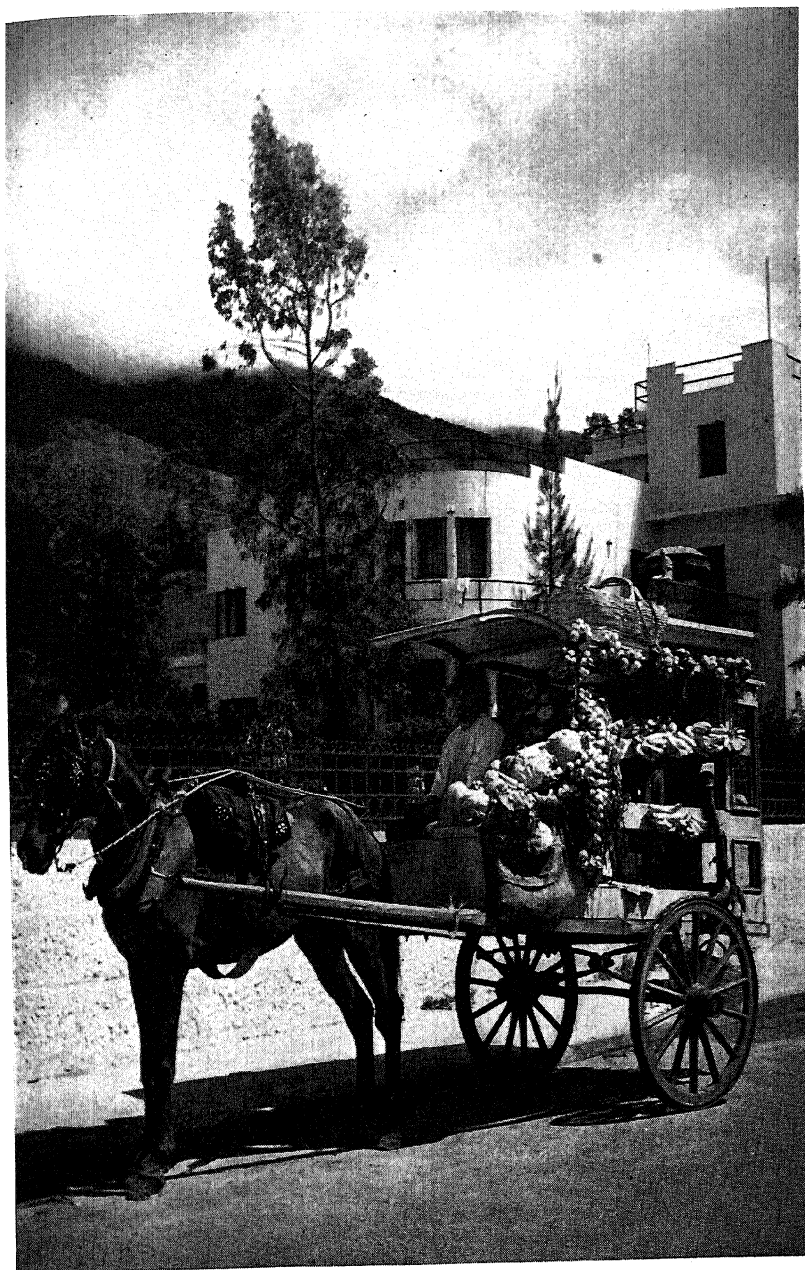
If I were writing a guidebook, I should not hesitate to say that for any one wishing a taste of the Andes, of rural Spanish America, or a painless bit of South American exploration, here is the place to find it. Disembark at La Guaira, visit Caracas, motor over the mountains, down through the Valencia Valley by way of Maracay and then rejoin the ship at Puerto Cabello.

For more than three hundred years a trip from La Guaira to Caracas, only seven miles straight across the mountains, was in the nature of a major adventure until a railroad was built to connect the port and dock at La Guaira with the city of Caracas. For twenty-five years, this narrow-gauge line which

winds around cliffs, through tunnels and over switchbacks, and which is said to have cost \$200,000 a mile, was the only communication between the Venezuelan capital and the outside world. When the old dictator, Juan Vicente Gómez, became too old and ailing to ride on horseback, he took to the automobile and became the first good-roads enthusiast in South America.

The highway from La Guaira to Caracas was the first piece of highway construction planned and completed by Gómez, and one of the first all-concrete roads south of the Río Grande—and probably the costliest. What is more, no South American road since constructed shows more superb engineering, a compliment to the skill of the native Venezuelans who planned it and carried it through to completion. It takes a running start from the docks in La Guaira, climbs upward in curves and curlicues along the precipitous cliffs, and leaps canyons for some twenty-three miles before it rushes down into the main streets of the capital.

Caracas is one of the few old cities of Caribbean South America that has not yet substituted drab, corrugated iron roofing for that lovely old red Spanish tile that fits so perfectly into the tropical scheme. The long, exciting years that have passed since 1567, when the Spaniards finally succeeded in taking by force the little Indian village of Caracas and naming it *Santiago de León de Caracas* (St. James of the Lion of Caracas), have only served to enrich its beauty and to cause the lovely old Spanish houses to stand out in sharp contrast against the modern buildings, the well-paved streets, the busy, commercial life of this metropolis. *Santiago de León de Caracas* was the haven for the high officials of Spain in the colonies. Even today the residents of Caracas insist that the oldest families of the Venezuelan capital are descendants of early Spanish officials and not of ordinary settlers. Here, where bright scarlet bougainvillea climbs over walls and fences, you may relax after



Photograph by Carroll Van Ark

The New and the Old in Caracas

a thrilling journey and enjoy the most delightful climate on the whole South American continent.

It is a climate which even expatriate Yankees, long resident in Caracas, insist is the most agreeable on the South American Continent. Caracas has everything, they will tell you—an altitude of slightly over three thousand feet, a setting of rugged beauty, charm, an easy-going friendliness, but above all—a climate. A Californian would not only feel at home here, but would envy the ability of natives and foreigners in describing the climate.

“Here in this little valley in the heart of the tropics,” they say, “you find none of the climatic extremes. It is neither too hot nor too cold. It is neither too dry nor too wet. It rains neither too little nor too much. There are showers in May, June and November, and bright days from Christmas to March and on into April.”

If I had never been to Caracas before and had time to visit only two or three of its many points of interest, I should have no difficulty in selecting them. I would not go to the fashionable suburb of Paraíso to see the Sunday Paseo or parade of youth, even though it would afford an opportunity to mingle with the aristocracy as well as the privilege of feasting the eyes upon flocks of fascinating señoritas. I should not like to pass up the old University, whose story dates back to 1725, and in the shadows of whose aged walls I should probably meet sprouting lawyers, orators and poets enough to identify its classic atmosphere. I might forego the experiences of a bullfight, though the one I witnessed last in Caracas was, to say the least, a novelty.

Like the people of Madrid, or Mexico City, the citizens of Caracas still thrill to the sport of the mother country. The graceful matador in his silks and fine laces is still a popular idol. I suppose there have been more gala fights than the one I saw in Caracas that Sunday afternoon, but the crowd liked it. The matadors were not famous, as wigglers of the cape go, but

they were stunning to look at, especially Saturio Torón, the tall Moor from Spain, and tiny Heriberto García from old Mexico.

The Moor was fitted out in tight pink jacket and breeches, purple lace collar and cuffs and stockings of deepest lavender. The Mexican lad wore a complete ensemble of orange and gold; jacket with golden collar and cuffs, orange pants and stockings and slippers with golden buckles. No bull, however raving, could have taken the spotlight from these gallant lads!

Señor Torón had the first go. He faced a somewhat frisky old roué of the range, who looked as if he bore in his heart an age-long hatred of the Spaniards and all their progeny. For a time it was a delightful encounter. Gyrating back and forth from side to side, the Moor led his quarry on to the point of desperation. Once or twice he turned away for a moment, with mock indifference. Then, just as he poised on tip-toe ready to jab the *banderillas* into the shoulders of the king of kine, something happened. Señor Torón lost his balance and, to his own amazement, was tossed high in the air. Ten thousand hearts stopped beating for the moment. Ten thousand people held their breath—waiting for the worst. But this time luck was kind. Although somewhat embarrassed at the indignity, Torón gathered himself together and again took his stand on the field of honor. *Banderillas* in hand, he rose on his tiptoes, threw out his chest until his back curved in, or, if you prefer until his chest curved out like a half moon, and waited for the charge. Like a flash it came and once more Señor Torón went up, then down, and then out—on a stretcher.

But no such misfortune befell the little Mexican when he faced his adversary. Both were light on their feet as kittens. García careened back and forth, his cape wigwagging in perfect rhythm. He was the poetry of motion and the master of his prey. From right to left they oscillated until the bull turned away as if to say: "What is this, anyway?"

Then came the second act. Our little hero took his stand, his arms raised high with colorful *banderillas* in hand. *El Toro* sniffed and lunged forward only to find himself decorated after the manner of a porcupine, with fancy, be-ribboned arrows sticking in the back of his neck. A little more cape play and then the *Mozo del Estoque* handed García the slender rapierlike sword, or *estoque*, which dispatches its victim to the eternal grazing grounds. A bugle split the air. The spectators leaned forward, eyes glued to man and beast. A pause. Now! In the flash of an eye all was over—except the shouting. The multitude went mad. Hats were thrown into the ring. The band burst into *Los Banderilleros*, the ballad of the bullfighters. García, like a hero returned from the field of victory, marched around and around the ring, bowing and waving, salvos of *bravos* ringing in his ears.

Still, if I had only a brief time in Caracas, I might not attend a bullfight.

In the ornate old capitol building across the way from the University, I would spend a few minutes, just long enough to visit the Salón Elíptico, its great hall, where national history has been spectacularly recorded by native artists. It is the dome of this hall that contains Martín Tovar y Tovar's historic painting of the battle of Carabobo, where the troops of Simón Bolívar, Venezuela's native son, were victorious over Spain and gained independence for a great portion of South America. Tovar y Tovar was the most notable of all Venezuelan painters, and the public buildings of Caracas are the scenes of his artistic triumphs. Perhaps while in the mood for Tovar y Tovar I would drop into the municipal Council Chamber close by and take a look at another of his realistic portrayals of historic events, this time the signing of the act of Venezuelan Independence in 1821.

As quickly as possible, however, I would find my way into Calle Sur Uno—South First Street—one of those ancient narrow thoroughfares of old Caracas. I would stop before a certain

great door in a blank wall which I would have no difficulty in identifying, for over this door the flag of the nation always flutters in the breeze. At one side is a bronze plaque bearing the inscription, *Casa Natal*—The Birthplace. *Casa Natal* is the Mount Vernon of Venezuela. Here Simón Bolívar looked upon the world for the first time.

You may read the life story of this remarkable man in *Casa Natal*. Around its walls is a cycloramic history by another of Venezuela's foremost artists, Tito Salas, who ranks next to Tovar y Tovar. In *Casa Natal*, Salas has recorded the outstanding events in the life of this hero, a life into which was packed enough romance, glory, pathos, disappointment, suffering, humiliation, seeming failure and immortal success to fill a dozen careers.

Bolívar was the son of a rich father. He was an aristocrat of the colonies, cradled in luxury. As a child he had slaves to do his bidding, governesses and tutors to supply his every need. All the culture of hundreds of years of Spanish glory shone upon him. As a young man he travelled in Europe, played games with dukes and princes, visited His Holiness the Pope. At twenty he fell desperately, insanely in love and married "the fairest of all earthly creatures," whom he worshipped until one year later when she died in his arms.

Then darkness descended. For the time being, the world ended for him. But eventually the clouds lifted, and he forgot himself in helping others. He witnessed the folly of kings, the cruelty of rulers, the injustice of governments, not only in the colonies of America, but in Spain itself, and wherever he travelled on the Continent. One day in the summer of 1805 in Rome, Simón Bolívar climbed one of the seven hills, the Sacro Monte or Holy Hill looking westward toward America—Venezuela, Colombia, Perú—and swore never to rest until the last puppet of the Spanish King was driven from the shores of the Americas forever.

Thus began a crusade even more dramatic than that of our

own George Washington, the North American titan, who was the father of but one country. Simón Bolívar became the father of five nations: Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Perú and Bolivia. He lavished himself, his spirit and his devotion on the cause of a new way of life for the unhappy but ungrateful colonists of Spain in the New World. This dashing, impetuous, incomparable son of one of the first families of colonial South America, finally fulfilled his pledge to drive the soldiers of His Spanish Majesty back to the Old World.

But just when he might have relaxed for the first time, disease took hold of him, dissension sprang up among his followers, and eventually in Colombia he was hounded from office and from public favor.

"I have plowed the sea!" Over and over, he repeated this phrase.

Disappointed and ill, the cursed white terror creeping through his patrician body, he boarded a small ship hoping to go eventually to his native Caracas. But the wish was not to be gratified. At Santa Marta on the Colombian coast, a French doctor and a young surgeon from a United States ship stood at his bedside.

"Doctor," Bolívar asked, looking into the face of the French physician, "what brought you to America?"

"I was seeking liberty," the doctor replied.

"Have you found it?" asked Bolívar.

"Yes, General, I have found it."

"Then," said Bolívar, "you have been more fortunate than I. So far I have not found liberty. But I do not grieve for myself. It is for the people. I wish for them complete liberty. They have been freed from an Old World oppression, but now there is a new oppression. They dispute among themselves. And now, doctor, please write this down. If my death should unite them, I go to my grave with a calm and contented mind."

All this and more Tito Salas has recreated with his brush in

Casa Natal in the city of Caracas. Having read it, I would move on a few blocks uphill to the Pantheon, a graceful cathedral overlooking the city and the country beyond; the Westminster Abbey of Venezuela, where rest the country's illustrious dead. I would enter and here amid the reverential stillness of this house of memories, I would stand in salute before the marble tomb of Simón Bolívar, the Liberator.

One evening in Caracas I stood by the stone railing on the terrace of a stately old house looking out from a steep hillside. The terrace which extends the entire length of the house is about the width of the Atlantic City Boardwalk. An old friend stood beside me. Stars hung low in the clear heavens, and the city was a sea of twinkling lights filling the valley below us.

"Down there," said my friend, "is the future New York of the Caribbean, the metropolis of a fabulous empire. Come back in five years and you'll see."

Five years passed. Two hundred thousand people had taxed Caracas' housing capacity, and many thousands more had caused it to overflow into half a dozen new suburbs. Few landmarks in the old part of the city had changed, but fields, farms and the grounds of old *haciendas* had given way to numerous subdivisions that look for all the world as if they had just been transported from Miami or Hollywood. No more houses in colonial style with patios and grilled windows, today it is all bungalows and villas with spacious gardens and green lawns.

With the passing of General Gómez, the old dictator, thousands of people in Caracas had unsocked their money and put it to work in real estate developments. Hundreds of other old families had come back from Paris, London and New York. All of them had to rebuild, rehouse, and modernize their living conditions in keeping with the new age which came to pass while they were in exile, in retirement or in eclipse. The great old mansions had been revamped and repainted. New streets had been cut through some of their precious gardens and parks.

Outlying farms had been turned into recreation fields and playgrounds for the youth of the city.

One of these farms is Bella Vista, a city of modern homes for workmen. Any man who labors with his hands may buy an ultramodern house worth \$3000, and pay for it in twenty years, in the best United States-Federal-Housing-for-working-men manner. And other similar projects are already in the making, or in prospect. The present government has inspired or led the way in this particular field of development. However, I suspect that the most unusual real-estate tax laws in the hemisphere have encouraged the building boom by private individuals.

If you own your house in Venezuela and live in it, you pay no taxes. If you rent your house to a tenant you pay a municipal tax equivalent to one-half of one month's rent each year. That is to say, if, in the opinion of the municipal appraisers, your property would rent for a hundred dollars a month, your tax to the city for one year is exactly fifty dollars.

But present-day living is high in Caracas. It has been intensified by an influx of natives from the small towns of the interior, by the expatriates coming home from abroad and by the increasing numbers of foreigners—oil operators and employees, salesmen and branch managers of foreign business and commercial enterprises, mining prospectors and concession hunters interested in the gold, diamonds and other potentialities of the wild Orinoco and Guayana country—who must all be housed and fed.

The most uninhabited region of southeastern Venezuela, including the Orinoco basin and the mountainous country along the borders of British Guiana and Brazil, has long excited the imagination of romantic explorers. Many Venezuelans, and not a few foreign engineers and geologists, believe this region is destined to become the South American Klondike.

Until recently this vast hinterland was so remote from

Caracas and the populous centers of the nation that it was altogether another world. To reach it was like going from the United States to Alaska. You took a steamer from La Guaira to the British Island of Trinidad, then transferred to a river boat, which eventually got up the Orinoco to Ciudad Bolívar. Today the trip to the old river metropolis of Venezuela may be made by automobile or bus over a highway, or you may travel by airplane and arrive within a couple of hours.

In the mountainous valleys south of Ciudad Bolívar, especially in the valley of the Río Caroni, gold and diamonds were discovered several years ago. In the vaults of a New York bank I was recently shown a ten-pound piece of quartz which is 90 per cent pure gold. It had been picked up by an engineer in the upper Caroni Valley, near the base of a newly discovered mountain, *Auyantipuy*, called by local Indians, "The Mountain of the Devil."

"Rivers of Gold" one geologist calls tributaries of the Caroni, all of which splash down from Mt. Auyantipuy and rush on northward to the Orinoco, tumbling over countless precipices on the way. One of the falls on the Caroni, only eighty miles from Ciudad Bolívar, is three times higher than Niagara. An old time flyer, a pilot for the Yankee mining companies, once showed me a handful of diamonds which he said he gathered along one branch of the Caroni, two hundred miles south of Ciudad Bolívar.

Other adventurers have also explored Mt. Auyantipuy. Billy Phelps, one of the most prominent residents of Venezuela, obeying his natural history impulses, has led an expedition to this region sponsored by the American Geographical Society. Although the Phelps expedition was interested primarily in flowering plants and rare birds, they made minute records of the locations of streams and rivers, heights of mountains and possible landing fields for airplanes.

Gold is Venezuela's third most important product. It is

found in almost every state in the Republic, though most of its annual average of three and a half million grams comes from the state of Bolívar, the same state which during one year alone produced fifteen thousand carats of diamonds.

It is "black gold," however, flowing from wells of the lower Orinoco Valley or Delta Region, and the Maracaibo Basin, which has enriched Venezuela's exchequer. Only the United States and Soviet Russia surpass Venezuela in petroleum output. The stories told by explorers a few years ago about oil bubbling up near the headwaters of the San Juan and the Río Tigre and a half dozen other rivers of the Delta Region, which spreads out like a fan from Ciudad Bolívar to the Atlantic, were true, as the big companies, North American and British, can testify.

In Quiriquiri, one of the newest North American oil fields, and at Caripito, perhaps the most modern oil town in the world, workmen's houses eclipse even the modern homes of Caracas. Peasants, never before accustomed to anything but an adobe hut of four walls and a thatched roof, now enjoy baths, electric lights and screens to protect them from tropic insects. There are not only hospitals for the workmen, but playgrounds and schools for their children.

Of all the marvels of Venezuela, however, none is more interesting than the asphalt lake of Bermúdez, a few miles from Caripito, right in the middle of the eastern oil region. It covers a thousand acres and is only one of several asphalt deposits in the Republic. This product alone, without the surrounding oil fields and the possible gold and diamond Golcondas farther southward, might easily justify my old friend's faith in "the fabulous Empire." For this product is used not only for paving streets and roads, but also as a base for roofing and waterproofing, in various kinds of varnishes, and as an inner lining for cold-storage plants. The decks of ships are calked with it and some of it even goes into shoe blacking.

Authorities on the subject of asphalt have classed it as: "old as earth, the cement that welded together the Tower of Babel, the pitch that calked the Ark against the waters of the flood. Even the pyramids are built on asphalt. It is found on the shores of the Dead Sea, and the Egyptians used it in the preservation of their illustrious dead. That it was effective can be judged from the mummies in the museums."

Juan Segundo, aged cowboy of the *llano* country north of Ciudad Bolívar, who now lives with his son on the outskirts of Caracas, told me of the ghostly green and blue lights that "hung like candles, suspended in mid-air over the plains in the quiet of the night. Often I have seen them, Señor," he told me. "For a few moments they would appear before me, deathly green, rising from the earth and disappearing, after a few moments, again into the earth. They are the spirits of the Indian chieftains murdered by the white men in the days of the conquest."

Scientists, however, have a different explanation. "These mysterious gaseous flames that appear like will-o'-the-wisps in isolated regions of the back country and in lonely river valleys are only the gaseous flames of asphaltum, indications of vast underground deposits of pitch."

But Juan Segundo is entitled to his own point of view. I left him firm in his conviction that his "green candles" are the spirits of his departed ancestors.

XIII

The Road to Maracay

THE ROAD from Caracas to Maracay leads through the tree-shaded streets of the aristocratic suburb of Paraíso, past Bella Vista and various small farms and haciendas, suburban villages and towns, and on through the passes and deep gorges of the mountains. I wanted to see again rural Venezuela, the long-settled and cultivated countryside.

But first—a cup of *café aguarapado*, as my hostess at La Vega prepared it, and who, when I asked her to tell me the primary essential for making so delicious a beverage, replied: “A grandmother who made it long before you.”

Coffee is still Venezuela’s most important agricultural export—second only to petroleum in export value. Not all the coffee served in the cafés and lunch stands, or even in the better class restaurants, is a credit to the nation. But *café aguarapado*! Ah! that is coffee.

Speaking as a layman I wish to pass the formula on to others who may feel as I do that what this country needs is a good cup of coffee, whether it costs five or twenty-five cents.

First make the coffee. Make it out of healthy, well-cured beans, freshly roasted the day they are used, not the day before. Instead of grinding them, pulverize them. The coffee bean is a mass of tiny cells, each of which contains the most delicate chemicals and oils which go to make flavor and aroma. The

beans are roasted in order to cook those precious ingredients. They should be pulverized in order thoroughly to expose them to the water.

To complete the proper making of *café*, allow boiling water to be slowly dripped—not doused—through the freshly pulverized beans. You then have good coffee but not *café aguarapado*. Of course if you are already weary of the process and want to add sugar, half-and-half, or hot milk (but never thick cream!), even this mixture will tickle the palate and soothe the stomach.

But if you wish the Venezuelan delicacy you must now prepare the *guarapo*, literally the juice of the sugar cane, but in Venezuela a species of candied brown sugar, called *papelón*, made from the juice of the sugar cane. When properly cooked, *papelón* is more like the hardest of rock candy than sugar. Break up a piece of it, pour water over it, put it on the stove, let it come to a slow boil and you have *guarapo*, or glorified sweetened water. Mix piping *guarapo* with piping *café*, serve demitasse and you have *café aguarapado* which, as served to me at La Vega, would be equal to the nectar of the gods and worth the trip to Venezuela.

As I sipped my *café* I looked out over the cane fields, the mills, the *trapiche* (the refinery or cookery where the *papelón* is made). Generations of peasants have cultivated, harvested and processed the sugar cane of La Vega under the same system that has obtained since Spanish colonial days.

And so—on towards Maracay.

Four thousand feet up the mountains, at the summer resort of Los Teques, capital of the State of Miranda, we began to climb swiftly until we were on the very top of Venezuela. As we skirted the steep cliffs, I gazed down with mixed emotions into the bottomless valleys and canyons. Then in the very next moment, as we scaled the top of some sharp ridge, I looked out upon layer after layer of mountains stretching away to the hori-

zon. Occasionally it seemed as if half the world were spread out before me.

The ancient Caribs and Los Teques tramped this route for hundreds of years before the palefaces arrived. In the early days of the conquerors it was the route for mule trains from the capital to the rich valley beyond. In the struggle for independence, Bolívar and his various armies fought the Spaniards back and forth along almost every mile of it. Later a narrow wagon and buggy road was dug out of the sides of the hills to make possible travel by wagon and carriage between Caracas and the city of Valencia as well as the rich haciendas surrounding it.

Eventually one of the remarkable roads of the continent was constructed along the same route. Then, when Gómez discarded horses for automobiles, the present highway was laid and concreted for 125 miles all the way from the capital to Maracay. Later two roads were built from Maracay to Valencia, at the opposite end of Lake Valencia, one on either side of the Lake. And still later, Valencia was linked with Puerto Cabello, Venezuela's second and probably her best seaport, across the coastal range on the Caribbean.

As I travelled the road across the mountains, this gorgeous panorama of Venezuela unrolled before me, and then suddenly, as we swung around another cliff and entered another gap in the mountains, we could see far ahead and below, the valley of Valencia with waving fields of sugar cane. As we began to descend, the air was laden with the fragrance of coffee blossoms. While the floor of the valley is utilized for the growing of sugar cane, the hillsides are covered with coffee bushes, carefully shaded by tall *búcare* trees, which sport their own gorgeous red blossoms.

We swept along the winding valley to historic San Mateo. On a steep hill above the town is *Casa Fuerte*, where Commander Ricaurte, one of Bolívar's officers, became one of the great-

est of all Venezuelan heroes. Even after the enemy had stormed the palace and soldiers had crowded into it, he fired his revolver into a pile of gunpowder, thus blowing himself and them into eternity, and his name into immortality.

At the foot of the hill, just below *Casa Fuerte*, is another historic landmark, *Ingenio Bolívar*, the old sugar hacienda of the Liberator. It was the slaves of this plantation that Bolívar freed the moment he began his fight for independence.

The territory all along this part of the road is, or was, Gómez' country. Until his passing in 1937, *hacienda* after *hacienda*, all of them show places, belonged to some member of Gómez' family or some satellite. Some *haciendas* produced sugar cane, others were cattle ranches. Dairy farms are still numerous all along the way, and in front of every gate milk cans wait to be picked up by truck or bus and transported to the creamery at Maracay.

For rural beauty, as well as rural industry, not even the Shenandoah Valley surpasses this portion of the Valencia Valley. Every foot of the road along by these *fincas* and *haciendas*, is perfectly kept and even swept once a day. Portions of it are assigned to peasants living along the way who contract to keep the road clear of trash or débris. Nearly every mile of the road from the mountains to Maracay is completely arboresced with the giant *samán* trees. On the hottest day you may roll along with the top of your car down, and the only rays of sunshine that reach you are the few polka dots that manage to spill through the thick foliage above.

Just beyond Turmero, with its trim little plaza surrounded by houses and walls covered with bougainvillea, we stopped for a moment at the *Samán de Guerra*, an ancient *samán* tree surrounded by a fence made of guns with fixed bayonets. It was under this tree that Bolívar used to pitch his tent when making his forays against the Spaniards up and down the valley. It is not only the Tree of War, hallowed by memories of the

Liberator, but it is one of the oldest living things on this continent. Back in 1801, Humboldt, the naturalist, estimated that it was probably ten thousand years old.

And then, Maracay—the sleepy old colonial village which at the time of Gómez was transformed into one of the trimmest, loveliest towns in the country. Flower-filled plazas with fountains and pagodas, and winding walks of colored tile; broad, spotless streets lined with white, yellow and pink Spanish colonial buildings. There too is *El Jardín*, one of the most picturesque hotels built during the Gómez regime.

In spite of a bustling agriculture and livestock industry and good roads, history and tradition survive in the valley. The shores of Lake Valencia were the scenes of several successive Indian civilizations in pre-Spanish times. Moreover, these natives had no connection with those of Perú or the other Indian civilizations of the Americas. They were lacustrine dwellers, who lived in houses built on stilts over the water, the type of house which Ojeda and Amerigo Vespucci saw when they named the new-found country *Venezuela*, “Little Venice.”

The city of Valencia remains what it was before Gómez. The metropolis of the valley, the stolid old colonial city, capital of the state of Carabobo, Valencia is as conservative today as it was fifty years ago. Its 80,000 people live much as they have for half a century. The old colonial houses, with their inevitable patios, grilled windows and iron doors, abut the narrow sidewalks of the correspondingly narrow streets. Their owners are a leisurely lot, living on incomes from coffee, cacao, sugar cane and cotton farms scattered over the surrounding valleys and hillsides. Its produce flows across the mountains and down the winding gorge to Puerto Cabello by railroad and highway.

Venezuelan civilization, like that of ancient Gaul, is divided roughly into three parts. In the central region are a few coastal towns and the valleys of Caracas and Valencia, with their history, traditions and old culture, their bustling cities and sleepy,

easy-going Spanish colonial towns, their old *haciendas* and thriving farms, and the finest of roads weaving in and out among them.

Farther westward, however, the Maracaibo Bowl, including a lake or arm of the sea seventy-five miles long and twenty miles wide, is surrounded by high mountain walls. In the Maracaibo region enough oil bubbles up from the ground and the water to make Venezuela one of the richest of all the other Americas.

Maracaibo, its principal city, a little world by itself, was until recently almost completely isolated from the rest of the country. Old Spanish atmosphere and customs compete with the onrush of modern business and industry. The city and surroundings present striking contrasts. In the old town there are narrow streets and latticed windows; in the new town oil companies have their own sumptuous homes, hotels, clubhouses and theatres. The old town is filled with colorful shops and fruit stands, and in the new town night clubs, dance halls and saloons run full tilt.

Ten minutes by plane from Maracaibo and you are over the Goajira country, the land of still primitive tribes of red men who are among the hardest and bravest in Venezuela. The fierce old Spanish conquerors were never able to subdue them or defeat them. They could never even force their way across the Goajira peninsula, that narrow tongue of land which juts out into the Caribbean west of Maracaibo Lake. Here the Goajiras still live, unmolested and almost uninfluenced by the white man, big-muscled, clear-eyed, fearless—magnificent specimens of manhood. From an airplane flying low, you can see them here and there, their greasy brown bodies glistening in the sun. Their scorched villages of palm shelters stand out against the eternal green of the jungle. In the tiny clearings, half-wild cattle and horses scamper to cover as the roaring demon of the heavens passes over.

Only a few of these children of the wilds have ever been out to see the white man and his world. One old chief, *El Torito*—the Little Bull—however, is famous beyond the bush. He is their mouthpiece, their ambassador to the palefaces. Also, he is a good angel and protector to any souls brave enough to go excursioning into his land.

Primitive though they are, the ways of the Goajiras are very strict. There is honor among them; they respect each other's property and each other's rights. Anna May McGrath, who with her brother Dr. Jim Tong, led an expedition among the Goajiras, says they are models of integrity and practical living—that is, if one is a Goajira. They have their own ideas of health and sanitation. For example, after having eaten a formidable chunk of half-cooked beef, a Goajira sits down by the side of a stream, wets his forefinger, dips it into the clean white sand, and massages his teeth and gums.

From this fantastic region, this jumble of wildmen, Broadway whoopee and old Spanish customs, comes the wealth that has made a vast country of four million people. This country has its progressive and cultured classes, a couple of million mestizos, countless tribes of Indians who inhabit the back areas, thousands of Sambos (an Indian and African mixture in the coastal towns and villages). It is one of the richest and in some ways the most up-to-date of the other American republics. Out of the income from oil—and up to recently it was the oil of the Maracaibo Bowl—they have built highways, seaports, and kept the country out of debt since 1930.

The country is underpopulated. There is even a shortage of labor as well as a shortage of food production. New immigration laws have been promulgated, but with safeguards against "undesirables, extremists and trouble-makers." Therefore, only people who are willing to go on the land find a hearty welcome. Even the newcomer must be able to support himself for a time after his arrival in the country. No nation in the hemisphere

is more difficult to get into, whether you are an immigrant intending to make it your home, a business man trying to sell goods, or a mere tourist travelling alone.

Although he was a strict, and often tyrannical ruler, the story of modern Venezuela is to some extent the story of Juan Vicente Gómez. Whatever progress was made in the quarter of a century before his death on July 17, 1937, was due solely to his will and efforts, because he was the Government and the Law. Nothing was done without his consent, and everything done was the result of his initiative.

In addition to his public responsibilities, he personally directed all his own properties, among which were numbered a dozen farms, plantations and ranches, 600,000 head of cattle, 10,000 of which were milk cows. He produced coffee, cotton, corn, wheat, sugar cane and many other products, all on a big scale and employed 20,000 people on his various estates and properties. He actually worked and worked hard at the business of farming. In his old days he professed to find poetry in the cultivation of the soil. On a bulletin board at Las Delicias, one of his favorite farms, just outside Maracay, I read this favorite Gómez maxim: "The earth weeps when it is left idle, but rewards in gold the sweat of the brow."

Gómez was a mestizo, Indian and Spanish half-breed, born in the Andes. His beginnings were humble and hard. He never went to school and had reached middle age before he knew how to write his name. These facts he never allowed himself to forget. In order that others might know them, he erected, along that tree-shaded lane on the road to Las Delicias, an exact replica of Quinta La Mulera, the old house in which he was born—thatched roof, homemade furniture, and all. He passed by it every day in the week, and since there were always servants in charge, he often dropped in for a meal, unannounced.

He frowned upon Venezuelans living abroad on the income

from their properties in the homeland. He was said to have invested every cent of his own fortune at home, and believed that every loyal citizen should do likewise. Unfortunately, most of his relatives and henchmen failed to follow his example. Although friendly to foreign capital, he did not like to see farms and agricultural lands fall into the hands of outsiders.

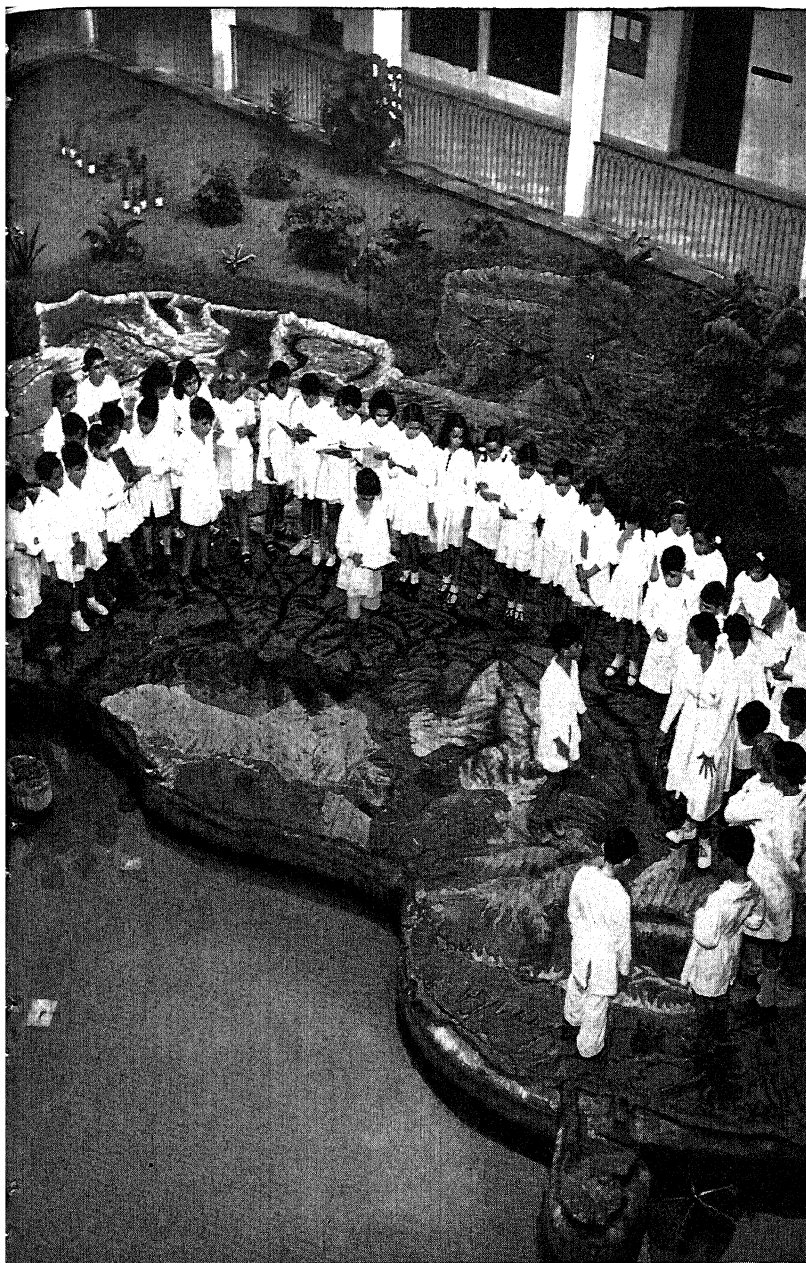
He once paid five million dollars for the great Trompillo coffee plantation near Valencia to keep foreigners from buying it. This plantation in the hills above Lake Valencia usually produced two million pounds of coffee beans a year. Originally it belonged to a wealthy Venezuelan who had grown old and decrepit and was unable to look after it himself.

The day after he came into possession of the place, he erected a flagpole on a high hill some distance up the road from the main entrance, from which the flag of the Republic always fluttered in the tropical breeze, as a reminder to every one who visited it that Trompillo was still Venezuelan.

Gómez ruled for twenty-seven years with an iron hand, yet unlike most dictators, he died peacefully in bed with his officials and friends standing by.

To all Venezuelans, of course, Simón Bolívar was the Liberator from Old World domination. But Gómez liked to think of himself as the rehabilitator, and that his work began where Bolívar left off. He was born in the same month and the same day as Bolívar. On the 15th day of July, before his death, he passed into a coma, and the doctors thought it was the end. They tied a cloth under his chin and around his head. But after a few moments, Gómez reached up a trembling hand and removed the cloth. "No," he whispered, "today is not the day. Not until the 17th." And he did die on the 17th, the same day of the month that saw the passing of Bolívar, the Liberator, more than a century earlier.

Whatever his faults—and his faults were those of any dictator—Gómez took a backward, bankrupt, chaotic country and



photograph by Carroll Van Ark

The Modern Method of Teaching Geography in Venezuela

developed it into a marvel of financial integrity and order. He transformed a country of mountain trails into a nation with some of the finest highways in the entire hemisphere. He insisted that the government live within its income in good times and bad.

The successors of Gómez have wisely continued many of his economic and social policies. Today the Government of Venezuela is one of the most democratic and progressive on the South American continent. The National Ministry of Health and Social Welfare has increased its expenditure for public health work until the nation is on the road to surpassing all other American republics in the care of mothers and children. School hygiene and social welfare are among the chief concerns of the Government. Tuberculosis sanitariums and dispensaries have been increased as has the work of health education.

Three hundred new modern schools were constructed in a recent year. Until more ample instruction can be furnished to outlying communities, school trailers carry education to the remote districts. The financial budget provides for hydro-electric expansion as well as for an increase in the postal, telephone and air communications. Highway construction continues at full speed.

"In other words," say Venezuelan business men, "if the oil wells continue to flow and the money holds out, we will become, in the near future, one of the most modernized and up-to-date nations in the world."

XIV

In Honor of Columbus

ALTHOUGH Christopher Columbus discovered a large portion of the earth's surface, which turned out to be two tremendous continents surrounded by more than two thousand islands, large and small, only one nation—the Republic of Colombia—has honored itself with his name.

The continents he discovered, and their numerous brood, are today divided into twenty-one independent nations and a great dominion, as well as dozens of colonies and possessions. Yet, when names were being passed around, the old Italo-Spanish sailor was practically forgotten. In all Spanish-speaking America, few cities, towns or villages, except the Canal Zone community of Cristóbal, (Christopher) and its Siamese twin, the Panamanian city of Colón (Columbus), remembered their discoverer. Even the naming of Colombia was an afterthought, because for 280 years the treasure land lying to the south and east of the Isthmus of Panamá was known as New Granada.

As a matter of fact, the territory of New Granada itself was practically an afterthought. For nearly a century after the first settlement, the Spaniards were so occupied with looting Mexico and Perú that they gave little thought to the possibilities of the vast region which was destined to become one of the richest bits of territory in the world. Finally, when they

did give it any importance, it was for military rather than for economic reasons.

In 1943, Cartagena, Colombia, now a Caribbean coast city of 100,000 inhabitants, celebrated its four hundred and tenth anniversary, not only as a city, but as the one-time Gibraltar of the Spanish Main. There it stands today, on the north coast of Colombia, where the blue waters of the Caribbean swirl northward, one of the oldest and perhaps most unique of all cities of the southern continent. Its foundation stones were laid three-quarters of a century before the first settlement was made in this country. But its unparalleled forts and fortifications were not completed until a hundred years later, at the cost of seventy million dollars—a king's ransom in those days.

I like to imagine the scene which occurred one bright summer morning about 1746, in the Castilian court of King Ferdinand VI, when the royal representative of the King—Captain Novarro—arrived from New Granada to report that the forts and fortifications of Cartagena, begun a hundred years before, were at last completed. The Royal Audience Hall was jammed with nobles and high officials—dukes and admirals, counts and courtiers, all resplendent in flashy uniforms and shiny accoutrements. His Royal Majesty addressed the Court by saying: "Let Captain Novarro tell us what has been done at Cartagena."

The Captain, in a brilliant new uniform, stepped forward and bowed, his face flushed with pride at this sudden honor which had come to him. He had not expected to be presented to His Majesty, much less to become the orator of the occasion.

"Cartagena guards the jewels of a vast and fabulous region of His Majesty's Empire," the Captain began. "It occupies the most strategic point on the coast of the Caribbean Sea. It is not only a door which permits us to enter and exploit the resources, the gold and precious stones of New Granada. It is a sentinel guarding the path to Panamá and therefore to Perú and other vast outposts of the Indies. In the past two hundred years the

city has suffered attack after attack from notorious English and French pirates, John Hawkins, Sir Francis Drake, and many others. In all, His Majesty may recall, we have been attacked seven different times and captured twice." He paused while the King agreed, recalling the ransoms demanded by Drake and the French.

"Today," Captain Novarro assured His Majesty, "we are impregnable." He unrolled an ornate map showing the city of Cartagena surrounded by a great wall forty feet high and from fifty to sixty feet thick, lined with powerful guns. Only six gates, each of which was guarded by its own fortress, gave entrance to the city. Two miles out from the city two narrow entrances led into the bay and harbor. But one of these was closed with underwater obstructions known only to the officials. On the brow of a high hill, overlooking the entire city and harbor, stood San Felipe, largest of all the forts, crowning glory of Cartagena. Great underground chambers, large enough to accommodate several companies of soldiers, had been dug five hundred feet below the surface of the hill. Moreover, the underground chambers were scientifically ventilated and equipped with their own water supply.

The King studied the map for several minutes, then asked: "What is the cost of all this?" And when the Captain announced that the project had cost seventy million dollars, Ferdinand VI strode to the great terrace window that faced the west.

"Seventy million dollars!" he exclaimed peering into the distance. "One hundred years to build, at a cost of seventy million dollars!" Then brushing the fog from his eyes, he announced, "I can't see them!"

The Court Chamberlain, seeking to relieve what was becoming an embarrassing situation, asked: "What is it—what is it that His Majesty cannot see?"

"The walls and forts of Cartagena," said the King. "One

hundred years to build them at a cost of seventy million dollars! I should be able to see them from here!"

Colombia at that period was producing more gold than any other South American colony. But the King wanted to see where his money went.

The grim old walls and forts of Cartagena are not only symbols of ancient power, as well as of ancient fear and suspicion, but silent reminders of present-day exclusiveness. The stranger or foreigner in Cartagena even today is not received with much cordiality, unless he travels in a tourist party and is carefully herded from ship to shore and back again. In the present year of Our Lord, when a ship drops anchor in that historic port, a bevy of white uniformed officials go on guard—captains, lieutenants, sergeants and privates of the armies of immigration and customs.

Not only must every article imported into the country pay an almost unheard-of duty, but the law says that the ship's canteen or shop must not sell a citizen or resident of Colombia any article whatsoever, not even a tube of toothpaste, or a package of Life Savers.

Having basked in the blistering tropic sun these four centuries, the quaint old town resembles a faded etching. The battered buildings with their great open patios, the time-worn churches and cathedrals, along with the crumbling forts and fortifications, make it one of the most colorful cities in South America. The life of Cartagena is no less colorful than its historic buildings. In the late afternoon the little squares and plazas are full of chattering people, like characters in a historical pageant, seemingly unmindful of the glamor of their past. Donkey carts, burros with bundles and packs piled high on their swaying backs, and automobiles with ear-piercing horns vie with each other for room to pass.

I rode with a Colombian friend one evening at sunset along one of these narrow streets where the humbler white people

live. He reminded me that most of them were direct descendants of soldiers and sailors of colonial days, poor, but prouder of their family heritage than of anything else in the world. We had to creep along to avoid taking toll of many of them. Large families are the rule and the love of family an ancient rite. Latticed and grilled windows, like those in a painting by Murillo, open on to the streets, and there was hardly one without a barefoot lad on the outside and a dark-eyed señorita on the inside, looking longingly at each other.

In spite of some alien penetration, Cartagena still adheres to its Spanish traditions. Its population is almost wholly of Spanish or African descent, except for a not inconsiderable number who share both Spanish and African antecedents. They maintain inviolate the long siesta period in the middle of the day.

The national government has engaged North American engineers to build some of the finest docks and warehouses, and the most modern derricks and marine equipment to go with them. All these are meticulously maintained.

The venerable University confers degrees of engineering and doctorates of this and that upon those who complete the equivalent of a junior course in law, medicine or the mechanical arts. It consists of a rambling old two-story building, surrounding a large patio or quadrangle, and looks much as it did when the last Spanish Governor departed for the homeland.

Old families still figure prominently in the native business of the city. The Velez family is perhaps the leading, as well as the richest. Their most conspicuous enterprise is typically Spanish. They raise bulls for the ring, having been given special permission by the government to import breeding stock from the old country for the purpose. Yet, in spite of their efforts, bullfighting in Cartagena is a rather tame affair compared with bullfighting in Mexico or in Venezuela under Gómez.

Although the capital of the coastal state of Bolívar, Cartagena's only contact with the national government and civiliza-

tion of the interior was, before the coming of airplanes, by rail across country to the Magdalena River and then by river boat to Bogotá. In fact, it was long the chief seaport on the Caribbean. Until comparatively recently there were no port facilities at Barranquilla to take care of ocean-going steamers. The coffee of Medellín and Antioquia was transferred from river boats at the Port of Calamar, brought to Cartagena by rail and then shipped out to the world from there.

Today new riches flow through Cartagena's gates. A pipe line brings oil from the Canadian and American developed fields along the jungle-lined Magdalena River four hundred miles in the interior. The oil pours into tanks and ships to be transported throughout the world.

The principal signs of progress in Cartagena today, with the notable exception of the government-owned and operated docks, are the new waterworks and sewerage system, both of which presented tremendous problems since most of the city is below sea level. There are many new buildings, including the more or less imposing edifice which the oil company has erected in the heart of the commercial section, a section distinguished by its narrow streets and the overpowering aroma of roasting coffee beans.

In spite of the excessive heat, coffee-stands vie with soda fountains in Cartagena. Coffee is drunk every few minutes during the day. The foreigner soon learns that a cup of coffee in the hot tropics is more refreshing than iced drinks. The narrow sidewalks are occupied by Syrian and Jewish merchants who display their wares so profusely that the pedestrian is forced out into the middle of the streets. And even there he must take his chances with donkey carts, automobiles and the army of hawkers who carry on their heads trays the size of small canoes, laden with everything from ice cream and cookies to miniature furniture stores.

But whenever I am concerned with my own comfort in

Cartagena, I remind myself of the years of personal sacrifice endured by the immortal old priest, Pedro Claver. He built the first of Cartagena's churches close by the main gates of the old city walls, and spent a long life of unrelenting labor in behalf of the African slaves. More than half a million of them were imported to Colombia for the purpose of building the historic old battlements of the city.

Some historians credit Father Claver with having baptized more than 300,000 of these lowly Africans. Smallpox, tropical diseases brought from the Congo, yellow fever—all these held no terror for Father Claver. His work was to save souls. He called himself "the slave of the slaves forever." He was that and more. He gave them food, he taught them to read, to understand the ways of the new land. In the heat of day, in the dead of night, in torrential rain and tropical hurricane, he went about ministering to "his children." He watched from his window for the arrival of slave ships, and hurried from door to door, begging gifts with which to greet the homesick and heartsick black men. "We must speak to them with our hands before we can make them understand our words," he said.

Two hundred and thirty-three years after his death he was canonized as a saint; San Pedro Claver. His earthly remains now rest in a glass coffin close by the altar of the church of his name, just inside the main gate of Cartagena. You may visit his house and sit in the quiet patio beneath the waving palms. But everywhere in Cartagena you can still feel the spirit of his work.

Not long ago I sailed from Cartagena for Santa Marta, where I wanted to revisit San Pedro Alejandrino, that tiny white Spanish colonial house where Simón Bolívar spent his last tragic days. It is the house which all Colombians and Venezuelans approach uncovered, as they would a holy place. Although I am not a sentimentalist, I confess that when I go to

San Pedro, as when I go to Mt. Vernon, I am filled with quiet emotion. The towering peaks of the Sierra Nevada, like hatless white-haired giants, look silently down. The tropical breezes that whisper reverently through the trees, suggest that something called peace.

Santa Marta was founded in 1525, eight years before Cartagena. For more than two centuries it was overshadowed by the martial pomp and importance of Cartagena. But today Santa Marta is not only the Mecca of the South American patriots, but in good banana years, it probably touches the pocketbooks of more Colombians than its classic sister. By day when the banana export trade is brisk, it is as quiet as a deserted village. The steamers hug the wharves from midmorning throughout the day with scarcely a soul above deck. The wooden shutters of the old one-storied houses are drawn. It is a law of the tropics—if not of the prophets—that no person in his right mind, except the Yankee tourist, wanders at large in the middle of the day.

However, when the long hot day is over and the evening breezes begin to blow, the water front twinkles with thousands of lights. Laborers swarm over the docks and the ships. Trains in from the banana fields puff up and down while long lines of workers, men and women, move in rhythmic cadence from train to ship where great mechanical conveyors gently lower millions of bunches of the pale green fruit into the holds.

Curiously enough, the first banana plantation at Santa Marta was established by a Paris syndicate in that fabulous period when Frenchmen had completed the Suez Canal and had already embarked on a plan to sever the North and South American continents at Panamá. The company furnished plenty of money to a group of engineering dilettantes, not to say idling ne'er-do-wells, who built a palatial château, planted trees and trusted to fate to make them bear fruit. Meanwhile, succumbing to the enervating climate, they spent more and more time



Photograph by Charles Perry Weimer, from Three Lions

Colombian Coffee Takes Ship to North America

in the shade drinking wines imported from the homeland until the stockholders in Paris stopped sending cash.

Today only the crumbling walls of the *château* remain as a monument to French inability to discriminate between the virtues of labor and the love of life. But many miles inland, well-tended plantations spread out over the soggy coastal lands. Although developed by North Americans, most of these plantations are now owned by Colombians who learned the business from the foreigners and then went into producing for themselves, selling the fruit to the big distributors in the United States.

Since that day in 1866 when Carl August Franc, at the time employed as a steward on one of the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, brought some wild bananas to New York and peddled them along the Battery, hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in banana research.

In the Santa Marta lowlands soil experts, students of climate and rainfall are at work. Drainage engineers analyze the effects of the marshy soil of one field, or the sandy soil of another. Others study the amount of moisture and sunshine, the sugar and chemical content of the bananas, which in turn determine the time required for ripening. Other chemists study the amount of chlorophyl, that is the green, in the fruit of one field as compared with that in another. It always varies and is vital because the amount of chlorophyl determines the length of time it will require for the fruit to ripen, and so reach the markets in Detroit, New York or Chicago in perfect condition.

But today comparatively little of Colombia's wealth comes from its banana plantations, and Santa Marta is no longer the busy port that it was. Barranquilla is the most important of the three Caribbean cities. Located at the mouth of Magdalena River, midway between Santa Marta and Cartagena, it is the Cairo of the Colombian Nile, the gateway to the nation, the principal port for transshipment of goods to the interior of the

Republic. Yet until the past few years, ocean-going steamers were unable to reach it. The Magdalena River, which for 400 years has served as the chief highway for commerce and travel, was still cut off from the sea insofar as ships from the outside world were concerned. Through the ages, the internals of the continent—mud and sand—had flowed down from the mountains and accumulated at the river's mouth, making it impossible for a ship or even a sailboat to enter. The volume flowing down at all times had been so great that any attempt at dredging was about as effective as trying to dip up water with a horseshoe.

A few years ago contractors and engineers surveyed the watery scene at the river's mouth and took on the task of building jetties and dredging a narrow channel across the bar. By the time they had completed the jetties, nature took a hand with a vengeance. It seems that the accumulated obstruction had piled itself up right on the brink of a bottomless undersea chasm. Suddenly one night, the entire area washed away taking the jetties with it, but leaving a hundred-foot depth of water, and making Barranquilla one of the most desirable sea-ports on the north coast of South America.

Barranquilla is a modern metropolis. Its red and green traffic signals somehow prevent the careless occupants of donkey carts and high-powered automobiles from ending up in masses of wreckage. More than any other city in Colombia, it has felt the inroad of foreign business. Cotton mills, like those in the Carolinas, turn semi-wild Colombian tree-cotton into ready-to-wear, snow-white suits, the typical dress of practically every man in the city.

XV

The New El Dorado

TODAY giant airliners carry passengers and freight from Barranquilla over the mountains to Bogotá, capital of Colombia. This Republic was the first of all South American countries to use air service in a commercial way. It began at the end of the first World War when an Austrian started flying between Colombian cities in a second-hand airplane. Today a vast system of airliners, operated in cooperation between the Colombian Government and our own Pan-American Airways System, connects up every important town and populous center in the nation. Until these airways were established, Colombia's largest cities, including the capital of the Republic, were so far off the beaten track that the outside world knew very little about them. Today there is not a single railroad or highway extending from the sea to the capital.

To reach Bogotá overland from the Pacific port of Buenaventura, it is still necessary to travel in three stages. Leaving Buenaventura in the morning, the first stage is by train over the coastal mountains to the important city of Cali in the upper Cauca River Valley. Then you cross the Valley to the railhead at Armenia, some four thousand feet up the Quindío Mountains. Here you spend the night. Next morning by automobile you climb over the ten-thousand-foot spine of the mountains and down to Ibagué, another railhead. At Ibagué you take a

train on a road that twists, turns and switches back and forth the rest of the day across the Magdalena Valley, reaching Bogotá late in the evening, that is, if there have been no landslides or washouts. Sometimes during the rainy season, traffic over this route is held up for weeks.

The distance to Bogotá from Barranquilla on the Caribbean is more than seven hundred miles. Flat-bottomed old river boats struggle up the lazy, snakelike Magdalena in fifteen to twenty days. Small, more modern ones occasionally make it in seven, if the rain-god has been at all generous. This, like the land trip from Buenaventura, must be made in three stages. Deep-draft boats ply from Barranquilla to the rapids at La Dorada, where you must take a train for forty-odd miles around rapids in order to get a shallow draft boat. From Girardot the trip up to the capital may be made by train, automobile or airplane.

Where towns and communities are not located directly on the river, every known method of transportation is used from canoe and mule-back to cable way. From the port of Gamarra, one of these ingenious cable way contraptions with basket cars strung one hundred feet apart, each car with a capacity of 500 pounds, swings passengers and freight from the river up to the town of Ocana on the top of the mountains. Farther up, another cable way connects the city of Manizales, way over in the Cauca Valley, with the railroad which extends on down to the ports of Honda and La Dorada. This one actually swings cars in successive stages up and over an intervening mountain range, a distance of a little more than forty-three miles.

Local planes from Barranquilla take you to the foot of the Andean shelf in three hours, and on over the nine-thousand-foot parapet in thirty minutes. By air, Bogotá is now less than two days and nights from Broadway.

On a recent air flight from Barranquilla we took off in a local plane at exactly 6:30 A.M. for the capital. Ten minutes later we

were deep in the heart of the continent. The muddy, brown river oozed through the jungles below us. Pale puffballs of clouds played hide-and-seek, now under the ship, now over it, occasionally splashing us with a shower of rain. On either side, only a few miles away, billowy green mountains lifted their heads high above the clouds.

Now and then we swept down upon some quiet town of mud huts to exchange mail and give the natives a chance to gather on the river bank and enjoy the chief excitement of their lives. For three and a half hours the process continued until we reached Girardot at the foot of the Andean wall. From Girardot the plane lifted its nose and prepared to go over the top. From the Valley of the Magdalena we rose to 13,000 feet above the soupy mist that shrouded even the tops of the cordilleras. Within a few minutes we dropped down blindly through the clouds and presently came out on the windy *sabana* of Bogotá.

During the trip, as I watched the jungle sweep beneath me, I remembered the story of the epic journey of Gonzalo Jiménez de Quesada and his 150 *conquistadores* who negotiated the first trip from north to south through these regions. Doing the impossible had already become an old Spanish custom four hundred years ago, but Quesada's journey was one of the most amazing of all.

Rumors had gone down the river of a rich civilization in the interior—of gold and precious stones—and of the El Dorado which had some foundation in fact. At any rate, down in Santa Marta, the ambitious Spaniard rounded up a party of hardy adventurers like himself. They drank to the King of Castile and set out. From Santa Marta they sailed in five small ships with horses, stores and equipment. They entered the Magdalena near where Barranquilla now stands, and made their way as far as the rapids.

From the rapids they travelled over what in the sodden jungle is taken for land. Plunging into this endless stretch of

green hell, they followed as best they could the watery tentacles of the river. Every step of their way was a superhuman battle. Disease and pestilence travelled with them. They endured stifling heat, myriads of varieties of death-dealing insects, crocodiles and other slimy creatures, murderous germs in every drop of water, not to mention unfriendly primitive Indians at every clearing. Every day their numbers diminished. Each day Carlos or Pedro or Luis was left behind.

Finally, late one afternoon in 1538, one hundred and sixty-six fever-racked members of the once glorious party, together with fifty-nine of their horses, straggled up over the Andean ridge and out onto the *sabana* of Bogotá. Imagine their astonishment to find that a group of Germans, from a colony near Lake Maracaibo, in what later became Venezuela, had already arrived in the same spot. But more astonishing still, a group of fellow Spaniards who had gone by way of the Pacific, were also there.

While most other metropolitan centers and capitals of South American republics are either located on the seacoasts or in the heart of easily accessible districts, Bogotá is really the outpost of Colombian civilization in the interior. Beyond it to the south and east lies the vast, wild, only partially explored hinterland of Amazonia, covering two-thirds of the land area of the nation.

Bogotá stands on a balcony of the Andes, like a lighthouse on a promontory, looking south, west and north, with most of its developed resources on the hillsides and in the valleys of its two great rivers—the Magdalena and the Cauca. The *sabana* of Bogotá, a high shelf, two thousand square miles in area and a mile and a half high, is surrounded by a high wall of mountains some fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above it. Bogotá residents refer to this plateau as the “sabana” country and to the lowlands as the “hot country.”

Colombian climate is not a matter of north and south, but of

up and down. Lying wholly within the tropics, its seasons are rainy and wet rather than "winter" and "summer." Generally speaking, rain falls from March to May and from September to November. During December, January and February and again in June, July and August, lawns and shrubbery in the "hot country" turn brown from the long hours of scorching heat and sunshine and from lack of moisture. On the *sabana*, the thermometer stands around fifty throughout the year. Much of the time the sky is gray. At night and in the morning, it is cold and damp, and, as a friend of mine expressed it, "The skin of the foreigner is always covered with goose pimples."

To know Colombia, "the hot country," or the "sabana," one must meet the man who recreates them on canvas—their scenery, people, life, moods. He is Don Ricardo Gómez Campuzano, and an afternoon in his old house is a pictorial tour of all the Republic. Seek out a certain number in a drab, narrow street. Dangle the knocker of an ancient battered door. Presently the door creaks and swings slowly open. A sheepish little maid, speaking the lisped accent of old Spain, invites you to enter. You follow her down the narrow corridor and out into a broad, open patio filled with hardy plants and shrubbery of the highlands.

You climb a winding stairway to the second floor and walk into a great drawing room that suddenly becomes a countryside inhabited by all manner of people and creatures. Before you is a typical old Spanish colonial house with a vast rolling field crowded with cattle, sheep, donkeys—what not. The house and the pink-tiled roof are bathed in tropical sunshine. Sunbeams dance on the bougainvillea blossoms cascading down the dilapidated adobe wall. Over there, crowds are leaving the village church. Beyond is the market place with hundreds of people milling about. These are the pictures of the "hot country."

In an adjoining room are scenes of the highlands. The trees

are hard-bitten, with leathery foliage: endless rows of eucalyptus trees—as in the valleys of Utah and Colorado—braving the icy winds from the mountains.

Gómez Campuzano paints for the joy of painting. He even likes his own pictures. Once, when he had sold a painting of a lone cow on the cold, dreary *sabana*, calling to her lost calf, he bought her back from a friend who had closed his house, and hung her in a cheery room, “so she would not be alone.”

Bogotá, most remote of all Colombian cities, has a population of more than three-quarters of a million people. When you view its imposing buildings, its cathedrals and churches, the great colonial capitol, fronted by the sunken gardens and fountains of the central plaza, the sprawling stone structures on Fifteenth Street, the banks and other buildings, you marvel that all the materials, equipment and fixtures could have been brought to this spot so far removed from the world's highways. And again you are compelled to admire the daring and resourcefulness of the Spanish race.

So little has outside influence affected this part of the world that—next to Medellín, in the valley of Antioquia—the inhabitants of Bogotá, from the highest aristocrat to the lowliest servant, speak probably the purest Castilian in the world today. This is true, notwithstanding the fact that the Bogotá serving class is not of Spanish ancestry but is descended from the Chibchas, who in turn are descended from the ancient Incas. In the homes and streets of Bogotá, one hears the same accent and inflection and the same lisp that are characteristic of the language of Madrid.

Long before the arrival of the Spaniards, one of the emperors of Perú sent Inca missionaries to convert the tribes of wild red men in the far north. One of these missionaries finally reached the *sabana* of Bogotá and established himself in the vicinity of the present capital. He made friends with the primitive people, taught them agriculture and other Inca indus-

tries, even music and art. As the centuries passed, his descendants grew into a numerous tribe. At any rate, when the Spaniards arrived, these people dominated the surrounding country. When Jiménez de Quesada, in 1538, reached the interior, he established friendly relations with the natives whom he found a highly civilized people. He called the new city, Bogotá, in honor of one of the Indian chiefs, "Bacata."

Poetic as well as practical reasons must have prompted Quesada and his compatriots to settle in so inhospitable a climate. Already there was the nucleus of a civilization, which implied that some treasure must have existed in the region. Moreover, the exploits of the Chief of Guatabita, one of the cleverest Indians who ever lived, whetted the imagination of the Spaniards.

To publicize himself to his people, this Chief of Guatabita did not resort to military displays or to sending armies against his weaker neighbors. To attract attention to himself and to sell himself to his people, the Chibcha Chief made sacrifices instead of conquests. According to Doctor Philip Ainsworth Means, he threw material riches—gold, silver and precious stones—into a lake. At night, as a final act of his performance, he covered his body with some sticky substance and then had himself sprinkled with powdered gold. Then, all glittering and glowing in the flickering lights of his campfire, he did a rousing dance and finally leaped into a lake and allowed the gold—but not his fame—to be washed away.

The story of this Chibcha Chief—El Dorado, "The Man of Gold"—has endured throughout the centuries. Yet sad to say, his descendants still do the drudgery of Quesada's progeny. Few traces of the Chibcha customs remain, but the Colombian peon still clings to his *ruana*, the heavy piece of woven cloth with a hole in the middle for his head. He may be without shoes, his knee-pants may be in shreds, but his *ruana*, which protects him from the damp cool mountain air, is as treasured

a possession to the man as the *manta* or great enveloping black shawl is to his woman.

Among the peasants, class lines are distinct and seldom crossed. Day laborers, such as janitors in public buildings, look down upon laborers in the building trades—or vice versa. The second cook in the home of a Bogotá official high-hats the first cook in the home of a prominent merchant or banker.

Among their self-styled betters, the most rigid class distinctions exist. Bogotá is, socially, the city of the colonial Spaniards. The foreigner who takes up residence in the capital must do a period of probation. He will eventually be invited to formal affairs and, finally, on occasion, may be admitted to the family circle of intimate acquaintances, but he will still be a foreigner. To certain exclusive clubs he will seldom be admitted except upon sufferance.

Conservative Colombian estimates place the population of the country at a trifle more than nine million, 35 per cent of whom are white and 5 per cent Negro. The Negroes are found primarily in the hot coastal regions. The Indian population, about 2 per cent of the whole, is concentrated for the most part in the Amazonian hinterland, the region southeast of Bogotá. The remaining 58 per cent are of various mixtures: white, Negro and Indian.

Among the whites, even among the oldest families, there is a large element of Jewish blood. Some of the earliest colonial settlements were made by Spanish Jews fleeing the Inquisition and other oppressions of the Old World. As nowhere else in the world, perhaps, the Jews of Colombia—that is, the old settlers—have become thoroughly assimilated with the peoples of Spanish blood. Interestingly enough, most of them, although Jews by blood, are Roman Catholics by religion.

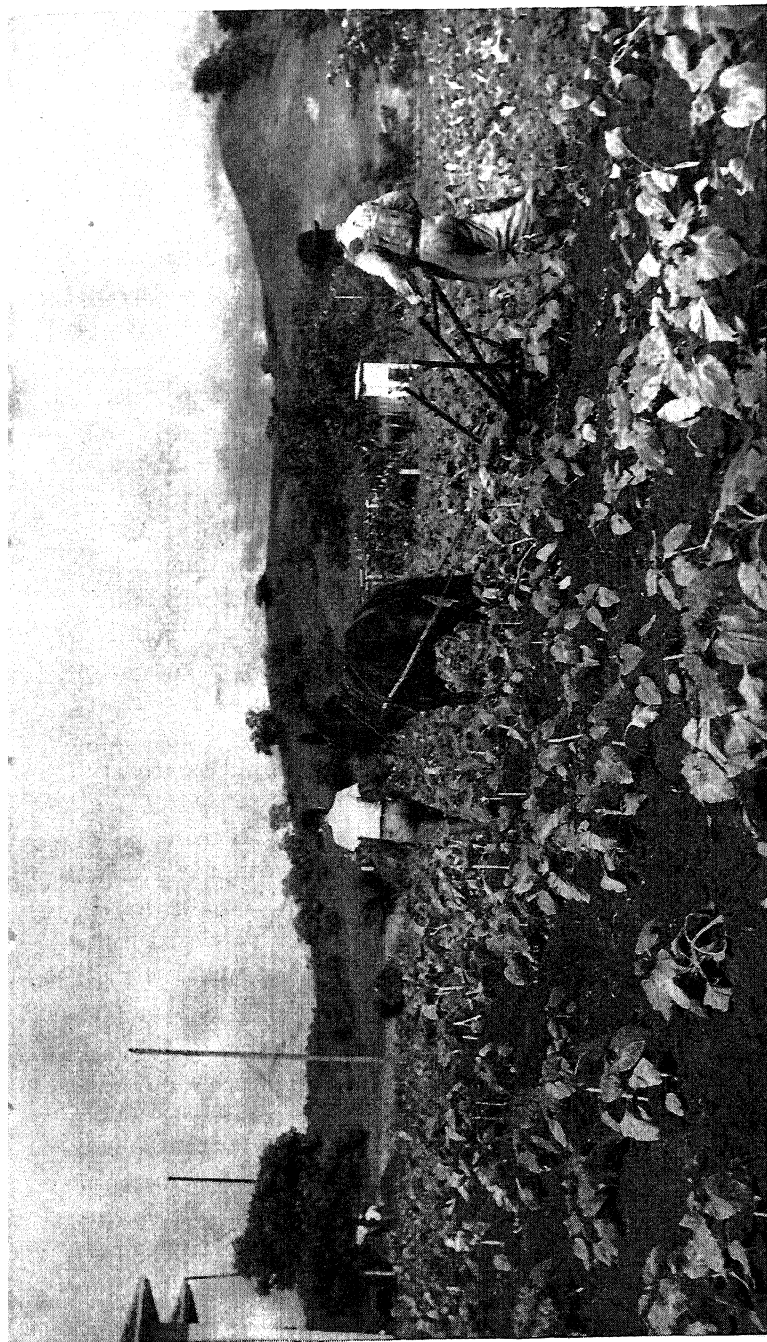
Government in Colombia is democratic in practice. The country has for some forty years enjoyed orderly political procedure. Some observers call Colombia the only genuine

democracy on the continent and one has dubbed it "The Capital of Liberalism." It ranks fourth in size among South American countries and stretches nearly two thousand miles north and south at its greatest length, with a maximum width of thirteen hundred miles. Our two prize states, Texas and California, could be absorbed by Colombia with more than enough space left over to include New Hampshire, New Jersey and Delaware.

For political purposes it is divided into fourteen states, *intendencias*, and seven commissariats. Colombia's commissariats, or territorial divisions, were functioning long before Russia had Soviets. Its lowland division lies principally between the three mountain ranges that traverse it and in the valleys of the Magdalena and Cauca Rivers, both of which rise far south at the base of Mt. Sotara, near the old town of Popayán. The Cauca finally joins the Magdalena in the far north just before the latter reaches the sea at Barranquilla.

In the Cauca Valley lies the most highly developed region. Here are located the thriving cities of Cali and Popayán in the far south. Medellín, second city of the nation with a population of 150,000, and Manizales, capital of the Department of Caldas, with 100,000, dominate the central region. The greatest stock-raising and agricultural development, the most important mining, the bulk of Colombian coffee plantations, lie in this section.

Much of the Magdalena Valley is virgin territory, not to say, virgin jungle. The middle stretches of the valley, like the lower basin of the Orinoco, are bubbling with oil. Though most of the proven fields are farther north, four hundred miles from the Caribbean coast, the oldest wells are around Barranca Bermeja. A pipe line from these wells carries oil 335 miles through the marshy jungle to the city of Cartagena on the coast. To build this line it was necessary to carry supplies, tools, living quarters and, most important of all, field hospitals



Photograph by Charles Perry Weimer, from Three Lions

Experimental Agriculture in Colombia

bit by bit, on rafts up the river. The cost figured up to more than \$25,000,000. Officials and workmen must still travel to the fields and refineries by airplane or slow river steamer.

Old Quesada himself, on his march through the jungle, encountered few more difficulties than had to be overcome by the engineers who developed these oil fields. It is a region infested by the fierce Motilones, the most unfriendly Indians remaining on the continent, who until recently took toll of every party of palefaces that attempted to invade their secluded homeland since the earliest Spaniards reached New Granada.

With United States capital and against odds which existed practically nowhere else in the world, engineers, scientists and mechanics drilled wells, built towns and laid pipes at Petrolea and Río de Oro in spite of the opposition of nature and the hostile Motilones. The first evidence of the proximity to these natives is usually a shower of poisoned darts propelled by powerful bows, or shot from six- to ten-foot blowguns—long hollow reeds. Their palm-thatched communal houses can be seen from the air in small clearings here and there. Aerial observers estimate that some of these houses will accommodate one hundred men, women and children.

At least a dozen white explorers, prospectors and engineers are known to have lost their lives since white men first became interested in the oil deposits in this region. Nevertheless, oil, the major industry of Colombia, has been developed under foreign control, leadership and direction—as well as foreign capital—until by 1940 Colombia had become the third oil-producing nation of the entire hemisphere.

Away back in 1900, after Colombia's last revolution, General Virgilio Barco, victor and hero in the conflict, returned to his native town of Cúcuta, now the frontier city on the new Bolívar Highway, which runs between Bogotá and Caracas, Venezuela. The General was interested in cattle raising, the principal industry in the region at the time, and set about to develop new

markets. The northern cities of Barranquilla and Cartagena constituted two of the largest meat markets in the country. But at the same time there had been no way of transporting, or even driving cattle to these cities from Cúcuta. With the help of the government and the cooperation of local cattlemen, General Barco began hacking a trail through the jungle-covered mountains to the Magdalena River, down which the cattle could be shipped by steamer.

Work progressed, and the General's enthusiasm grew. New markets and new wealth loomed before him, when suddenly the picture changed. He ran on to mysterious seepings along the headwaters of a river that flows northeastward towards the basin of Lake Maracaibo. Ah, oil and gas for the lamps of Colombia, not to mention the pockets of the General! He rushed to Bogotá, where his prestige as savior of the country was still strong enough to win for him a vast concession covering the area of his discovery. Next he began a long pilgrimage to North America. But alas, nobody in the citadels of light and lubrication among the minarets of steel and concrete on Lower Manhattan knew him. After considerable indifference on the part of the bankers, he eventually found a welcome in Wall Street. At any rate he sold three-quarters of his concession for what in Wall Street was a song, but to the General a sufficiency, after which he returned to his homeland to live and die in peace. The famed Barco concession is today a booming bonanza. Like the rest of Colombia's oil fields, it is developed under foreign leadership and foreign capital.

On the other hand, emerald mining in Colombia is a government monopoly entirely under government operation. Yet a government-controlled newspaper *El Tiempo* has admitted that: "In ten years the Muzo and Coscuez emerald mines cost the government 1,640,000 pesos, while they produced only 283,000 pesos' worth of emeralds."

Recently I have followed the oil industry up and down the

Magdalena, then travelled up to Medellín, capital of the department of Antioquia. I had an appointment there with Don Gonzalo Mejía, who had proudly volunteered to show me the interesting industries and enterprises of his native state and its capital. Don Gonzalo is a promoter of business enterprises, of communications, friendships and good will not merely for himself but for his friends, his city, his country. Don Gonzalo may be called Medellín's good-will ambassador without portfolio.

Although Medellín is the second city of Colombia, it is even more remote from the world than is Bogotá. Bogotá is the seat of national government planted high and remote on the Andes above the Magdalena. Medellín, secluded metropolis of business and industry, nestles peacefully in a green valley not far from the Cauca River. Bogotá is a land of perpetual autumn, a land full of health and buoyant air where you sleep under blankets. In Medellín, spring is eternal. In Bogotá there are politicians and poets, both actors, who take life and themselves seriously. The people of Medellín work, but not too hard, drive a bargain upon occasion, laugh at the world and even at themselves.

To reach Medellín comfortably, it is necessary to fly there from Panamá, from Barranquilla or from Bogotá. That is, you may fly from east, west or north, until you are directly above it. Then you must spiral down to it, since it is completely surrounded by mountains. If you insist upon the hard way you can go by Magdalena River boat to Puerto Berrío and then worm your way by train over hairpin curves, tunnels and switchbacks 114 miles between the Magdalena and the Cauca Valleys.

I took the air to Medellín, the most genuinely Spanish-American city on the continent. From the aristocrats to the lowliest peons, all are white. No Indians or Negroes have ever penetrated the valley. The cattle, as well as the people, are of the original stock, mostly from the Basque country. Even those people who are not of the Spanish race are Spanish in character,

customs and religion. All are devout Catholics, including the Spanish Jews, whose numbers are considerable.

Antioquia, of which Medellín is the capital, is one of the largest gold-producing regions in South America. When I expressed a desire to see some of this gold, Don Gonzalo said:

"We will just go over to the mint."

We crossed a shady plaza, turned down a side street and entered the arched doorway of an old Spanish colonial building.

"No, we don't need any guards," he explained, when I expressed surprise that the great door stood wide open to the world. "Gold is very common here," he assured me. Then he added, "Besides, it would be difficult to get over the mountains and out of the country with any considerable amount."

In a large room opening on a grassy patio, two men sat at desks. One of them motioned us to an inner room where gold bars were stacked up about the floor. One stack contained \$1,500,000 worth of the newly mined metal.

Incidentally, one should not leave Medellín without paying homage to the immortal spirit of Jorge Isaacs, most famous of all Colombian authors of fifty years ago. At least, he wrote the greatest Colombian novel, *María*, one of the best-selling books ever published between the Río Grande and Cape Horn. *María* far exceeded *Gone With the Wind* in numbers sold. More than eight million copies of the book have been bought in Spanish America alone, in addition to which it has been translated into dozens of foreign languages.

Although born and reared on a *hacienda* near the city of Cali in the upper Cauca Valley, Jorge Isaacs' last request was to be buried at Medellín.

In the cemetery of San Pedro, most exclusive and aristocratic cemetery in the Republic, Jorge Isaacs sleeps beneath the great campanile with its snow-white columns, where most of the aristocratic families maintain their own mausoleums or tombs.

The father of this famous man was an English Jew who emi-

grated from Jamaica to Colombia, became converted to Christianity and married the daughter of a Spanish captain. Jorge Isaacs was born in Cali in 1837 and died in Ibagué in 1895.

Of *María*, his most famous novel, a fellow-countryman has said: "It is American poetry, with its exquisite pictures of exuberant richness, with the ceaseless murmur of the virgin forests, with its rivers like seas, with its transparent skies and its giant blue mountains, with its people—primitive and simple—who love with a purity and passion almost religious in fervor."

Not only is gold mined in Antioquia in enormous quantities, but gold also grows on trees—the golden coffee beans. And in order that I might see this industry at its best, Don Gonzalo invited me on a trip to La Amalia, one of the largest and finest coffee *haciendas* in the Cauca Valley.

We travelled via the "graveyard of Antioquia," the burial grounds of millions of United States dollars, as well as of Colombian workmen—the *Ferrocarril de Amaga*. This eighty-mile section of the Antioquian railroads, which operates by main strength and awkwardness between Medellín and the coffee and cattle districts along the river, was built with money raised from bonds sold in the United States, but long since defaulted.

It is a friendly railroad, however. Signs in the locally built passenger cars—with springs and shock absorbers that neither spring nor absorb—read: "Conductor, your duty is to serve the passenger. Keep it in mind and see that you do it." Whether because of the sign or through innate politeness, our conductor was the soul of courtesy.

We left the train near Venecia, fifty miles from Medellín, and drove back into the hills, where Doña Amalia Madriñán de Marquez, aged matriarch of the plantation, greeted us in person.

Quiet, gentle, shy, Doña Amalia looked the part of the typical Spanish grandmother, the sweet old lady who sits in

the corner knitting while others do the talking. But Doña Amalia is more than that. Member of one of the old, aristocratic families in Medellín, she and her young husband came to the valley in 1888, cleared the land and established the plantation. Hardly had it begun bearing when he died, leaving the widow with several small children. Instead of returning to her family, as is usual in such cases, Doña Amalia took charge of affairs, put on pants, literally as well as figuratively, buckled a revolver around her waist, got astride a mule and made a tremendous success of what her husband had so well begun.

The coffee industry in Colombia has grown into the highly scientific business it is today because United States coffee roasters began years ago to use Colombian coffee for blending purposes. In normal times about 75 per cent of all our coffee comes from Brazil, but a certain amount of mild coffee comes from the Colombian highlands and is usually mixed with larger amounts of stronger Brazilian coffee, with the result that today there is hardly a coffee distributing company which does not utilize both Brazilian and Colombian coffee in the same blends. Because of this, Colombia finds a ready market in this country.

We usually buy one-half of all Colombia's coffee output. Although the Colombian government charges an export tax, there is no tariff on the importation of the product into the United States. Besides coming in free, it sells for cash. Much has been said about our high tariffs, about the prohibitive duties we impose upon the products of other countries. On this score Colombia has no room for complaint. But on the few things which we are able to sell—and they are becoming fewer all the time—Colombia imposes the highest tariffs to be found this side of a tariff-maker's paradise.

While coffee and bananas are Colombia's chief agricultural exports, she produces corn, wheat and various other cereals. As in most of the other Americas, corn is one of the principal articles of food. When it comes to preparing such dishes, the

corn-growers of Iowa and Georgia might add the recipes of Antioquia for *Mazamorra* and *Arepas* to their diet list. The base of both of these local dishes is corn. The *Arepas* are nothing more than a glorified species of old Southern corn-dodgers. Sprinkle a portion of salt into extra fine, powdery, ground corn-meal, add just enough water to make it stick, beat it as our Southerners do beaten biscuits, only more so, say until the arms grow limp. Shape the mixture into tiny, round balls, bake until the crust is crispy brown and serve red hot with butter. Immediately the world takes on a new interest. For variation, you might mix in a little grated Parmesan cheese and you have cheese balls or *buñuelos*.

Then there is *Mazamorra*. Boil the whole grains of fresh corn removed from the cob, until tender. Serve it with a piece of *panela*, the native hard candy-like sugar (which in Venezuela is called *papelón*). You will either like *Mazamorra* or you won't. I did.

On the way from La Amalia, Don Gonzalo Mejía discoursed upon the need for more roads in Colombia. No matter what subject came up, Don Gonzalo urged that the problem could be solved with more roads. He is Colombia's highway apostle, determined now to build the road from Medellín to the Caribbean, portions of which are already completed. When it is finally in operation, the feat of old Quesada will no longer be the chief epic in Colombian transportation.

When I last took the plane from Medellín over the route to Turbo on the way to Panamá and the Canal Zone, Gonzalo's parting words to the pilot were: "Show my friend the road to the sea. Point out to him how it wriggles its way over the mountains, show him the bridge across the Cauca, and then show him the course the road will take through the jungle."

From the plane it was an inspiring sight, a child's crayon mark scrawled in curves and curlicues across a blue-green slate, a road which will eventually tie Medellín and the riches of Antioquia to the markets of the world.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

Andean America

ECUADOR

PERÚ

BOLIVIA



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XVI

Home of the Panamá Hat

I NEVER set sail or take the air from Panamá to the other cities and countries along the Pacific Coast of South America but I marvel anew at the achievements of Francisco Pizarro. Providing one is not too exacting as to the quality of Pizarro's fame or the methods by which he acquired his fortune, he is a superlative example of those men who, starting from scratch or less, planned, surveyed and built the road to their goal.

With a few horses and guns and a handful of devil-may-care soldiers, this foundling from Extremadura in Spain conquered an empire, strangled its ruler who was also its god, pillaged its riches, made himself supreme over an ancient and civilized race and died at the hand of an assassin in his own palace.

Of all my travels along Pizarro's old trail, the trip with John D. MacGregor, ruddy-faced, progressively rotund and perpetually youthful Scotsman, remains the most interesting. Pioneer-ing general manager of the Pan American-Grace Airways, until his heathery wisdom suggested that he ought to be thrifty with his years, John D.—as he will ever be known to me—invited me to participate in a leisurely inspection and good-will flight to the coastal towns and villages of Colombia and Ecuador.

From Panamá City we followed one of the first and longest of the regularly scheduled over-water routes 350 miles to Buenaventura, Pacific port for travellers and freight bound to

and from Bogotá and other points in the Colombian southland.

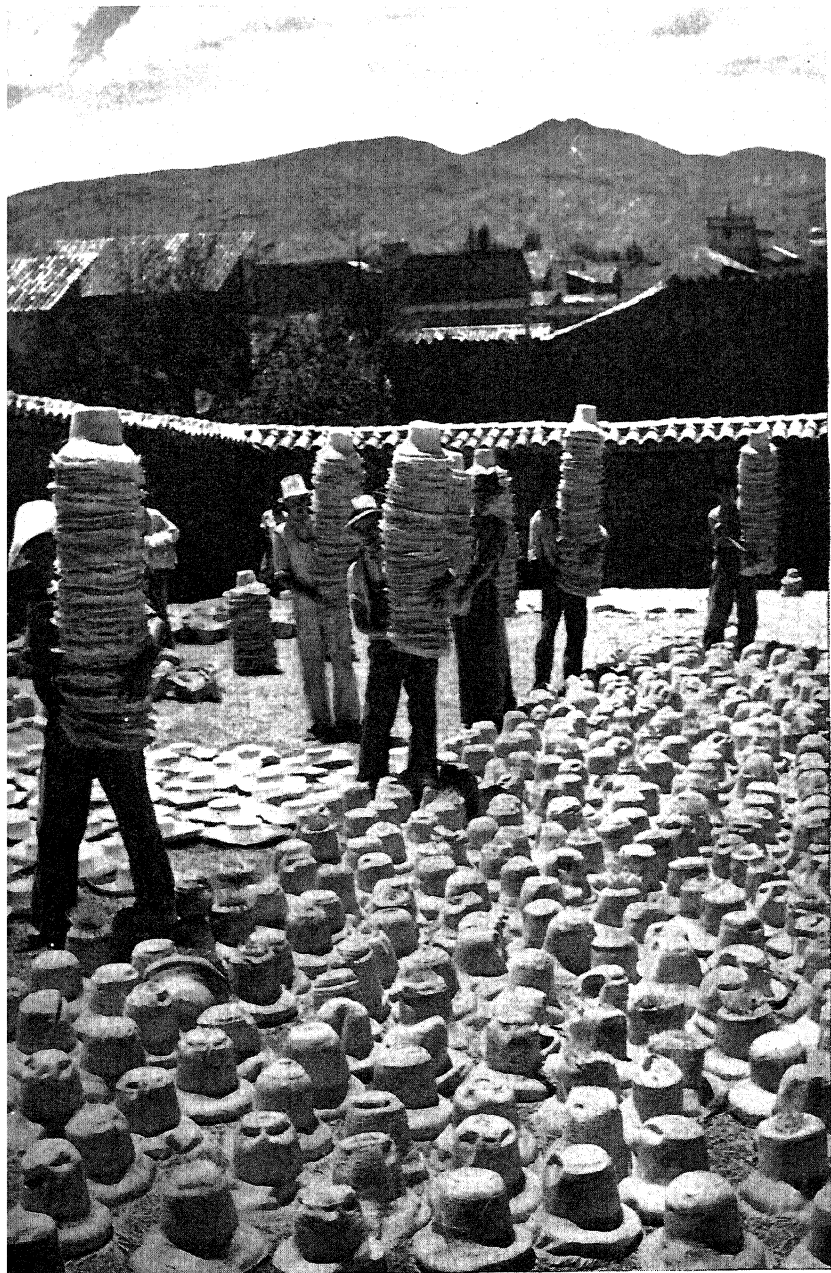
After stopping at Buenaventura, Colombia's chief Pacific seaport, we circled the historic island of Gorgona, 75 miles southward. It was on Gorgona that Pizarro and his soldiers starved and suffered for seven months while his partner, Almagro, went back to Panamá to recruit more men and supplies.

"Every time I look down on this lonely bit of jungle-covered earth sticking out of the Pacific," John D. observed, "my feelings soften towards Pizarro. If I should be marooned on Gorgona, even for a day, I should feel like leading a ruthless conquest against the first bit of civilization I encountered afterward."

After eighty-five more miles and a landing for gas and oil at Tumaco, we rounded Cape Manglares and skirted the Ecuadorean coast to Esmeraldas, one of the principal coastal towns of the "Republic of the Equator." Esmeraldas now is a city of 10,000 people.

South of Esmeraldas, the low, flat beach soon gave way to high bluffs which forced us out to sea. After watching the Pacific combers for hours, I finally fell asleep only to be awakened by the plane dropping, then lunging forward, then turning half way around and plunging downward again. I clawed at the seat in front of me and almost lacerated the neck of the man seated there, as I braced myself for a crash. When the ship settled back on an even keel, I was still holding on with the tenacity of a leech. Just then the pilot looked around, smiled and handed us neatly engraved documents. We had just crossed the equator and we were now full-fledged members of the Flying Order of the Condor all to the intense amusement of John D.

At Manta, two steamers anchored off shore were taking on some of the unique products for which Ecuador is famous. First of all were fish, fresh out of the water and still wriggling, red snapper and corbina for the crew and passengers. Then cargoes



Photograph by Carroll Van Ark

The Panama Hat Comes from Ecuador

of ivory—not the kind that grows on elephants but an excellent substitute that grows on wild palm trees—vegetable ivory or *tagua* nuts, used in the manufacture of buttons, umbrella handles, chessmen and so on.

The *tagua* palm, which grows about fifteen feet high, has giant fronds that resemble green ostrich feathers. The fruit, about the size of a large coconut, grows at the base of the leaves, eight or ten to the tree. Each burr weighs from fifteen to twenty pounds and contains from six to nine nuggets, or seeds, of a hard, white, ivorylike substance. Ecuador exports from 25,000 to 40,000 tons of *tagua* nuts a year.

Most foreigners unlearn many things on a visit to Ecuador. My visit to Manta revealed that “Panamá” hats are not Panamá hats at all, and that the merest suggestion of such a possibility turns the most courtly Ecuadorean into a seething volcano of wrath. For Ecuador informs the world that the so-called “Panamá” hat is a *Sombrero de Jipijapa* (pronounced hee-pee-hóp-pa) or a *Sombrero de Montecristi*—according to the particular community in which it is made.

The *Sombrero de Jipijapa*, manufactured principally in the Province of Manabí, is made from the fiber of a saw palmetto with fan-shaped leaves which, in Ecuador, grows eight or ten feet high. The leaves are cut as soon as they mature and before they have time to open. Stripped of their outer filaments, the fibers are dipped for a few moments in a vat of boiling water, then taken out, shaken vigorously and hung in the shade to dry for a day or two before being bleached in the sun. If lemon juice is added to the hot-water bath, the result is a much whiter straw.

After a day or two, when the sprouts have shrivelled to a light, compact, cylindrical form like cord or string, the straw is ready for weaving. Color, length, thickness and number of threads to the strand are important. It was formerly believed that the hats were actually woven under water. This is not

strictly true, although the straw must be kept thoroughly moistened under the weaver's hands.

As an illustration of the seriousness with which the Ecuadorean regards his art, one of their citizens telephoned me in New York and urged me to write something about what the hat trade of the United States calls "Panamá" hats, but which are either *Sombreros de Jipijapa* or *Sombreros de Montecristi*. It requires about three weeks for an Ecuadorean Indian to weave a genuine *jipijapa* which sells for \$25 in Manhattan, Memphis or Minneapolis. He receives for the job the magnificent sum of perhaps \$1.75.

In Manta one also learns that cocoa and chocolate are merely trade names for the product of the *cacao* bean. And I advise the foreigner, when in Ecuador, to say "*cacao*" and not "cocoa."

"Cocoa?" queried one Ecuadorean, when I used the word. "Cocoa must come from the coconut." The statement seemed logical, but the cocoa of commerce is the product of the *cacao* bean or seed resembling an almond and contained in a pod about the size and general appearance of a clenched fist. These pods grow on the trunk, not on the branches, of a tree that averages twenty-five feet high.

When ripe the pods are cut from the tree with a large knife or *machete*, handled with such care that the blade does not penetrate the outer shell or injure the fruit. The pod is then broken open by hand, the seeds separated from the fibrous tissue that surrounds them, and placed in a warm, enclosed room or sweating house until fermentation takes place. No one seems to know exactly what happens to the bean during fermentation, but afterward it is dried in the sun or with the aid of a hot-air furnace. The dried bean becomes bright red on the outside while the inside is a brownish chocolate which crumbles easily in the fingers.

Most of Ecuador's *cacao* is grown on cultivated plantations along the Guayas River. But giant wild trees still thrive in the

depths of the jungle. Sun-baked children of the wilds gather the pods, extract the beans and bring them down the rivers and streams in narrow little boats dug out of the trunk of the *balsa* tree. Sometimes they paddle for days in order to exchange their meager crop for a handful of pennies—a fabulous sum to them, since it buys escape from the jungle and the opportunity to indulge in the frivolities of the seaport cities.

Ecuadorean *balsa*, a light, durable wood, is an important export used in the manufacture of airplanes and watercraft. The *balsa* tree grows wild and is not a cultivated product. Pizarro's companions, skirting the shores of Ecuador in 1527, encountered huge rafts called *balsas* by the natives. These rafts were made of large timbers of the light, porous *balsa* wood, lashed together and equipped with cotton sails and movable keels or rudders which enabled the mariner to steer without the aid of oars or paddles.

Flying down the Pacific today in a modern airplane, you frequently see rafts of the type, little changed in the past four hundred years. We passed almost directly over one of them late one evening as our plane sat down on the quiet waters of the crescent bay of Salinas, the Atlantic City of Ecuador and an important military base. As we climbed out on the beach, some one shouted the Yankee football scores of the day.

Salinas has long been the relay station for the All-America Cables that literally bind the Americas together. Here the messages between the continents, as well as the news flashes from one to the other, pause for more power before they are shot on to their destination. Salinas is also next door to the Anglo-Ecuadorean oil fields that extend along the low lying coast and the Guayas River.

The inhabitants of Salinas were so thrilled at John D.'s torrent of Spanish that they all but smothered us with hospitality.

"Out there on Punta Santa Elena," he told me, pointing to one of the fingers of land that help to make the half-moon bay

at Salinas, "is where the rainbow ends for a lot of these people. There are men—and women—here who have grown gray in the search for fortunes, and some of them do find gold and silver if they seek long enough."

"You see," he continued, "for two hundred years or more Spanish galleons bucked the winds up and down this coast, taking Inca riches to Panamá and bringing back supplies from the motherland. It was the Arabian Nights of the Spaniard in South America. Sometimes the gold of the Incas was exchanged in Spain for minted coin—doubloons, pieces of eight, etc.—which was sent back to circulate among the colonial conquerors. One of these galleons carrying such a cargo is supposed to have come to grief out there. A storm came in from the west. The ship was dashed to splinters against the point. A fortune in coins was scattered over the rocks like the spray of the sea. Time and tide have buried them in the sands and rocks, but in March and October, when the equatorial tides come in and the Pacific rises over the rocks, the gold and silver coins are lifted out of their hiding places. When the tides go out, the gold rush is on. Practically every soul in Salinas begins hunting for treasure."

Next morning we flew to Guayaquil. From Salinas our course took us inland across the billowy green jungle, and up the north bank of the Guayas River. When we landed, the tropical sun was blazing down on the water-front park that welcomes the Pacific voyager to Ecuador's commercial metropolis.

Nature herself battles against Guayaquil. One hundred and fifty thousand people sizzle throughout the year with the temperature ranging around ninety degrees. In the wet season the mean temperature is about eighty-one and, as the weather man puts it, the accent is on the "mean."

The late General Gorgas, together with the famed Doctor Conner and the immortal Noguchi, gave of their wisdom and energies in a fight against tropical scourges in Ecuador's chief seaport. Through numerous campaigns carried on over a period

of years, malaria, typhus, yellow fever, smallpox and hook-worm were finally brought under control. When germ-nurturing hideaways were destroyed, mosquito havens and ponds of stagnant water drained, back alleys cleaned up, much of the battle was won. Through generous loans from foreign countries and the Rockefeller Foundation, a modern water system was installed. The streets were paved, hospitals built and hygienic precautions instituted in schools and business houses. These and other civic improvements have contributed materially to the health of Guayaquil.

Every one of the four hundred and more years since old Sebastián de Benalcázar, one of Pizarro's lieutenants, planted the city on the muddy banks of the Guayas, has left its mark and taken its greedy toll of human life. The population of the spotless "city of the dead" on the side of the only hill in the vicinity, with its gleaming snow-white tombs and burial terraces like mail boxes in a post office, rivals the population of the city of the living.

Time does not march in Guayaquil; it crawls, except when a fire breaks out or the tropical blood pressure rises. I have been present on both occasions. The first was a cockfight, for which I paid a *sucre*—the equivalent of our American dime. Entering a noisy arena, I found a seat on the second tier of benches, by the side of a local steamship agent. Two stringy, raw-boned old birds were pecking away at each other, already too tired to fight but urged on by their handlers. Finally the umpire ordered them away. The next pair, one a satiny black, the other a dull red, in the arms of handlers who were as alike as two coffee beans, gave promise of a better performance.

The moment the birds were placed on the ground they had blood in their eyes and, as they were held by the tails awaiting the moment of release, they clawed the ground and stretched their necks into feathery strings. Their handlers glared at each other no less angrily, and, when the word was given they

leaped from the pit and watched with hawklike concern as the encounter proceeded.

For several minutes it was a fifty-fifty fight. The black leaped over the red and the red over the black. Then the black lunged forward, splitting the comb of his adversary with his rapier-like gaff. The red plunged after him and tore a sheaf of feathers out of his breast, to the frantic joy of the spectators and the venomous anxiety of his handler. Again the black leaped forward and missed because the red swerved aside. After this the red carried the battle. A few lunges and the black lay trembling on his side, blood streaming over his sable feathers.

As the crowd yelled, there was another encounter. The two handlers leaped into the ring and before friends could separate them, one was on his knees, blood spurting from his face and arms, the result of a half dozen gashes from a knife no one saw. The crowd, which a moment before had been shouting itself hoarse, now stood silent and amazed.

"A strange enmity," said the man at my side. "Twin brothers. The owner of the vanquished black married the sweetheart of the owner of the victorious red. Now they are both avenged."

Whether or not the wounds were fatal, we never knew. No one waited to see. At that moment sirens blared and bells rang. Spectators who had paid to see a cockfight, now rushed out to see a free-for-all fire. They rushed with such speed that they took some of the boards from the surrounding fence along with them.

The volunteer fire department of Guayaquil is the finest and best-trained organization in town. It is maintained by 3000 volunteers whose uniforms consist of blood-red shirts, white pants and shining black patent leather boots. To add to the thrill, when a Guayaquil building is in flames, the city band turns out and plays martial music—to inspire the fire-fighters, no doubt. When the flames died away, the multitude cheered

to the echo and the band played the strains of the national anthem.

Old Spanish customs persist in Guayaquil in spite of the fact that there are not very many families of pure Spanish blood. The majority of the descendants of the old Spanish conquerors live in Quito, exclusively in the highlands. The average native of Guayaquil is of varied and generous mixture, Indian and Spanish, Indian and African, with the Indian always predominant.

Day in and day out the river bank at Guayaquil is a solid mass of miscellaneous humans and quaint types of watercraft, making the old city a Shanghai in miniature. In addition to sailboats, *balsa* canoes and picturesque *balsa* rafts, freighters and ocean liners from all over the world can be found, in peacetime, in the Guayas River.

Like Venezuela and Colombia, the greater part of Ecuador is primitive and wild. Most of its 3,000,000 inhabitants are concentrated either along the coastal region in the valley of the Guayas or on the narrow strip of high plateau lying between the two ranges of the Andes.

It occupies a triangular slice of the western bulge of the continent, right astride the equator from which it derives its name. One side extends some five hundred miles along the ocean, while the other two travel eastward across the Andes in the direction of Putumayo River on the north and along the Marañón in the south.

The capital city of Quito—like Colombia's metropolis of Bogotá—is located far in the interior behind high, mountainous walls. Yet it is 10,000 feet above the sea, which is 2000 feet higher than the Colombian capital. Quito is on one of the main lines of the Pan American-Grace Airways from Panamá to Lima, Santiago and Buenos Aires, exactly two days from Miami or Brownsville. It is possible in the dry season to travel north-eastward from Quito by bus to Bogotá and on to Caracas, Venezuela, over the Bolívar Highway.

More important still, the Ecuadorean capital is directly connected by convenient railway trains with its chief seaport, Guayaquil. Built under the direction of United States engineers and financed by North American stockholders who have never received too much return on their investments, the Guayaquil and Quito line is a super-ingenuous feat of engineering.

Although you may fly from Guayaquil to Quito in a few minutes, it is a much more interesting, not to say thrilling, experience, to make the trip by train. Once the train leaves the low savannas in the Guayas Valley, it climbs hundreds of feet up the Andean wall within a few minutes. In a distance of 49 miles, it rises from something less than 1000 feet at Bucay, to more than 10,000 feet at Palmira, the top of the first range of the Andes.

Riobamba, the principal city on the highlands, is one of the four largest towns in Ecuador. From the main plaza in this old city, you may gaze upon famed and majestic Chimborazo which rears its shaggy head 20,702 feet into the firmament. Farther on from Riobamba, volcanoes spout and low subterranean rumblings are heard, which the superstitious but poetic natives call "the voice of the volcanoes."

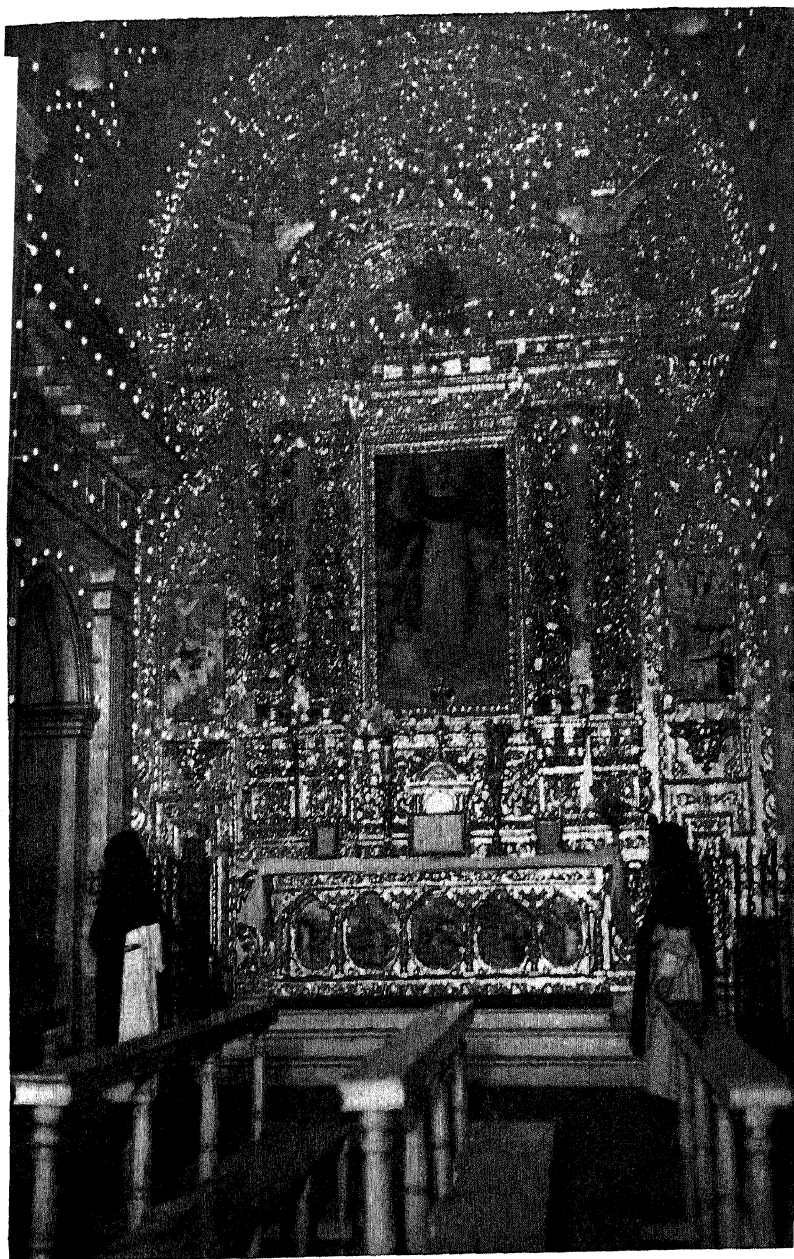
At Urbina, farther along, the railroad crosses the second Andean range at 11,841 feet. It passes through the picturesque and delightful town of Ambato, stops at Latacunga where another quartet of mountain peaks and volcanoes rises before us. Cotopaxi, twin sister of Chimborazo, looms 19,493 feet. Cotopaxi is the highest active volcano in the world and one of the most magnificent. Every now and then her ever-boiling cauldron spills over, spraying fumes and lava and terrifying the Indians in the surrounding valley.

Quito itself clings to the base of 15,925 foot Pichincha. In fact, scattered up and down this strip of the Andes are more than a dozen mighty peaks. As a traveller looks down from an airplane, the white peaks testify to one observer's description: "Giant chimney pots upon the roof of the world."

While the products of the tropical lowlands are today Ecuador's chief source of wealth and income, this volcanic plateau of the interior possesses many potentialities. The gold resources have already been explored. Some silver has been mined, while the government itself operates large sulphur mines. Deposits of copper, iron, lead and gold, discovered years ago, have hardly been touched. But all along the railroad, from the coast, agriculture is the chief activity of the natives. Corn is cultivated, also wheat and, of course, the ancient potato which originated—not in Ireland—but in the Andes. Fruitgrowing is also a specialty in some of the valleys. For flavor, the apples, pears, plums, apricots and grapes of the Ambato community are not to be lightly passed by. Milk, butter and cheese from the Latacunga district are of superior quality.

This central region, and especially Quito, constitutes a different world from that around Guayaquil. Going from Guayaquil to Quito is like going from the mouth of the Congo to Switzerland. You'll need a fan in Guayaquil, but in Quito the moment Old Sol hides his face behind the mountain peaks, you will want your overcoat. Although only fifteen miles from the equator, the Quito thermometer hovers between fifty and seventy degrees the year around.

Quito has been the site of more capitals than any other place in all the hemisphere. Ever since the red men or their progenitors first set foot on South America, there has been a town or a capital city where Quito now stands. It derived its name from the Quitus, one of the dozens of races that inhabited the section. The Quitus were conquered about 980 A.D. by the Caras, who, in turn, were conquered by the Incas, already masters of a great empire farther south, which now embraces Perú and Bolivia. In turn it became the northern and later an independent capital of the Inca Empire. Then came the Spaniards and Pizarro, who took over the Incas and established themselves in Perú and all this Andean region.



Photograph by Carroll Van Ark

Interior of Santo Domingo Cathedral, Quito

Architecturally, Quito is the most ornate of all the Spanish colonial cities, particularly as regards its churches. It is still a center of religion, as well as politics. Some of Quito's churches rival Spain's in picturesqueness.

Narrow cobbled streets with the inevitable hanging balconies lead up and down the steep hillsides. At certain hours the streets are filled with descendants of Quitus, Caras, Incas, all bearing evidence of a generous mixture of Spanish. Spanish colonial architecture, brown-skinned Indians and mestizos seem to blend perfectly.

In Quito you meet the under-sized camels of the Andes, the *llamas*, ancient beasts of burden of the Incas. Though not numerous this far north, they serve the rural Indian well, carrying his fruits, vegetables and handmade goods from distant villages to the markets of the capital. The Quito markets, like those of other Andean cities, are marvels in variety of products and colors. Indians come not only from nearby villages but from the eastern foothills of the Andes on the edge of the Amazonian jungle, from north and south, and from the Pacific slopes. Sometimes they travel for days, stopping when night overtakes them and making use of whatever shelter or housing facilities are available no matter to whom they belong.

Whether in his own village or abroad, the Ecuadorean Indian combines the folk music of the conquerors with his own ancient rhythm, thus adding vigor and originality to both. When produced by a combination of his own primitive instruments—including the unique *rondador*—and one or two of the white man's instruments, the music has a haunting note. The *rondador* is a sort of harp made of reeds. It is shaped like a lyre and is played like a flute by blowing into the ends of the reeds. The sounds are not unlike the tootings of a calliope.

Except for his pilgrimage to the market place and his village fiestas, the lot of the Ecuadorean peasant is prosaic. In four hundred years it has changed little. He is a peaceful plod-

ding person. It is not the peasant Indian who engages in revolutions and political upsets. Such antics he leaves to his *mestizo* brothers in the cities and larger towns. He is not interested in anybody's isms or ideologies. Left to himself he is a kindly, quiet, dignified human being, the heir of great traditions.

Some sporadic efforts have been made to legislate for the benefit of those employed by industries and government. Such legislation works successfully with large enterprises, particularly those controlled by foreigners.

In 1822, after years of struggle, Ecuador obtained its independence from Spain and joined New Granada and Venezuela in forming the first Republic of Colombia. It withdrew ten years later to become "the Republic of the Equator" (Ecuador).

Like most republics it has paid dearly for its independence. Its political history has been one of dictators and despotism, of fiery politics and revolutions, with little time in between for much constructive planning. The instability of its government was long the nation's most serious handicap. In Quito, politics dominates everything. As a prominent newspaper man once put it: "Politics in Ecuador is as volatile as its volcanoes."

Yet in recent years Ecuador has made much progress. Its population has increased in a century from 700,000 to nearly 3,000,000. By law every male or female citizen over twenty-one is entitled to vote. In practice comparatively few exercise the privilege. Experimental schools and demonstration schools for the Indians are on the increase. The Central University of Quito, comparatively modern as South American universities go, dates back to 1787. It offers courses in medicine, law, dentistry and agriculture. The University of Guayaquil, about fifty years old, has similar courses as well as a department for the training of nurses. The University of Cuenca, in a city of 45,000 inhabitants, teaches mining, painting, and lithography, in addition to its regular courses.

Spiritually and morally, however, Ecuador has gained strength from its rocky backbone. Some of its poets and intellectuals have been giants in the fight for liberty, order and human rights. One of them towers above all others: Juan Montalvo, whose *Life of George Washington* is well known to historians of both North and South America.

Montalvo put up a ceaseless fight against dictatorship and oppression. No ruler was ever powerful enough to awe him. He has been called "The John Milton of Ecuador," "The Cervantes of South America." He lived fearlessly and he died gallantly.

When seriously ill and faced with the necessity of a major operation, he refused to take any anaesthetic. "I have always been conscious of every act and experience of my life and I mean to be conscious of this one," he told his surgeons, and he kept his word.

But the shock was too great for his sensitive body. In his last hours Montalvo ordered his attendants to dress him in his Sunday best. Then he made them prop him up in an armchair. His friends gathered and surrounded him with flowers.

"Whenever we are going to perform any solemn act or meet any person of importance, we dress in our best," he said. "Well, no act is as important as the one of quitting this life. When death comes, we should receive her as we receive a beautiful lady—gallantly and with great dignity." Thus he died.

Whenever I am inclined to be critical of Ecuador, I pull myself together and remember Montalvo. To have produced one such man distinguishes the whole history of the nation.

Which is why I have faith in the future of Ecuador.

Relations between Ecuador and the United States are very close. Following our entrance into World War II, the administration of President Carlos Arroyo del Río extended us the right to construct naval and air bases on the Galápagos Islands,

as well as at Salinas on the mainland. In the fall of 1942, President Arroyo del Río paid a visit to this country, and was entertained as a state guest at the White House. Later he travelled to New York, Buffalo and other cities, and saw first-hand our various factories and industries. In fact, his journey proved to be almost triumphal, in that he was received with enthusiasm and great acclaim wherever he went. The warmth of the welcome given him was eloquent evidence of the appreciation of the Government and people of the United States for the co-operation which he and the Ecuadorean people gave to the sister republic of the North, when it was experiencing the greatest crisis in its history.

XVII

The Egypt of the Americas

SCARCELY AN HOUR by plane after the traveller leaves Guayaquil and the steaming Guayas River, the palm-fringed green shores end and Perú's coastal desert looms stark and brown and melancholy.

The change is as sudden and definite as if a dead brown map of Perú had been neatly pasted on to a living green map of Ecuador.

All the way south from Panamá the billowy green jungles have rolled eastward to break like giant waves against the mighty Andes. Then suddenly the scene changes. The desert dry shores and wrinkled rocks, which extend not only the entire length of Perú but almost halfway down the coast of Chile, meet the southbound traveller at Tumbes just as they met the conquistadores who put in at the nearby port of Pizarro for their historic march to the Inca capital.

The icy Humboldt or Antarctic current sweeping northward from Little America flows close to South America's western shores until, at the northern point of Perú, it meets the warm Japan Current and swerves out to sea. The cold air rising from the icy Humboldt stream pushes the warm air high against the mountains leaving the coast as dry as a desert. Only once in five or six years does nature slip a cog and allow rain to fall. Then the dwellers in northern Perú watch their little adobe

houses turn to mud and flow down the valleys and gullies to the sea. Plants of every conceivable kind pop up from the earth only to wilt and die under the pounding rays of the tropical sun when the clouds have passed away.

Perú's bulging coast line in the South Pacific is somewhat similar to California's bulge in the North Pacific. Carrying the likeness a little further, the northeastern countries of Ecuador and Colombia occupy the same relative position to Perú as do Oregon and Washington to California, while the long, slim shoestring republic of Chile resembles in shape the Mexican peninsula of Lower California. The great difference lies not only in latitude but in the fact that California's eastern border is tangled up in the Rockies, while Perú sprawls clear across the Andes and far out into the lowlands of Amazonia. California's rivers flow westward, while Perú's mighty Marañón, Huallaga and Ucayali flow north and east to the Amazon which also rises in Perú. Perú is nearly three and a third times as large as our great western state—1400 miles long and 800 miles wide. It is almost nine times the size of Georgia, our largest state east of the Mississippi.

Historically, Perú is the Egypt of the southern continent, a land where empires had risen and fallen a thousand years before Columbus sought to find the east by sailing west. Here the old Spanish conquerors found cities of fabulous wealth, temples whose walls were splashed with gold and studded with precious stones; palaces where pomp and splendor had reigned for centuries while the Alhambra still smelled of plaster and varnish.

The remains of Perú's ancient temples stand calmly in the presence of brazen modern sugar mills, cotton factories, copper mines, smelters and oil wells. There is a new building for every ancient ruin, a modern industry for every old one.

If you are travelling from the north, your first landing in Perú is at the dusty old city of Talara. It is a modern oil town,

headquarters of vast fields and refineries. One of the Talara fields is so old that even before the Spaniards the Incas dug holes and dipped up the oil in earthen jugs. What they did with it is not known. Automobiles had not come to toot their horns in the dead of night, and no one had invented the gasoline engine for turning the wheels of industry. The early Spaniards knew of the oil but did nothing about it. They were too busy looking for gold and the wealth that others had gathered.

In the records of his travels in 1580, one of the priests, Father José Acosta, tells of sailing along this stretch of the Pacific Coast and hearing the pilot of the ship say: "Sometimes far out to sea, out of sight of land, I know by the odor of the 'pitch' where I am with as much certainty as if I could see land, so great is the odor given off." At any rate, oil now flows up from some of the same old pits. In sinking several of the wells, drillers and engineers have found the remains of old walls, numerous trinkets and even cannon used by the Castilian conquerors.

Perú possesses more oil resources than any of the Andean countries except Colombia and Venezuela. At least they have been more extensively developed. They lie in a strip of coastal territory stretching 280 miles south from the Ecuadorean border and some 18 to 56 miles inland. The largest concession is that of the International Petroleum Company, Ltd., a Canadian corporation made up of many and varied interests, with three separate fields and, in 1942, over 1700 wells. The Lobitos field to the north of Talara, founded by an enterprising Scotch flour mill owner, Alexander Milne, has a thousand wells in production. Still farther north the smaller Zorritos field, with some 45 wells in operation, was founded by Faustino G. Piaggio, an old Italian settler in Perú. A few years ago this oil field was purchased by the Peruvian Government.

The companies not only pay comparatively high wages but provide workmen with all the modern living conditions. For

the 23,000 men, women and children under its jurisdiction, the International Petroleum Company has provided good housing, schools, churches, recreation facilities and hospitals. One of the best equipped hospitals in all Perú, with powerful X-ray installation and other ultramodern equipment, is to be found on the International Petroleum properties at Talara. I know a man who went all the way from New York for a spinal operation in this hospital; not only because the physicians and facilities were equal to any in our own country, but because of the dry, even climate, much like that of Tucson, Arizona.

South of Talara and its oil fields are the port of Paita, and the nearby Spanish colonial town of Piura, where Pizarro camped on his way south. Then another hop, skip and landing and you cross the *Desierto de Sechura*, the Sahara of Northern Perú, and stop for a visit in the valley at the city of Chiclayo, the northern headquarters for the Peruvian flying corps.

Halfway between Chiclayo and Trujillo, but back up on the Andean plateau, is Cajamarca, the old city which was the scene of Pizarro's most famous exploit. It was here that he captured Atahualpa, emperor of all the Inca Empire, and where Spanish power in Perú began. One can easily reach Cajamarca by air plane. Another way is by train to Chilete and from there on over the highway. Surrounded by a peaceful countryside of small farms, its principal features are its old churches, one with a fabulously carved façade, and the house on the public square containing the room in which the Inca was imprisoned and which he promised to fill with gold in return for his freedom. Gold and silver, borne on the backs of men, flowed into the room while Atahualpa's troops gathered to protect their Ruler. But though the contract was kept, Atahualpa died by the garrote in the public square, now calm and peaceful in one of Perú's most isolated old towns.

Travel north and south in the coastal region of Perú is a matter of jumping from valley to valley. Life and civilization

exist only where the icy rivers flow down from the mountains to the sea making irrigation possible in the fanlike flatlands at their mouths. From the air the country resembles a piece of crumpled brown paper with widely separated emerald streaks and splotches along the edge. Each valley is a little world by itself, devoted to its own individual industries. In the Chiura Valley around Piura, it is cotton, and in the Saña and Chicama, the two largest regions under cultivation in the north, it is sugar cane. More than half of the sugar produced in the Republic every year comes from the Chicama Valley alone.

Strung along the coast in this section are some of the largest of those tiny islands on which are located the world's oldest fertilizer factories for which Perú was famed in the middle 1800's. These islands are the lodging places for millions of guano birds, the principal species of which are the *alcatraz*, or Peruvian pelican, and the *piquero*, or cormorant. Here they come to rest while their digestive organs convert the fish, which choke the surrounding waters, into the most potent of guano, the rich Peruvian fertilizer. Incidentally, no other living creature seems to possess such an appetite. One scientist familiar with these smelly creatures estimates that a colony of 6,000,000 birds consumes approximately 1000 tons of fish a day. Anyway, for half a century, their droppings constituted one of the country's most valuable exports, and it is still a source of considerable revenue. So great is the demand for this fertilizer, which annually amounts to more than about 150,000 metric tons, that it is rationed to Peruvian farmers, according to their needs. Coastwise ships bound north or south plough through seas of fish while the guano birds overhead darken the skies.

The nearby city of Trujillo was established and named by Pizarro, in honor of his home town of Trujillo in Extremadura. It is now the metropolis of the north, capital of the department of La Libertad (liberty). Trujillo was not only one of the first cities of Spanish Perú, but it was the first to rise against the

King of Spain in the struggle for independence nearly three hundred years later. It is a city of mestizos and a few old Spanish aristocrats. Among the latter, blue-blood family traditions and the tenure of residence and occupation are still important matters.

Striking contrasts between the old and new appear in the main plaza of Trujillo. An old church with its inevitable golden altar, numerous old houses with some of the finest of all Moorish balconies. The long Calle Francisco Pizarro, which stretches eastward from the Plaza until it loses itself in the dusty countryside, is lined with stores, shops, clubs, hotels and the old University. On this street, too, are many of the old Spanish colonial residences, the intimate life of whose patios is plainly visible to all passers-by.

The old city of Chan-Chan, just beyond the city limits, is a good reason for tarrying in Trujillo. Compared with Chan-Chan, Trujillo's claims to fame are insignificant and inconsequential. This ancient capital of the Chimus, a race that flourished centuries before white men reached the New World, is something worth lingering over. Chan-Chan's importance lasted from about 900 to 1300 A.D. It was one of the great cities of New World antiquity, a city of great artistry and industrial advancement, as well as a city of tremendous proportions and magnificence.

Fly above it and it looks as if it had been deserted only yesterday. There are the long, narrow streets, the outlines of the parks and plazas, the remains of its palaces and great walls which surrounded them. Something of its size and age may be gathered from the cemeteries which begin on the outskirts and reach right down to the ocean shores a mile away. The huge pile of debris which was the central temple was still standing fifty yards above the surrounding area in 1925, when one of the infrequent and historic deluges flattened it out. From the cemetery gorgeous pottery and other ceramic ware, carved stone

and golden jewelry of amazing pattern and beauty have been dug up only recently.

There were many other cities in the Chimu Empire, which extended from the Tumbes Valley along the Ecuadorean frontier almost to Lima in the south, that yielded tremendous riches to the white conquerors. Fortunately the Spaniards did not find all. They left a little for modern archeologists to discover and study. In December, 1937, in the Illimo district of the Lambayeque department, one of the greatest finds was made since the Spanish conquest. There was a seventeen-inch, eighteen-carat gold statue of a chief or god, exquisitely carved and decorated with turquoise and mounted on a symbolic half-moon knife. Along with this elaborate statue were a solid gold mask, numerous carved hair ornaments and enormous gold drinking goblets encrusted with turquoises. These priceless treasures are now locked in the vaults of the treasury at Lima.

One of the most interesting of such discoveries, however, came from the cemeteries of Chan-Chan itself and is now on display in the private museum of Don Rafael Larco Herrera at his great sugar estate—Hacienda Chiclín—in the Chicama Valley, twenty-five miles above Trujillo. One moonlight night a *huaquero*, or grave robber, who was grabbing among the burial places of the ancients in the Chan-Chan cemetery, came upon a piece of metal. Carefully he removed the hard, dry earth around it and lifted it out. It was a King's crown two feet high, made of solid beaten gold. Searching further he found a golden staff, carved epaulets or shoulder pieces, and a large carved breastplate. By grapevine route the news reached Señor Larco, who immediately made contact with the discoverer just as he was about to melt down the treasures so they might be sold without suspicion. Fortunately Señor Larco was able to purchase the entire outfit and save it for posterity.

Foreigners who explore or write about Peru's ancient civilizations usually gravitate to the Cuzco district, to Machu Picchu and other Inca ruins in the southern Andes. But to me,

these ancient ruins of the north are of equal importance. Yet little is actually known about the Chimus except what is surmised from their marvelous statuary and ceramic ware. The Larcos, whose museum is stocked from floor to ceiling with pottery and trinkets of the Chimus and Mochicas who preceded them, revel in research and speculation. Certain it is that the *huacos*—ceremonial pottery vases—dug up from the ancient burial grounds and portraying the heads of men, women, kings, and soldiers, as well as animal life, are eloquent of the character and personality of the people. These *huacos* were not for the use of the living but for the dead. The master artist painted and modelled only for those who had passed on.

If I were a Peruvian, looking for the ideal in romantic interest as well as in material and social activity, it is at Hacienda Chiclín I would find it. Besides the museum full of priceless historic treasures, the surrounding countryside is hoary with traditions. In addition, there are endless square miles of fertile fields full of perpetually maturing sugar cane, vast orchards and flower gardens. If the problem of crops, cane mills and finances became too pressing, I could steal out to the museum and roll back the centuries. At night I could stroll through the cane fields and commune with the ghosts of ancient artists, kings and empire builders.

The Hacienda Chiclín is an institution. In addition to its sugar and other crops, hog raising is carried on in a large scale and in a most scientific manner. Hundreds of seemingly contented workmen, who share all the privileges of the place, are housed in picturesque but modern colonial structures. Also, there is a hospital, a movie theatre, school and church. Don Rafael, founder of the Hacienda Chiclín, has long since retired and turned the property over to his three sons, the Señores Larco Hoyle, all graduates of our own Cornell University. (Note that the surname is Larco. In Spanish-American countries, the son usually adds his mother's family name, which accounts for the Herrera and the Hoyle in the Larco surname.)

On sugar estates as well as on others in Perú, the chief problem, the great need, is water. One-third of the 1,120,000 acres of land under cultivation in Perú lie in these narrow coastal valleys. Every drop of water comes from the melting snows and ice of the Andean cordillera. Every trickling stream and river has its dam and the amount of water is never the same for any two months or even two days in the year. Land without water is valueless. Land values are determined entirely by water rights. These rights in every valley go with the land in proportion to the acreage already cultivated. A farmer's wealth consists not only of his land, houses and other visible properties but also of whatever water he may have access to. The roads to his riches are the irrigation ditches, streams and rivers that reach up into the snow fields.

Irrigation is a government monopoly administered by a commission in every valley. No farmer or plantation owner knows in advance how much water he will receive. In fact, the supply varies so from day to day that the commission gauges the water in a river four times in every twenty-four hours, and apportions it according to that particular day's supply. Every farmer has a main canal connecting his plantation with the river. His portion of water is turned into his canal to be distributed over his plantation as he sees fit.

As one plantation owner expressed it: "Since water is the will of God, coming down the mountains only in proportion as the sunshine melts the snows and ices, farming in Perú becomes a miracle."

Under present conditions, expansion of cultivation is practically impossible. It is said that there is less land in cultivation in northern Perú today than there was before the coming of the Spaniards. The Indians grew corn and beans which required much less water than the prevailing crops of cotton and sugar cane. Nor has the method of irrigation, bequeathed from pre-Spanish times, been improved upon.

Through the port of Salaverry, chief shipping port for Trujillo and the surrounding region, are exported not only sugar cane, cotton and other agricultural products but copper from the nearby mines.

Along the entire coast of Perú there are but two ports where ocean-going steamers may tie up to a dock or even anchor in calm waters. At Salaverry, as at all others—except Callao and Matarani—the ship anchors a mile or so out at sea and reels and rocks in the Pacific swells, making the loading or discharging of passengers or freight about as difficult a feat as can be found anywhere in the world.

My first arrival at Callao was made long before the modern terminal was built. We anchored off shore in a heavy fog and before the fog had lifted, the ship was attacked by a horde of *fleteros* or launchmen who rushed the ladder by scores, all trying to ascend at the same time. Once up the ladder, they swarmed over the deck, invaded lounges and staterooms, all screaming at once in an effort to contract for the ship-to-shore trip of passengers and luggage.

For fifty years, until October 24, 1934, such was the procedure at Callao, an exciting experience for the tenderfoot. Today Callao has the finest, most modern port and docking facilities in western South America. At a cost of sixteen and a half million dollars, a two-mile breakwater was built, a 37-foot basin and channel dredged and a 640-foot mole erected with four concrete piers extending 590 feet out into the water. New York, Southampton, Havre or Calais have nothing more efficient.

Callao was for hundreds of years a sleepy, bedraggled old town. Now it is a city of nearly 150,000, with modern office buildings, brand new factories and all the earmarks of a hustling coastal metropolis. Four broad boulevards, a railway and electric interurban lines connect it with Lima, eight miles away, and with Lima's various suburbs.

XVIII

The New Perú

THE glory of modern Perú is Lima. In fact, there are two Limas: the historic and the present. Old Lima is a Spanish colonial city unspoiled by the garish architecture of this hurried age. In spite of extensive civic improvements and imposing modern business structures, the heart of Lima is still filled with old houses, built around open patios, and narrow streets with overhanging balconies. It is a city where old Spanish courtesy and hospitality are still genuine, if hesitantly proffered to strangers. Largest city in the nation, with more than half a million population, it is the political, economic and spiritual center of the Republic. For three hundred years after its founding by Francisco Pizarro in 1535, Lima was the symbol of Spanish power and civilization in the Americas, not to say the mainstay of the Spanish treasury. In romance and glamor, in its record of wars, rebellions, loves, hates, duels, murders and spectacular political fights, it is unsurpassed. Exactly seventy-two years before Captain John Smith set foot on the banks of the James River, Lima was founded and christened.

Having disposed of Atahualpa at Cajamarca, having entered and triumphed over Cuzco, then the capital of the Incas, having descended to the Valley of the Rimac River on the coast, and founded what was to be known for all time as "The City of the Kings," Pizarro's real difficulties began.

The road to the Incas' riches was paved with envy and jealousy. Long-standing feuds burst into flame, among them the bad blood that existed between Diego de Almagro, Francisco's old partner, and the other Pizarro brothers. Almagro, having returned from an unsuccessful attempt to conquer Chile, had quarreled bitterly with Hernando, the none-too-scrupulous brother of Francisco. For years the two factions wrangled. The followers of "The Marquis," as they termed Francisco, were rich. The followers of Almagro had nothing. Eventually Hernando took Almagro prisoner and executed him. Almagro's son carried on the feud, and one Sunday, he and his gang descended upon "The Marquis" in his palace at Lima, and stabbed him to death.

This seesaw of murder and conspiracy went on until one day there arrived from Spain a viceroy in the guise of an unpretentious priest by the name of de la Gasca. He had one of the glibbest tongues of any man who ever essayed politics. Having made friends among the soldiers and citizens, he learned the true state of affairs in "The City of Kings" and ordered the despot then in power to get out. This despot was none other than Hernando, the murderer of his brother's old friend Almagro.

One story has it that the supporters of the Pizarros were lined up, facing the supporters of Father la Gasca. Father la Gasca addressed his audience, friend and foe alike, exhorting them to align themselves on the side of Spain and the King. Many of the followers of the Pizarros came over and joined the priest. Later La Gasca defeated the remaining Pizarro forces in a battle on the plains of Salinas, and Gonzalo, the brother of Hernando, was beheaded as a traitor to the King.

Having finally accomplished his end, having rid Perú of the last of the inner circle of conquerors, and having at last brought peace to Lima, Father la Gasca packed his meager belongings and returned to Spain. He was the first and perhaps the only

completely unselfish individual who ever ruled in the old land of the Incas in Spanish colonial times.

Of course you would expect to find Lima full of churches, just like any other old Spanish city, at least one to every square. But in Lima, churches average sometimes four handsome edifices to the square. There is Santo Domingo, the church of *Santa Rosa de Lima*, where the image of Lima's patron saint stands in her hallowed shrine with a golden halo around her head and worshippers at her feet. For the young girl who was Rosa Flores of Lima was canonized in 1671 by Pope Clemente X as "the principal and universal saint not only of Perú but of all and any kingdoms, isles and land regions of all Latin America, the Philippines and the Indies," to quote an English historian.

The Church of San Francisco, known as the Church of the Miracles, is even more imposing and its most important possession is the image of the Lady of Miracles who, according to tradition, actually stretched forth her hand and made the earth stand still during a severe earthquake in 1630.

Then there is the time-worn old cathedral itself, said to be the largest in South America. Along with five naves, ten chapels, marvellously carved choir stalls and many notable paintings, it contains the mortal remains of Francisco Pizarro, who himself laid the cornerstone. His shrivelled dried carcass now rests in the first chapel on the right-hand side of the main door, lying in a marble coffin with glass sides.

Next door is the new archbishop's palace, erected in the heyday of his busy reign by the late dictator and president, Augusto B. Leguía, the little giant, who died a common prisoner at the hands of the government which overthrew him.

Lima's churches are equalled in magnificence only by the old palaces of the viceroys and the early nobility. One of the most romantic, if not imposing, is the home of the famed actress, Micaela Villegas—known as *La Perricholi*—the Sarah Bern-



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

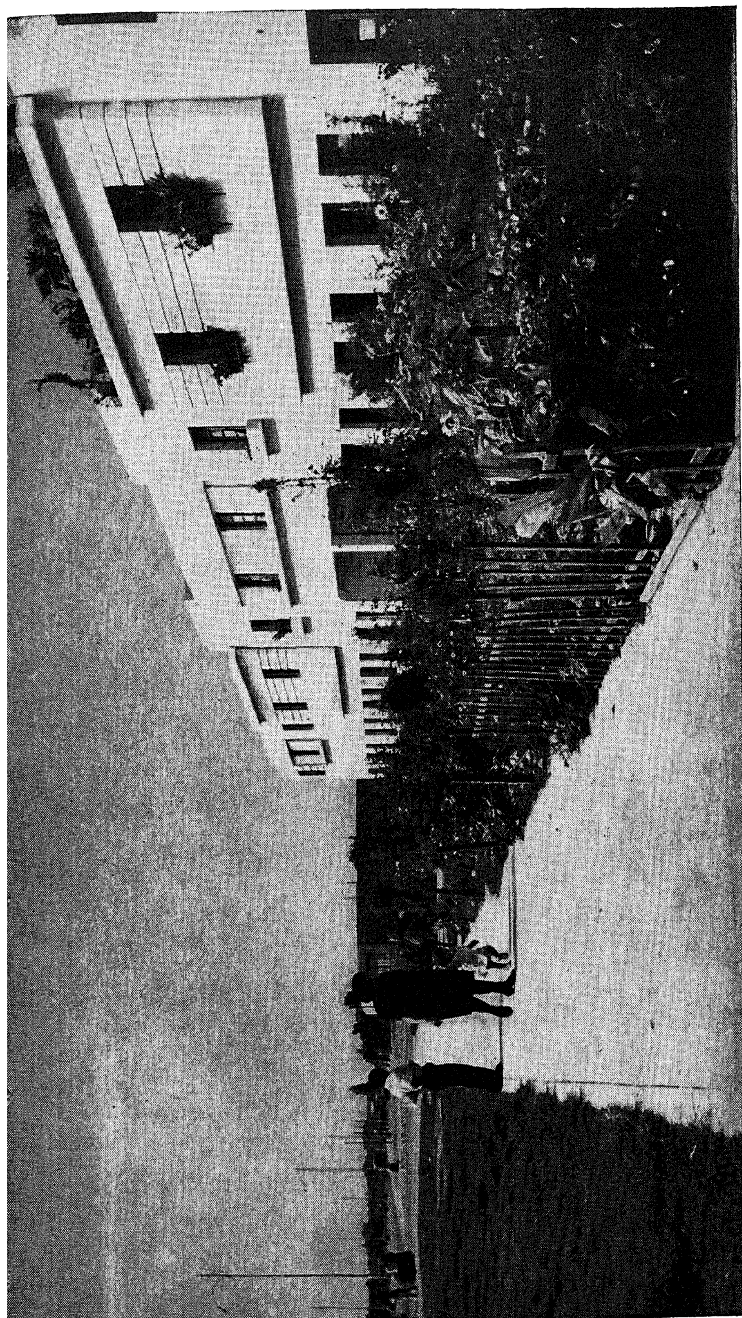
Modern Plaza San Martín in Lima

hardt of Perú. In the middle 1700's she was the rage of Lima, at least of all of the dashing dons. But oddly enough she finally succumbed to the wooing of the sixty-odd year old Viceroy, Don Manuel de Amat y Junient. That her famed beauty was real may be gathered from the marble bust, its head crowned with carved grapes and leaves, which stands on a pedestal in her walled garden.

The University of San Marcos, founded in 1551 by Fray Tomás de San Martín, disputes with Mexico its claim to being the oldest University in the Americas. Although Mexicans insist that their university came first, there seems to be little doubt that San Marcos has maintained a more continuous activity for almost four centuries. In any case San Marcos was turning out graduates in law and the arts long before the College of William and Mary in Virginia was conceived of, or John Harvard born. Today, its schools of medicine, engineering and other practical subjects are scattered throughout the city, many of them splendidly and modernly housed. But the departments of arts and law, its museums and historic chapel, the burial place of Perú's immortal dead, occupy the simple two-storied Spanish colonial buildings on the Plaza Universitaria. Its dignified exterior, its numerous patios filled with palms and shrubbery, its great library and various lecture halls, make it one of the most inspiring edifices in the city.

On every hand there is history, history that has not been pushed aside by the new and modern. The imposing business structures, the palatial movie theatres, and others that surround the Plaza San Martín, have been built to conform with the architecture of Spanish colonial times. The imposing new and, in many ways palatial Gran Hotel Bolívar, the gathering as well as the starting place for most foreigners visiting the city, is also in harmony with its neighbors, at least so far as the exterior is concerned.

The grassy parks and plazas and tree-lined streets of Lima



Photograph by Carroll Van Arle

Lima's Homes for Working Men

demonstrate the triumph over obstacles. As in practically all of coastal Perú, every shrub, tree, flower and blade of grass must be irrigated. The tiny canals and conduits leading to or criss-crossing every street, park, lawn, garden and playground, and all the fields surrounding the city, are so ingeniously constructed that the casual observer never notices them.

The miles of open fields and farms which only a few years ago separated Lima from the sea have practically all disappeared. A network of concrete boulevards and streets lined with new homes now occupies them. Golf courses, polo fields, a great new racecourse patterned after the one in Paris, are the result of the most ambitious city planning in Western South America. North and east of the city are textile woolen mills, breweries, shoe factories and other industrial plants. On the south side, in La Victoria district, is one of Lima's brand new housing districts for workmen. Each group of houses surrounds a central garden and recreational field, with a huge swimming pool, school, theatre and church. For each there is a model restaurant, too, where the most carefully prepared food may be purchased for a song, at least for the minutest fraction of a *sol*, the monetary unit of the country, equivalent, as this is written, to about sixteen cents in United States money.

Everywhere there is growth and expansion, conceived, planned and carried out with remarkable intelligence. And whether palaces, public buildings, private homes, play areas or laboring men's houses, all are in keeping with what has gone before.

Lima is full of museums, most of them maintained by the government. Dr. Julio Tello, once a poor, barefoot Indian boy whose determination, perseverance and apt mind enabled him to complete his studies in Lima and win a scholarship to Harvard University, has put his archeological and anthropological education to good account. Quiet, suspicious, and no doubt inwardly sharing the contempt of his race for politicians and white

men, Dr. Tello was working, at the time I met him, in the Bolívar Museum. This remarkable establishment occupies the crumbling old colonial house out in the suburb of Magdalena Vieja between Lima and the sea, where Simón Bolívar lived while he was attempting to build an independent nation out of Pizarro's toppled Spanish province.

I first met Dr. Tello in company with Dr. Wendell Bennett, the brilliant young North American scholar who led many expeditions to South America for the American Museum of Natural History in the past few years. The old doctor showed me scores of gorgeous tapestries found with the mummies in the Paracas cemetery near Pisco, restored and preserved through a contribution from Nelson Rockefeller. He also led me from room to room, pointing to shelves stacked high with treasures of Peruvian antiquity and with minute data. On the floor of one room were mummies which he had unwrapped and classified as carefully as if they were new-born babes.

As I stood with the famed old archeologist in the almost semidarkness of that room, I was impressed by the thought that here, in the keeping of a man through whose veins runs the blood of all these ancient peoples, reposes the mute but tragic record of old Perú before the coming of the white man.

But the rise and fall of races and governments before the conquest cannot equal the succession of governments and rulers that followed: the nine-year reign and tragic end of Pizarro, the three-year rule by Governor Vaco de Castro—the forty-one viceroys who were appointed and recalled one after another.

In the early 1800's the Peruvians of Spanish descent began to agitate and to fight for separation from the motherland. They declared independence on July 28, 1821. The next three years they spent mopping up the Royalists, getting rid of the last viceroy who had fled up the mountains to Cuzco, and debating and writing a constitution. The first elected president got under way on September 28, 1823, a few months after the first

steamboat sailed up the Mississippi and some two months before James Monroe announced that it would be bad business both for us and for the European governments if the latter should try to seize any more territory or attempt to transfer any of their political systems to this hemisphere—in other words, The Monroe Doctrine.

For the next hundred years the government of Perú, roughly patterned after that of the United States, passed through stormy experiences. Leguía's long reign, which ended with the revolution of August, 1930, was a combination of constructive and useful developments, in spite of the unfortunate mistakes that accompany any dictatorial regime. According to the constitution promulgated on April 9, 1933, and amended in 1936 and 1938, Perú is now a democracy, travelling over new roads to progress, roads through which the sharp stones of the past sometimes emerge.

On a recent visit, I was told by one of my Peruvian friends that if I wished to know something about Perú, I ought to make an automobile trip to the Chanchamayo country. Such a trip, he argued, would convince me that, contrary to the belief of most foreigners, his country's material potentialities do not lie in the dusty coastal region alone. Beyond the snowy cordillera, he argued, is an empire whose riches are just beginning to flow out to the world.

I was, of course, familiar with the vast Andean copper and silver mining activities at Oroya and Cerro de Pasco and the remarkable Peruvian Central Railroad which had been built up the mountains to them. The engineering genius, Henry Meiggs—who, it will be remembered, contracted for the famous Costa Rican railroad which his nephew Minor Keith built—had before his death planned and almost completed this, the world's highest standard gauge railroad. But it was difficult to believe my friend's stories of fresh fruits and vegetables gathered in the early morning and transported by truck

from the edge of the Amazon Valley across the Andes and delivered in Lima by nightfall. To be convinced I had to go and see.

Two days later we were on our way, on a leisurely excursion to the land beyond the mountains. We spent the first night in Chosica, the delightful little resort town, 2600 feet up in the Andes. If I were a Peruvian or a foreigner compelled to keep an eye on affairs in the capital, I would move up to Chosica, build a house, let geraniums and bougainvillea climb over it, enjoy the sun by day, the crystal clear sky by night, keep my lungs full of glorious dry air, and live away from the Pacific fog which envelops Lima much of the year.

As we proceeded up the valley, the succession of barren cliffs, each leaning a little farther forward than the preceding one, suggested a line of soldiers, each trying to see the head of the column. An hour after we started climbing, the mountains had encroached upon the road so closely that it seemed scarcely a hundred yards from wall to wall and the sunshine reached the floor of the valley only at noontime. Soon agriculture deserted the floor and took to the walls of the canyon. Diminutive terraces, like endless stairsteps, rose from the river bed to the tips of the mountains, all meticulously irrigated as the ancients had irrigated a thousand years ago, conveying every drop of water and snowflake down through tiny canals and ditches to every blade of grass and stalk of corn.

At Ticlio, 83 miles from Lima, we reached the backbone of the hemisphere, the crest of the western cordillera, where the railroad is 15,610 feet, while the highway is some 16,000 feet above sea level. It was difficult to believe we were in the tropics, much nearer the equator than is Cuba. Yet on that mid-June day it was perfectly natural to encounter sleet, snow and a howling blizzard, which we did. Spread out before us was a broad plateau surrounded on all sides by high mountain walls, and in the center an indigo-blue lake. Across the way Mt.

Meiggs, 17,000 feet high, sloped down to the brink of the lake, like an aged giant about to bathe his feet in an old-time foot tub.

A short time later we began to meet the natives, not *cholos* or mixed-breeds, but pure-blooded descendants of the Incas, who among themselves speak their ancient Quechua language. They still wear the costumes and follow the customs of their ancient empire. The women were literally dressed in rainbows. They wore purple woollen *mantas* or shawls with a baby peering out of almost every *manta*. Every woman, whether sitting or walking, was twirling a spool and turning alpaca wool into yarn.

On this plateau between the two great central ranges, there is much life and activity. Pale green grass manages to grow naturally, and herds of llamas and alpacas graze peacefully. All along the way we passed llama trains or *puntas*, as the natives call them. Like sheep, there is always a leader with the other animals of the punta following in single file. Usually the lead animal wears a fancy headdress with red tassels and a string of jingling bells at his throat.

Llamas are still the beasts of burden in the mountain country. The llama, a sort of cross between a camel, mountain goat and reindeer, has the most penetrating eyes I ever saw. One *punta* of a hundred or more was halted at the roadside as we drew near. Each beast carried a load strapped to his back, exactly one hundred pounds, no more so far as the llama is concerned and no less if the owners can help it. It is absolutely true that if one pound more is added the llama refuses to move—which proves that llama intelligence is no myth.

Near Morococha we met a group of musicians. Gay blades they were, travelling from village to village to play for weddings, fiestas, dances, and wearing fancy jackets and the ancient varicolored knitted woollen *chullos* or peaked caps with earmuffs, a little like the helmets worn by modern aviators. For a



Photograph by Carroll Van Ark

Peruvian Dancer on Festive Occasion

consideration they played for us on instruments even stranger than the costumes. There were violins and a primitive species of clarinet—borrowed from the white man, of course—as well as the *quenás* or native flutes made of hollow pieces of wood with holes. But the harp was the wonder of all, a sort of lyre set upright on a giant bull-fiddle with two legs protruding from the body. It was played with its legs resting on the ground and its neck on the shoulder of the player.

Basically, the native music of the Indian is as old as America, the rhythms they enjoyed before the white men ever saw the continent. With the wail of their music still ringing in our ears, we drove on into Morococha, where we encountered a llama *punta* carrying blocks of ice from the million-year-old glaciers on Mt. Meiggs for the use of foreigners in the mining camps.

The wind was blowing ancient copper dust over the landscape as we reached Oroya late in the afternoon, the smelter-town of the American-owned Cerro mines. After oil, mining is Perú's most important industry, and the Cerro de Pasco accounts for most of Perú's copper exports. In addition to its large mine, ninety-three miles up the central plateau, it owns several smaller ones. At some of them, every shovelful of ore contains silver, zinc and sometimes gold. Mining in the Oroya district is not new. The Incas mined there for centuries and, after the conquest, the Spaniards continued doing so. In point of income, Perú's mining interests rank as follows: silver, copper, gold, lead, zinc, bismuth and so on.

Oroya is the hub of transportation for all this plateau region. It is the terminus of the Central Railroad from Callao and Lima. The copper company operates the line northward ninety-three miles to Cerro de Pasco.

But we were going to the Chanchamayo by motor and so we continued eastward, climbing upwards by spirals and hairpin turns over the eastern range. As we descended the slopes, my

ears clicked at intervals of every thousand feet, or at least so it seemed.

Late in the afternoon we emerged on another mountain shelf, with the Tarma Valley stretching before us like an artist's giant canvas.

"This is Perú," exclaimed my Peruvian friend. "This is what I have been trying to tell you about."

Tall eucalyptus trees waved feathery heads above the brown and cream-colored houses of the villages. Fields of corn and vegetables beautifully cultivated covered every inch of the hillsides. Old mud walls lined the roads and blood-red or pink geraniums clambered over them.

Today the Tarma Valley does much of the gardening for Lima. Here, in this eastern valley, at 10,000 feet altitude, spring is eternal and vegetables grow the year round. Cabbages, carrots, melons; radishes, flow over the mountains by truck loads to the coast. Tarma takes its name from the *taruma* tree, something in the nature of a mountain ash. It is an old town and quaint, with a population almost wholly *cholo* or Indian. There are not more than a dozen white Spanish families.

Beyond Tarma lies the jungle, the journey to which is the experience of a lifetime. Much of the road down the narrow valleys and gorges is actually supported and braced with underpinnings of stone masonry typical of the old Inca builders, the work having been done by their descendants who still excel in the art. It is a one-way road. The traffic goes down one day and returns the next. Its width leaves little between the car and eternity. The running board seems always over the edge. Frequently trucks plunge down and are lost. Even buses are said to have slid over, taking their passengers on a hurried trip to the hereafter.

As the road emerged from the last canyon, we entered another world. Behind us were the brown, rocky Andes. Here life and color were rioting; *lianas*, vines hundreds of feet long, swung

down the cliffs. As one old writer expressed it: "The jungle hangs suspended over the road like velvety green portieres in a hallway." The honeysuckle plant became a tree, but the most glorious of all was the *campanailloc* tree with bell-shaped flowers six inches long and two inches in diameter and of many colors. A smaller species called *kentuta* is the national flower of Bolivia.

In this region dwell the Chunchos who may be descendants of the red man but whose skin is almost black. They wear long and exceedingly dingy smocks, made after the fashion of a priest's cassock. In fact it was the Jesuit missionaries who introduced the costume which is the same for men and women except that the neckline is sloping for the male wearer and square for the female.

The Chanchamayo Valley is one of Perú's treasure houses. In one year its plantations have produced coffee worth nearly a million dollars, and more than half a million dollars' worth of fruits—oranges, bananas, alligator pears. Its rice and *achote* seeds are also valuable, while 50,000 *arrobas* of *aguardiente* (common rum) was made from its sugar cane in a single year. The forests of this vast hinterland contain nearly every known hardwood on the continent, with the black walnut or *nogal negro* the most valuable.

Farther eastward, in the Iquitos area, hardwood lumbering is an important industry. One of the largest hardwood mills in the world, owned by the Astoria Importing and Manufacturing Company of New York, is located twenty miles from Perú's eastern metropolis. The mill has a capacity of 20,000 board feet per day. The products of this mill, which specializes in mahogany and cedar, are shipped to the United States by steamer from Iquitos, the old river port on the Amazon.

On my return trip to Lima and the sea, I realized that the material transformation of the age-old land of the Mochicas and Chimus, of Incas and Spaniards, is already under way. If

automobiles can now cross the Andes at their highest point and bring the fruits of the jungle to the sea in one day, roads throughout the entire country are only a matter of time and money and, given the time, they produce the money to pay for themselves.

But the Peruvian southland is no less important than the North, Central and Amazonian regions. In fact, it is another world altogether. Here, as everywhere else, you find history and tradition. In this section are the second city of the nation, Arequipa, and the heart of the old Inca Empire, with Cuzco its last capital.

Before the establishment of airlines in Perú, there was no land connection between Lima and this vast southern world. Today a modern highway connects Arequipa with the capital.

Arequipa nestles at the foot of El Misti, the grand, snowy-haired "old man of the Andes," one of the tallest volcanoes of the Andean cordillera, over 19,000 feet high. Perfect in form, in the midday sun, El Misti looks exactly like an inverted ice-cream cone, with the cream oozing down its tip. It dominates the city, the surrounding country, the people, their beliefs.

"Sons and daughters of Misti," the Indians call themselves. Even before the Spaniards came, the ancient Indians worshipped "Father Misti." The remains of their altars and temples are found at his feet. The early Spaniards, too, stood in awe of him and his rumblings and outpourings. A long cross stands near the summit, planted there, in 1677, by the good padres, who implored El Misti not to shake them up any more.

As I drove through the city of Arequipa, I could not help feeling the powerful influence of the "Old Man." I could not get away from him. He was always there, down every street, through every arch, towering above everything.

Arequipa is a city of classic culture, much more Spanish than colonial Lima. Arequipa's principal square is notable for its

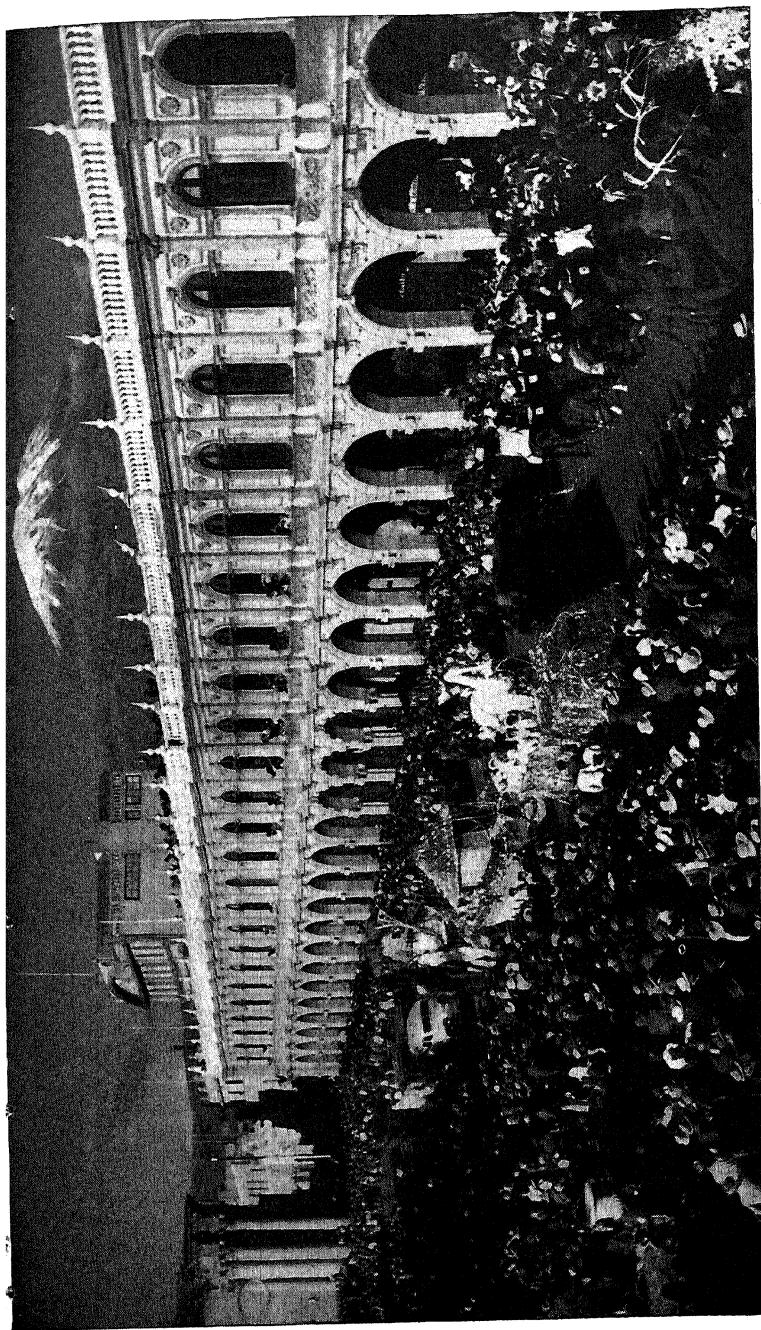
sidewalks under old Spanish arches, its overhanging balconies and the imposing cathedral that stands broadside to the square—a cathedral whose cornerstone was laid eight years before the Pilgrims reached Massachusetts. Leading off from the square, are narrow streets, lined with high battered walls behind which are some of the finest old colonial houses and private clubs in all Perú.

Shopkeeping is almost entirely in the hands of foreigners and *cholos*. But the native *cholos* specialize in the sale of American manufactures, radios, automobiles, tires and local products, as well as in the highly popular products made from *vicuña* skins and alpaca wool. The *vicuña* skins, once so cheap, are now almost prohibitive because of the diminishing *vicuña* family. The shy, delicate mountain antelope resembling a small deer, with one of the softest silken furs in the world, has been—like the buffalo of our own wild West—the victim of greedy hunters who have tried to supply the ever-increasing demands for its downy coat.

The pure delight of sleeping under stacks of these glorious bed covers is just one of the innumerable reasons why one never forgets a visit to the Quinta Bates. The Quinta is a dream hotel where the inimitable gray-haired North American owner, whom every one calls *Tia* ("Aunty") Bates, plays hostess to travellers from all over the earth. At this colonial estate with its gardens and parks, its roses and magnolia trees, surrounded by high walls, every prince, premier, explorer, adventurer, writer or poet who has ever visited this part of the world, has been made welcome.

"When I was a young girl," says *Tia*, "my father was superintendent of a railroad in northern Chile. I lived there until I was grown up and then, while travelling in Perú, found this place, and decided to make entertaining—which I had always loved—my life work."

Like most Peruvians who do much travelling, *Tia* is an in-



Photograph by Carroll Van Arlt

Carnival Time in Arequipa

veterate air-traveller, which is natural, since Arequipa is the hub of international air travel in southern Perú.

From Arequipa you may take—you probably will take—the train to Cuzco. Once you have reached Arequipa, Cuzco is almost inevitable. For only in Cuzco can a full conception of the importance of the Inca Empire be gained.

As Blair Niles says in her *Peruvian Pageant*: “Venerable Cuzco remembers that it was once considered so sacred a city that travellers proceeding from it took precedence over all others on the road. . . . Men called it the navel of the world; for here converged the life of the four provinces which made up the Empire and the Empire was the universe. . . . And radiating from it were the four royal roads, stretching away to the northwest, the southeast, the northeast and the southwest, uniting Cuzco with each of the great provinces.”

To reach Cuzco you must climb the bleak, high sierras. Your train passes the 15,000-foot altitude mark and then drops down 3000 feet. The rarefied mountain air causes the blood in your head to pound and your chest to ache. But Cuzco is worth even *soroche*, the excruciating mountain sickness.

Except for the Spanish architecture superimposed on the work of the Inca builders, Cuzco seems little changed since the days of Pizarro.

The life-sized statue of Santiago (St. James) looks down benignly from the niche of the church of the Triumph, and soft-footed priests move in and out of the Cathedral on the Plaza. Today Indian llama-drivers watch their flocks on the cyclopean ruins of the Fortress of Sacsahuamán and barefooted Indians bend their backs beneath the same burdens they bore in the days of Manco Capac.

If you can take the time for the day's journey from Cuzco to the ruins of Machu Picchu you will better understand the Inca, for Machu Picchu, the “city of a hundred stairways,” rediscovered in 1911 by Hiram Bingham, was the sacred city,

the holy of holies. It stands on a mountainside overlooking the jungle, and year after year the jungle creeps back and tries to conceal what Bingham sought to reveal—the citadel where the Incas hid the Temple Virgins who had escaped the conquistadores. The beauty of Inca and pre-Inca architecture and the manner of life in pre-conquest Perú are better understood by a visit to Machu Picchu.

The Pacific port for Arequipa and all of this region is Mollendo, or the new harbor and docks at Matarani Bay, 12 miles north. From Arequipa, Mollendo is half an hour almost straight down by air, or 100 miles by railway. Either route leads across the Islay desert, where the glaring white sands are patterned with the mysterious *medanos*, crescent-shaped sand dunes that move steadily from the sea to the mountains. A hundred feet from tip to tip, these little sand hills which begin at the edge of the sea are spanked by prevailing winds from the south that follow the Humboldt Current. They travel about sixty feet a year, horns ahead, always maintaining their perfect figures, one of nature's phenomena.

We should not overlook the coastal region between Mollendo and Lima, for this is becoming one of the most important mining centers of the country. Back in the mountains behind the old town of Ica, one-third of the country's output of gold is mined, while the surrounding lowlands constitute a large farming section. Over half of Perú's hundred-thousand-ton production of cotton is grown in the river valley north of Ica. What is more important, two crops are grown every year, one being picked or gathered from February to April, and the other between May and November. Most of the cotton is literally Peruvian cotton, too. The *tanguis* variety, which resists wilt in this deserty dry country, was made practical by the experiments of Peruvian scientists.

Perú, like all the Andean republics, has its social and racial problems. The Indians, who constitute more than half the total

population, are probably the most important. Or perhaps it were better to say that Perú's problem is the idealists, many of them sincere, but most of them impractical, who are trying to lead these children of the ancients in revolt against their rulers.

There are two schools of thought both trying to stave off radicalism. The old conservative landowners are trying desperately to hold on to power and maintain the *status quo* of their ancestors. The liberals are trying to maintain a feudalistic system liberal enough to benefit all the people. As in Mexico, though not to the same extent, something in the Indians of Perú is beginning to stir.

Travel the Sierras as I have, cross the mountains and see on every cliff, on the edge of every mountain wall, the Indian standing motionless and silent, looking out over the valleys below. He observes every stranger that passes. He may have his alpacas or his llamas grazing nearby, but while they graze the Indian looks out upon the passing world. He sees all things but still regards what he sees, in silence. He deals with palefaces, works for them but he does not trust them. Inwardly he still regards all whites with suspicion.

XIX

Republic in the Sky

A LANDLOCKED country, cut off from the outside world, with jagged mountains etched against the sky, lakes as blue as indigo, and people who dress as colorfully as the Tyrolese Highlanders." Such was the description once given by a Spanish traveller to the Andes who called Bolivia "The Switzerland of South America."

Except that it is geographically hemmed in from tidewater and has no use for a navy, I find little similarity between the third largest country on the southern continent and the tiny Old World republic. If you multiplied Switzerland by forty, made its tallest mountains a third higher and ten times as bleak and rugged, poured down from them enough crystal-clear ice water to make two lakes—one, Titicaca, 3220 square miles in area, over a fifth the size of Switzerland itself; the other, Lake Poopo, more than a thousand square miles in area—dotted the countryside with half a dozen old Spanish colonial cities and towns, scores of primitive villages peopled with a sprinkling of Spanish aristocrats, a half million *cholos* and a million and a half descendants of almost legendary races, you might have something resembling Switzerland in South America.

No two authorities or officials, foreign or native, agree on Bolivian population and area. The estimates of three and a half million population and five hundred thousand square

miles of area are fair guesses. But more accurate comparisons and more logical contrasts can be found. Spread Bolivia out over the middle Rocky Mountain and southwestern plains section of our own country and it would cover, roughly, the states of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico and a portion of Texas. The great Bolivian *altiplano*, or plateau, averaging twelve or thirteen thousand feet above sea level, is almost as high as Utah's loftiest mountains. The flat, hot Texas plains, with their mesquite and sagebrush, are a highland heaven compared with the tropical Chaco lowlands. Lake Titicaca is much larger than Great Salt Lake. The Bolivian metropolis of La Paz, more than twelve thousand feet above sea level, holds about the same relation to Titicaca—although much farther distant—that the capital of Utah holds to the Great Salt Lake.

Bolivia's valleys and canyons are deeper and wider than those of Colorado. Its rich mining towns of Oruro, Potosí and others are no less active than those of Wyoming and Utah. The oil wells in its eastern foothills correspond in location to those of Amarillo and the Texas Panhandle. The Pilcomayo River rising in Central Bolivia and flowing southeastward, eventually becomes the frontier of neighboring Argentina, as the Río Grande marks the border between Texas and Mexico. The principal rivers of Wyoming and Colorado flow eastward to the Missouri and then to the Mississippi. Likewise, Bolivia's Madre de Dios and Beni drain into the Amazon.

Shut in as Bolivia is from the sea on all sides by much more highly developed nations, all the avenues of transportation and communication, both land and air, into or out of the country, lead through alien territory. It is impossible to ship a sack of flour or a case of condensed milk directly into the country from any part of the outside world. Every piece of freight must be consigned to an agent at a port in a neighboring country who receives and transships it to its Bolivian destination.

Even so, in the matter of transportation to the outside world, Bolivia is more fortunate than any other Andean republic. With only 1399 miles of railroads within its own borders, Bolivia is the only one of the five Andean countries with complete rail connection to both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans.

By air there are connections with Chile, Perú, Argentina and Brazil via the Pan American-Grace Lines. Local lines connect up almost all the regions and towns of the vast nation. The sparsely inhabited northeastern lowland region may also be reached by water and rail from the Atlantic. Small ocean steamers sail up the Amazon and the Madeira Rivers to Pôrto Velho in Western Brazil, at the beginning of the great rapids. From Pôrto Velho the famed Madeira Railroad, built in the days of the Amazon rubber boom, operates, as a Brazilian friend says, "with uncertain frequency" as far as Villa Bella on the Bolivian border. The Madeira line was rehabilitated in 1943, when the wild rubber industry was revived. From here launches make their way up the Beni and the Mamoré to the very heart of the interior. Considerable rubber is still produced in the Mamoré Valley, and this is the route by which the product goes out to the world markets.

I have travelled to Bolivia both by railroad and plane. Each has its advantages and attractions. One is a slow, laborious, though interesting journey. The other, for the seasoned air traveller, is quick, convenient and comfortable. If altitude is not a problem, I suggest flying from Perú—from Lima to Arequipa—and then up to La Paz. And nowadays one of the most interesting and spectacular plane routes is from Río across southeastern Brazil, and across the Bolivian Chaco, over the eastern range of the cordillera and to La Paz. Going by way of Perú, there are volcanoes to gaze down into and Lake Titicaca to feast the eyes upon, and from very much above, too. Often it is necessary to fly at eighteen to nineteen thousand feet to get over the cordillera.

An interesting trip is by rail from Mollendo to Arequipa, then by way of Juliaca to the lake port of Puno and across Lake Titicaca.

I once travelled this route with Father Velarde, a venerable Peruvian priest. He was well-versed in the history, tradition and folklore of the Aymará Indians of Bolivia, those descendants of a subject race of the Inca Empire, less numerous than the Quechuas, who are the chief element in the highland population from Ecuador to Argentina.

Father Velarde often spends his vacations at Tiahuanaco, unique and famous among the pre-Incaic ruins of South America. He was bound for a holiday and the Festival of Our Lady of Copacabana on one of the peninsulas of Lake Titicaca. But for Father Velarde I should have planned a daylight crossing of Lake Titicaca. But the Padre caused me to change my plan.

"It is at night when there is a full moon that the lake is at its best," he assured me.

So we left Arequipa at night for the rail junction at Juliaca, where one branch of the southern railway turns north to Cuzco and the other southward to the lake port of Puno. The following evening we embarked, appropriately enough, on the *S. S. Inca* for Guaquí, Bolivia, the port of La Paz. The *Inca* is one of two sister ships of about 1000 tons that ply between the two ends of Titicaca.

Bolivia may lie in the tropics, but the winds, at an altitude of 13,000 feet, were not merely penetrating, they were bone-piercing. When dinner was over, dressed in all we had—sweaters, mufflers, heavy coats and I in two pair of pants—we went on deck and waited for the moon. It was July, the dry season, when the sky is clearer than any other sky in the universe. Just before midnight there was a pale glow in the east; then from behind the snowy peaks a rim of burnished metal appeared, which presently became a silvery shield suspended in the eastern sky. As it poured its pale light down on the waters, it

seemed incredibly close, just above the railing of the boat, while row on row of silver-tipped mountains rimmed the cup of the sky.

Suddenly a small launch darted across the moon's path on the lake. "That means," explained Father Velarde, "that we are crossing the imaginary line that separates Perú from Bolivia, and the Bolivian customs police are out to see that no other launch, sailboat or balsa approaches close enough to pick up contraband that might be thrown from our ship."

Smuggling is a thriving business on Lake Titicaca. The highlands of Bolivia being a mineral region in which very few of the necessities of life and almost none of the luxuries are produced, smuggling has long flourished here as nowhere else in the world. And since Titicaca is divided about fifty-fifty between Perú and Bolivia, it is an ideal location for the purpose.

Our view of the sacred islands—Titicaca and Coati, better known as the Islands of the Sun and Moon—was a little spoiled by the persistency of the law. As my poetic companion put it, "It is hard to imagine the spirits of the ancient kings and nobles taking their ease in royal barges or balsas, with a gasoline motor putt-putting in your ears."

Titicaca Island, where Manco Capac, the first Inca, appeared, and Coati, the birthplace of his Queen Mama Occollo, lie just off the northern tip of the Peninsula of Copacabana where the lake squeezes through a bottleneck before it spreads out into a maze of bays and inlets filled with smaller islands. Smothered with mythology and legends though they may be, these islands abound in elaborate ruins where temples and palaces and streets of gold are said to have existed.

Both islands are Meccas for the Indians around the lake, while the shrine on the Peninsula of Copacabana, with its image of the Virgin, is one of the most famous Christian shrines on the continent. The August festival is attended by pilgrims from all the Andean countries, descendants of ancient races, who

come from every section of the former empire to ask the Virgin to bless their fields and crops, as their ancestors asked their ancient gods for bountiful harvests.

It was three o'clock in the morning when we finally ended our long vigil and retired. During the last part of the night—although this I did not learn until morning—the ship passed through the narrow straits of Tiquina at the southern end of Copacabana and then played hide-and-seek with strings and nests of tiny islands without the aid of a single lighthouse or signal. But the Captain's eyesight was good and his memory, instinct or whatever guided him safely over the uncharted course, was unvarying.

The Indians still travel the lake in their unique balsas made of the twisted *totorá* reeds that grow in profusion in the shallow waters. Picturesque as they are, they are of very simple construction. Four bundles of dried reeds, two large bundles for the bottom and two smaller ones for the sides, are lashed together and bent upwards at the ends, forming the body of the boat. Power is furnished by a single sail, also made of reeds plaited together, and raised or lowered like a Venetian blind. Occasionally water soaks into the reeds, but dry-docking is a simple matter. The craft is merely pulled up on shore and the sun does the rest.

Most of the freight of the lake—the supplies for villages and plantations, and the local products for the outside world—is handled by small sailboats. The lake flats and islands constitute one of the principal agricultural regions of northern Bolivia. Very few trees grow, even those planted around farmhouses and villages, unless they are sheltered from the biting winds. However, this is the homeland of the potato. Here it originated and from here it was carried up and down the continent, throughout the Americas and over to Spain before it finally reached Ireland. As I have suggested, it should be called the Inca potato, rather than the Irish.

Other hardy plants, such as barley, wheat and corn, grow very well, but as a rule whole plantations are devoted to the growing of potatoes. At harvest time the fields are dotted with great potato mounds surrounded by hordes of chattering natives who clean and sort them for the market. Although the potato is the most important product, fish and game are also plentiful around Titicaca. Ducks and other waterfowl thrive in the thick cane brakes, especially around the islands, while fish in abundance furnish a livelihood for many of the natives.

At Guaquí I said good-bye to Father Velarde, who wanted to study some of the ruins on one of the islands before going to Copacabana for the festival. I wished later that he might have gone with me to view the ruins of the pre-Inca civilization at Tiahuanaco, where people as powerful and as rich as the Incas had perished long before the first Inca was born.

If the Incas were the Romans of the South American Andes, then the Tiahuanacos were the Egyptians. Their buildings and temples, besides being on a heroic scale and constructed of enormous blocks of sandstone brought from the northern shores of the lake, were decorated with symbolic carvings. Some of the great monoliths covered with delicately carved figures are still standing. Others representing giant figures of men and animals have rested for ages beneath mountains of earth. Some of them have recently been dug up.

One of the most talked of statues was uncovered in 1932 by my friend Wendell Bennett. It now stands on the Prado in the city of La Paz. The eighteen-ton figure of a man is profusely carved and decorated, and the long braids of hair down his back signify a personage high in office. Bennett told me how frightened the natives were when they uncovered the stone, and of the rites they insisted on performing to propitiate the spirits of the ancient gods.

The Indians who inhabit this region and most of the highland of Bolivia today are the Aymarás, probably a mixture of

all the ancient races who have gone before, although more of a Mongolian type than those of Perú and the North. They even speak a language all their own. While they are not nearly so industrious as the Quechuas of Perú and other parts of Bolivia, they are much less given to servility.

It is a pleasant ride by automobile from Tiahuanaco southward to the Bolivian metropolis, now that the old trail across the *altiplano* has become a modern highway. This was the first completed link in Bolivia's portion of the Pan-American Highway, which will extend northward along the shores of the lake to the frontier, where it will connect with Perú's new north-and-south trunk line.

La Paz—the actual seat of government, although the legal capital is Sucre—is forty miles from Tiahuanaco and only fifty miles from the lake port of Guaquí. As you speed toward it across the perfectly flat country, you wonder what has happened to La Paz. Even two miles away no trace of it appears on the horizon. Then, suddenly, you come to the rim of a U-shaped canyon three miles wide and ten miles long, and there it is, 1500 feet below but still 12,700 feet above the sea.

Having gazed upon a continual succession of mountains from Venezuela to Perú, each taller and more spectacular than the preceding, by the time one has reached Bolivia, lofty peaks and snowy diadems should no longer be impressive. But even from this city in a hole in the ground, Mt. Illimani, 21,181 feet high, and a half dozen other peaks all over 21,000 seem to dwarf everything that has gone before.

Although wisely located so that it is shielded from the wind and weather above, La Paz is so cold at night that I have never been completely warm there, either in bed or out. Streets have been laid out and houses built so that the sun may hit them broadside. Heat is a problem because Bolivia has no coal, and the cost of importing it makes each piece as expensive as a nugget of precious metal. Only the rich can afford enough heat to break the perpetual chill and they must use electricity.

Architecturally La Paz is the least attractive, but its people the most colorful of all the large Andean cities. Only in Socabaya, the now deserted house of the blue-blooded Spanish Diez de Medinas, and in the church of San Francisco, are there any suggestions of the picturesque Spanish colonial atmosphere that characterizes most of the Peruvian towns and cities. Even San Francisco is now crowded on all sides by glamorous market stalls and bazaars of the *chola* women who furnish the city with a distinctive atmosphere found nowhere else in South America.

These women of mixed Indian and Spanish blood are up-standing and superior, with more business ability than any half dozen men of their particular class. This is not Perú where the male dominates. This is Bolivia where the Aymará-Spanish woman runs and bosses the business and where her man must go and find a job.

The women wear many skirts, sometimes six or eight of them, each a different color and all billowing out like old-time hoop skirts. Around their shoulders they wear gleaming red, yellow, blue or purple ponchos or shawls, with high-crowned narrow-brimmed felt or straw hats to top them off. The higher the crown of the hat, the more prominent and wealthy the woman who wears it. Their shoes are usually pumps and, if the wearer is young, have very high heels. These women can sling a shawl around their shoulders in the most amazing manner so that it makes a big bag in the back in which they can carry anything from a baby to a hundred pounds of merchandise.

In their market stalls these female merchants sell everything: pottery in interesting designs and lavish colors, rugs richly woven, knitted goods, dolls dressed in native costumes, bead necklaces and even the exotic blooms from the eastern valleys. To buy even a single item is, for the foreigner, an adventure in commercial diplomacy. I bargained with a good-natured old *chola* for a *vicuña* blanket. The verbal encounter ran something like this:

Chola: "A beautiful blanket, Señor, so soft. The vicuña skin

is so very light, but warm for the coldest nights—it is so beautiful.”

Tomlinson: “So beautiful, Señora, but how much?”

Chola: “The beautiful vicuña—it is—200 *bolivianos*.”

Tomlinson: “Two hundred *bolivianos*. Señora, I could buy one down the street for half that much, but it would grieve me greatly to have to do so.”

Chola: “Ah, well for the Señor—he is so gracious—175 *bolivianos*.”

Tomlinson: “Ah, the Señora is very gracious—but I am so very poor.”

Chola: “Oh, I am so sorry. Well then, I will make it 160 *bolivianos*.”

Tomlinson: “The Señora’s generosity is touching but it is not yet sufficient.”

Chola: “But Señor, the poor little vicuñas—they are so lovely—so delicate—”

Tomlinson: “But, Señora, I am so poor—so—”

Chola: “I am so sorry, Señor—then maybe—150 *bolivianos*.”

Tomlinson: “Now the Señora is beginning to be generous to a poor *gringo*.”

Chola: “Ah, Señor, the beautiful vicuñas, the noble little animals—”

Tomlinson: “One hundred *bolivianos*, Señora.”

Chola: “One hundred and thirty *bolivianos*, Señor.”

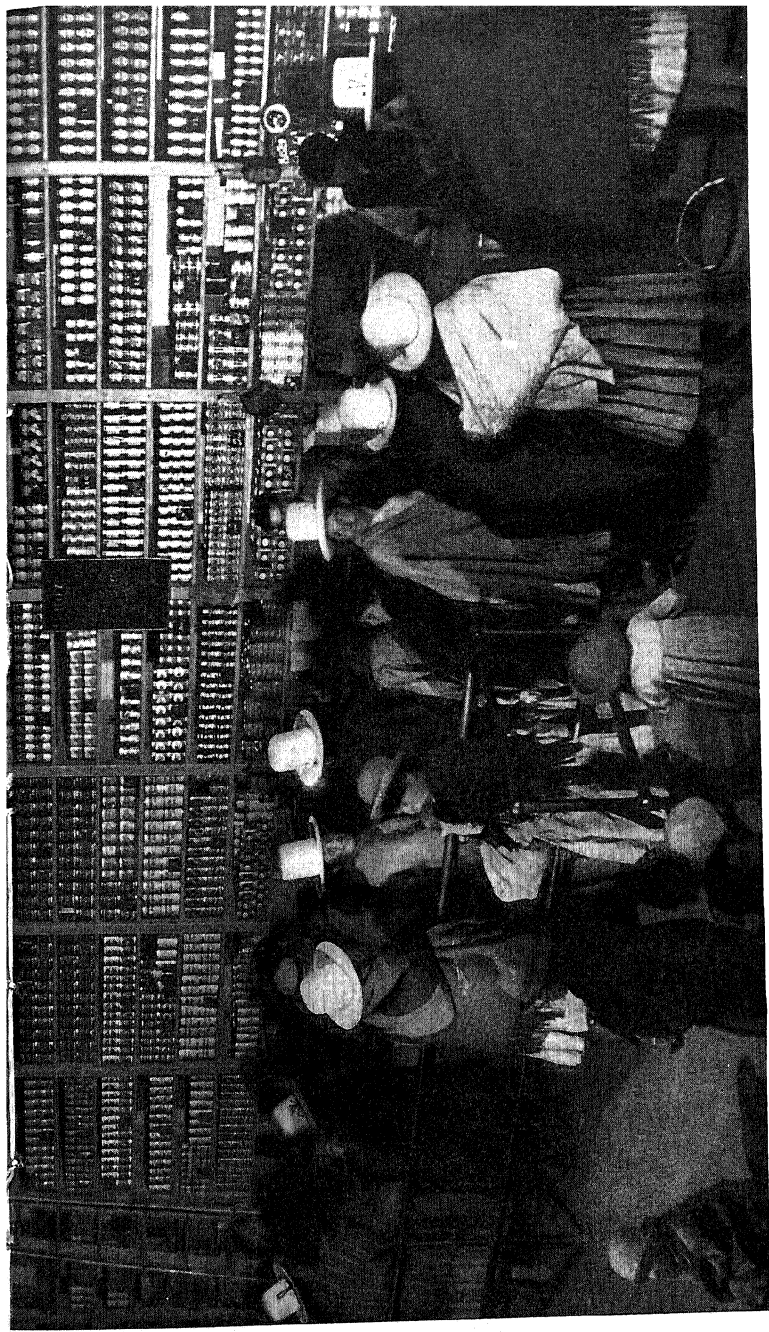
Tomlinson: “Ah, but I have only 100 *bolivianos*, Señora.”

Chola: “But I could not let it go for less than 125, Señor—my poor little vicuñas.”

Tomlinson: “But Señora, I too will be generous—110 *bolivianos*.”

Chola: “The Señor is so gracious—111, Señor.”

In spite of its name—*La Ciudad de Nuestra Señora de la Paz* (The City of Our Lady of Peace)—the seat of Bolivian government was long as volatile as Quito. Between 1930 and



Photograph by Fermo Jacobs, from Three Lions

Cholas Bargain in a Grocery Store of La Paz

1940 only Ecuador surpassed or even equalled Bolivia in the number of revolutions or coups d'état, or the frequency with which governments waxed and waned.

Said one expatriate Bolivian journalist with a sense of humor and sufficient distance between himself and his native land: "Of the 250,000 inhabitants of La Paz, there are 100,000 Indians engaged in common labor or various forms of servitude who have nothing to say about public affairs. Most of the others are white or *cholo* politicians. No matter what they do for a living, whether bankers, lawyers, writers, salesmen, soldiers, shopkeepers, or taxi drivers, they are politicians. They will argue about any subject, question or state of affairs until it becomes a political matter. La Paz, Señor, is truly the political, if not the national capital."

La Paz is the functioning capital where the President, the Congress and all the executive and administrative branches operate. Only the Supreme Court keeps vigil in Sucre, the legal capital of the nation, 300 miles to the southeast. It was named for the first President, General Antonio José de Sucre, companion of Bolívar and one of the noblest figures of the revolutionary period in South America. He lies buried in Ecuador.

Bolivia, in colonial times a part of the viceroyalty of Perú and called Upper Perú because it lies principally on the Andean plateau, achieved its independence from Spain following the historic battle of Ayacucho. At Ayacucho, the liberating forces were commanded by General Sucre. The following June, Bolívar, supreme leader of the revolutionary movement in the region from Venezuela to Bolivia, called the first Congress of Upper Perú. The Congress declared national independence, and the new nation was christened the Republic of Bolívar. Later, however, at Bolívar's suggestion, the name was changed to Bolivia. Today even the unit of money is called the *Boliviano*. General Sucre became its first president. As in the case of Bolívar, himself, who was politically lashed from office in Colombia and the North to die in disgrace at Santa Marta, General Sucre

was overthrown within two years. Except for a few brief years of peace and established government, history in Bolivia has repeated itself frequently.

In its international relations the republic has made considerable progress in the last few years. The century-old dispute with Paraguay over the Gran Chaco, or plain north of the Pilcomayo River and west of the Paraguay, was settled by arbitration, after Bolivia had counted her cost in some 80,000 casualties and a \$50,000,000 piled up debt.

In the treaty of peace Paraguay received the lion's share of the Chaco. While Bolivia was awarded only a mere strip in the south, she was given rather a large section, more than 14,000 square miles, in the north, adjacent to Brazil. In addition, she was granted the right to use a port on the Paraguay River—Puerto Casado—and by a treaty she has secured from Brazil a piece of territory with a thirty-mile front on the Paraguay River in the north.

As elsewhere in the Andes, it was gold that led the Spaniards to Upper Perú. Gold they found and took, first from the temples and palaces of the Incas around Titicaca. Then they compelled the newly conquered natives to work overtime, under pressure and the lash, in the mines already discovered.

Yet silver and not gold was to become the great bonanza of the nation. Silver, and most of the other metals destined to play such an important part in the economy—and the poverty—of the country later on, were mined by the Incas in several regions. But thanks to the superstitions of the red men it remained for the palefaces to exploit the mines of Potosí.

Ancient lore has it that the Inca, Huayna Capac, was travelling across the country and stopped for the night at one of the government *tambos* or *inns*, near the foot of a great black mountain. Officials in the region informed him that the soil of the mountain was laden with metal, "white like the moonlight on Titicaca."

"Tomorrow," said the Inca, "I shall go to the foot of the

black mountain to see with my own eyes this metal 'white like the moonlight.' ”

Next day, seated in his golden palanquin, he was being borne toward the mountain when a voice thundered out: “Huayna Capac!” The procession halted, the frightened soldiers and attendants fell upon their faces while the Inca responded in solemn dignity: “It is I, Huayna Capac, the Inca. I await thy sacred utterance.”

“Turn your back upon this mountain,” said the voice. “Touch not the white metal, it is destined for other men.”

In any event, Potosí awaited the conquerors, who descended upon it with frenzied greed in the early sixteen hundreds. Within a few years it became the richest and gayest mining center in the world, a city of 150,000 people with fortunes flowing through their hands every day. The mines hummed with the activity of countless enslaved Indians who endured such cruelty as has seldom been recorded in history. A great aristocracy developed in the remote and almost inaccessibly high Andean valley and lived in splendor heretofore undreamed-of. They lavished millions upon satin and silk, lace and pearls, the finest tapestries of France and furniture of ebony and ivory from the Far East. Two billion dollars' worth of the pale metal was taken out of the great black mountain. At one time Bolivia supplied silver for the coinage of half the civilized world.

Eventually, however, the seemingly inexhaustible veins reached the point of diminishing returns. The mountain, honeycombed with tunnels and caverns, became an empty shell, while the city itself became a mere ghost. Two-thirds of the population drifted away. The doors of most of the great houses were closed, and their occupants, those who had not squandered their fortunes, took up residence in Paris, Barcelona and other European cities, while the non-thrifty moved out into cottages or huts.

Then the tin can, until World War II, at least, the outstand-



Photograph by Fenneo Jacobs, from Three Lions

Modernism on the Prado in La Paz

ing symbol of North American civilization, was invented, and the days of glory came back to Potosí. New fortunes were made, not only at Potosí, but Oruro and the regions around Lake Poopo, and even around La Paz itself. Tin is today Bolivia's chief product and export, accounting for three-quarters of the national wealth. The country is said to possess more than half of the world's supply of tin.

A young Bolivian, Simon I. Patiño, became the tin king of the world, aided by British and American capital. Mauricio Hochschild, an Argentine of German-Jewish extraction, is another important figure in the industry.

The World War brought new impetus to the Bolivian tin industry. For years, because the United States and other countries bought their tin from Malay and the Dutch East Indies, the mines in Bolivia had languished. Immediately following the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Bolivian tin mines hummed with activity. Cut off from the Far Eastern sources, both the United States and Great Britain turned to Bolivia for their supplies of ore. Large refineries sprang up in Texas and along the Gulf coasts in this country, which utilized raw materials from Bolivia. Interestingly enough, of all the vital raw materials which Japan acquired in her conquest of Asia and the East Indies, tin was the only one which could be immediately secured in the Western Hemisphere.

There are two Bolivias, the old and the new. The old Bolivia is Andean, high up in the sky. The other is in the eastern lowlands, the *Oriente*. Politically, Bolivia is divided into eight departments, or states, and three vast territories. Yet, except for two or three large mining towns, there are but five important urban centers in the old Bolivia: La Paz, Cochabamba, Oruro, Potosí and Sucre, with La Paz the only true metropolis.

The Oriental Bolivia comprises two-thirds of the country's area. It begins in the green far-eastern foothills and fertile

valleys of the Andes, sprawls eastward into the Gran Chaco and northward into the Amazonian jungle. The only town of any size in all this limitless region is Santa Cruz de la Sierra, capital of the department of the same name.

Santa Cruz is the center of a potentially rich agricultural and stock raising section and lies just north of the famed region of black gold which has attracted the world's attention to what the younger Bolivians insist will eventually overshadow the highland region.

"You Yankees looked to the West as your new Empire," said a young intellectual. "Our slogan today is 'Go East, young man, to the *Oriente*.' To establish ourselves in this vast territory, we have undergone much the same experience that you did in winning your West. You fought the Indians and the Spaniards of Mexico to establish yourselves and open up the Western Empire. We have engaged in a hundred years of conflict to establish ourselves in the eastern lowland."

I might have pointed out that we fought our way westward step by step, settling only a portion of land at a time. The Bolivians were more ambitious. They claimed and fought for the entire Chaco Boreal, a triangular piece of territory larger than Illinois, Iowa, New Jersey and Massachusetts combined, much of which is a desolate and useless no-man's land.

Many people believe, however, that the Bolivian Orient has a bright future. Oil, of course, is number one on its list of products. Northward, in the basins of the Beni and the Mamoré, is the center of what was once the richest rubber-producing section in all the Amazon Basin. Due to the World War, this industry has been restored to importance. Coca, from which cocaine is obtained, is also a source of considerable income for the country. Bolivia is the largest producer of this drug in South America.

The war has also given a spurt to commercial aviation. The Bolivian Government confiscated all the commercial airways

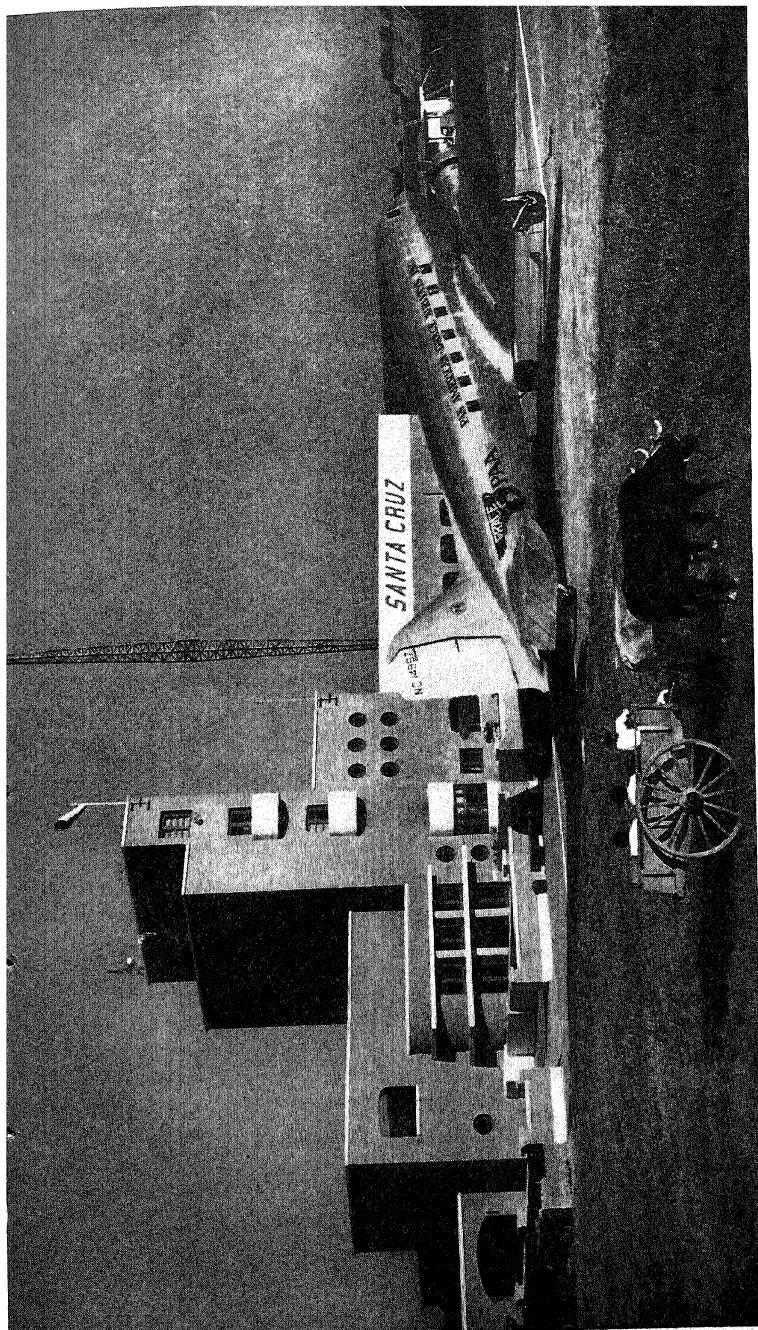
which the Germans had been operating for years. In the isolated region of the Bolivian Chaco the Germans had developed aviation facilities to an amazing extent. At Santa Cruz they had erected a great airport, one building topped off with a two-story dome. In connection with it was a hotel, one of the best hotels I have found in South America, outside of large cities. There were several such installations in the Bolivian hinterland.

It is in the Bolivian Chaco that you also find evidence of other international economic ambitions and rivalry. Brazil is constructing a railroad from the old river town of Corumbá on the Upper Paraguay River to Santa Cruz. Work is proceeding at quite a pace, and it is expected that the line will be completed within a short time. Argentine interests are also planning a railway line northward to Bolivia. The reason for these railroads is the Bolivian oil. United States oil companies explored and tapped these deposits several years ago. But before exploitation proceeded very far, the concession became a political problem in Bolivia, which finally resulted in the Government at La Paz confiscating the properties.

Anyway, there had been no way of transporting the product to the outside world in any quantities. Bolivia had no railroad across the Andes to the Pacific, or from the oil region to any of her important cities. There was no way of sending it eastward to Brazil, which country would be one of the chief markets. Nor was there any transportation southward to Argentina. Taking her cue from Brazil, Argentina will, without doubt, extend a line northward to the Bolivian oil fields.

Bolivia is the only one of the Andean countries in which railroad building takes an equal importance with highway construction today.

If the lowland region is to become the center for a revived Bolivian economy, if there is to be a new Bolivia in the Orient, Brazil and Argentina will not only help to bring it about, but will undoubtedly share in the results.



Photograph from Panagra

Airport at Santa Cruz in the Bolivian Chaco

THE OTHER AMERICANS

Temperate America

CHILE
ARGENTINA
PARAGUAY
URUGUAY





XX

Conquest of Chile

THE FIRST time I visited Chile I entered by the port of Arica, whose life and activities had been summed up for me by a young Swiss business man now living in Lima, Perú, securely out of reach of his former Arica neighbors.

"Yes," he told me. "Arica is an interesting city. During the two years I spent there, I carefully read the Encyclopedia Britannica twice from cover to cover."

It is true that a foreigner interested only in trading, mining or such utilitarian pursuits might find Arica less lively than the Encyclopedia Britannica. On the other hand, if you are inclined towards climatology, agriculture, archeology or history, you could hardly pass Arica lightly. But you would need underdeveloped olfactory nerves and overdeveloped lung capacity.

The natives seem immune to the odors wafted inland from Morro de Arica, the seaside mountain which rears its defiant chest like the grim battlements of Gibraltar, six hundred feet above the town. For thousands of years billions of guano birds have lodged overnight on its ledges and brow.

When an unfavorable breeze blows down upon the city, it brings an odor that dates back to antiquity; while an east wind carries clouds of suffocating dust from the deserty Andean

slopes and *pampa*. Fortunately, nature is usually kind, but the threat is always there.

No spot on the Continent possesses a more even climate. A shower of rain is a momentous event as in northern Perú. The cold Humboldt current, sweeping up from the south, invariably blows the moisture high inland against the central cordillera before it condenses.

Perishable products are stored in the open without harm. I have seen thousands of sacks of sugar stacked in a vacant lot, and bags of flour, meal or rice piled high on barges anchored in the roadstead.

Not a geranium or a blade of grass grows naturally in Arica or its environs, or anywhere for a thousand miles along the Chilean and Peruvian coasts. Yet, when your ship approaches, your eye beholds strips of green that stretch back to the barren, brown Andes. These are irrigated valleys along the straggling rivers.

Not long ago I stood on the bridge of the S. S. *Santa María*, a modern liner named for the flagship of the immortal "Admiral," as it advanced on Arica. Colorful buildings, yellow, pink, buff, were ranged along the shore. Beyond them rose stretches of green valleys. Above were the brown ramparts of the Andes, and towering high over these, lofty peaks caught the gleam of the morning sun on their snow-white heads.

A truck farmer from Southern California would be impressed by a ride up the narrow Lluta and Ozpa valleys behind Arica. Although nature withholds rain from growing crops, she has hidden in the soils enough minerals, salts and chemicals so that, when water from the mountaintops is scientifically conducted to the soil, amazing things happen. Carrots grow twenty inches long; grapes the size of hens' eggs hang in thirty-inch clusters. Olives are as big as golf balls. Sugar cane stalks resemble giant Oriental bamboos. Land sells for 2500 to 3000 pesos, at present about \$100 to \$120 an acre, and every Chilean in the community is on the waiting list.

You cannot miss Arica, whether you travel by steamer, airplane, car or on foot. Southbound ships haul in and heave to so that health, customs and immigration officials may pass upon you and your belongings.

There is ample proof that Arica was a city in Incaic and pre-Incaic times. Traces of ancient structures and an elaborate burial ground have been found. Mummies, so perfectly embalmed that they have changed little since they were placed in their graves, have been sent from Arica to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Remains of an Inca highway from Arica to the shores of Lake Titicaca are still in existence.

It was the gateway to Bolivia in the days of the conquerors. It is still the gateway. Most of Bolivia's tin travels down from Oruro and other tin centers by the railroad from La Paz to Arica, for shipment to Texas and the Gulf coast.

Several times nature has taken Arica by the scruff of its neck and shaken it to pieces. But on August 8, 1868, she put on a spectacular seismic performance that is a chapter in Chilean history. Inca graves opened up and gave up their dead. Ships were tossed ashore by a tidal wave. An island fortress, guns and all, went down to a watery grave. Yet those who survived the devastation remained and rebuilt to await further disasters and devastations.

For decades what are now the southern provinces of Tacna, Perú, as well as Arica and down to the provinces of Tarapacá and Antofagasta in Chile, were all disputed territory. Arica was Peruvian for more than three centuries. Even Antofagasta belonged to Bolivia. But during the Nitrate Wars Chile took Antofagasta away from Bolivia and also Tacna and Arica away from Perú. For more than fifty years thereafter, Tacna and Arica were worried between Chile and Perú as two mastiffs might worry an old shoe. Finally, when the late Frank B. Kellogg was Secretary of State under President Herbert Hoover, a settlement was brought about. Since that time Arica has formed part of Chile and Tacna reverted to Perú.

Four hundred miles southward from Arica you find the dreariest stretch of territory this side of the Sahara. Here, between the coast range and the main Andean cordillera, lies the great nitrate desert, which is about 250 miles long by 50 miles wide. It is called the high "pampa," with an altitude ranging from four to nine thousand feet above sea level.

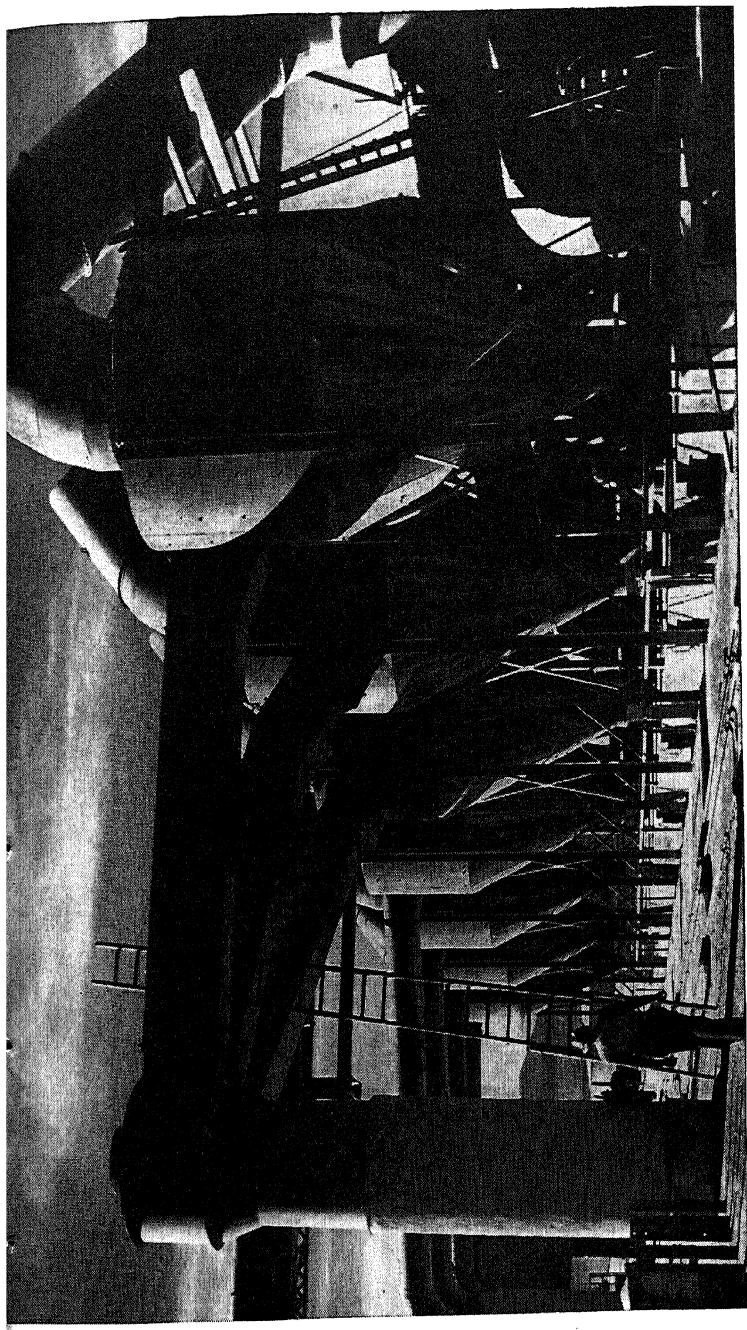
As described by Earl Chapin May, who wrote one of the first accounts of the nitrate fields of Chile, this desert was a vast salt sea. "As the salt water evaporated," he says, "the bodies and bones of fish, beds of seaweed and other nitrogen-bearing marine growth became the *caliche* (ore) that lies in great sheets between layers of gypsum sand, the greatest and almost the only body of natural mineral fertilizer in the world."

The latest theory is that the salts have come in the waters from the high mountains, and through the ages have been left because of evaporation. The source of the nitrate materials probably goes back to the chemical disintegration of volcanic rocks.

Until very recently more than 150 separate individual plants or *oficinas* were operated, competing with each other as well as with foreign manufacturers.

Eventually, along came a North American company, one of the largest among the producers, with a new method for extracting the nitrate from the ore. But the enormous export tax made competition with European producers difficult.

Old Mother Necessity got busy, and a giant combine or corporation came into being. It is made up of a majority of the companies and the national government. It works on a cooperative basis. The companies produce and a government sales organization markets the product. Not only can Chile produce the bulk of all the world's nitrate, but as a by-product of nitrate, she supplies three-quarters of the world's iodine. Experts have estimated that, allowing for increased consumption, there is a visible supply of nitrate and iodine to last for the next hundred years.



Photograph by Fenno Jacobs, from Three Lions

Dust-Collecting Machinery at the Copper Mine of Chuquicamata

The desolate nitrate region is a world in itself, a world of high explosives blasting the *caliche*; of five-ton shovels scooping it up and loading it into long trains of open-top cars drawn by electric locomotives to the crushers which work night and day. It is a world where more than a thousand tons of crushed ore go every hour to massive tanks (each of which has a capacity of 12,000 tons), where the nitrate is extracted from the ore. After that it is crystallized, melted, granulated, then cooled and sacked by machinery for export. It is a world of modern workmen's houses, of schools and clubs, libraries and swimming pools, of hospitals and children's playgrounds. It is a world where every shrub and plant and tree and blade of grass are kept green with water piped through miles of desert from the mountains.

Another major industry is copper. Normally Chile ranks second only to the United States in the production of this mineral. Perhaps the largest copper mine in the world is at Chuquibambilla, 10,000 feet up in the Andes, in the province of Antofagasta. Other important copper mines are located in this same north central region. All of them are controlled by North American interests. The names of Guggenheim, Kennecott and Braden are as well known in Chile as they are in the United States.

Like the nitrate industry, copper occupies a world of its own. The steam shovels are about the size and type used in digging the Panamá Canal. The industry has networks of railways with powerful locomotives. Water and electric current are brought hundreds of miles. As in the nitrate centers the copper companies also furnish modern homes and parks, playgrounds and hospitals.

The provinces of Atacama and Coquimbo have iron deposits estimated at a billion tons, and south of Valparaíso are coal beds, said to contain two billion tons.

The principal port of Atacama is Caldera and the ports for

Coquimbo are Coquimbo, Cruz Grande and Los Vilos. Antofagasta is the port for the Province of Antofagasta. It is the terminus of the railway which runs to Bolivia.

Chile's geography and climate have made her what she is today. Every foot of her 296,776 square miles of land which has been occupied and every inch of progress which has been made in four hundred years of history has been achieved either because of, or in spite of, her climate and geography.

Her life stream pulses with the blood of dauntless, adventurous Spaniards strengthened by the blood of the most indomitable Indians in all the Americas—the unbeaten and unbeatable Araucanians, a virile, dynamic people, born of centuries of isolation where only the fit survived. Today the main bloodstream is Spanish, infused with Irish, English, Scotch and, more recently, German.

There are few pure-blood Indians in Chile now—fewer than 30,000 in the entire nation. At the time of the conquest, they numbered about 200,000. Yet the Indian blood which mingled with the Spanish in the early days of the nation's history remains a strong strain of which Chileans are justly proud.

It took courage and physical endurance to brave the deadly desert, the snow-covered Andes, the frigid Cape Horn or Magellan Straits and reach this isolated land in the early sixteenth century. Those who came found nature smiling in the central valley—but that was about all they did find. There was little silver or gold or precious stones. Chile was for years a poor relation to Mexico and Perú. It is only in the past hundred years that she has realized her wealth.

During the long years of her early development she was a hermit nation hemmed in between the Andes and the sea. Few women came out from Spain in those early years. The soldiers took Indian wives. A new race was created, a strong race, proud, fiercely nationalistic.

After the first two centuries of isolation, Englishmen and Irishmen, Italians and French began to infiltrate the new nation. The plazas of Chilean cities from Arica on the north to Magallanes on the south are peppered with the statues of foreign heroes, or of Chilean born heroes of foreign parents. Chile's George Washington was none other than Don Bernardo O'Higgins, son of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins from County Sligo, Ireland. Its John Paul Jones was a former Scottish lord by the name of Cochrane. One of its earliest admirals was Charles Worcester from Massachusetts. Admiral Patricio Lynch of the Chilean Navy ravaged the coast of Perú during the Nitrate War.

If you read the roster of Chile's national heroes, you will find many Anglo-Saxon names, such as Condell, Pratt, Simpson, Wilson, Stephens, Warner, Williams, Rogers, and even Smith. Such a list of names sounds like a report of the census taken in Rhode Island, Maine, Detroit, or London. But despite the names, every one is 100 per cent Chilean.

And there are the Germans. Some authorities will tell you that 30 per cent of Chile's population is of German extraction. This, of course, is inaccurate. There are only about 30,000 to 35,000 persons of direct German descent, and probably 100,000 with some German blood in their veins. And the reason you do not find Teutonic names listed along with the Smiths and the Wilsons, is the fact that German immigration came rather late. As early as 1850 a few Germans reached South Chile. But the majority of them entered the country during the years 1850 to 1870. Give them time and maybe they too will figure prominently in national affairs. So far, however, the Chilean Germans have remained the most unassimilated group in the entire population.

And we must not forget the Italians, who are also among the late-comers, but very numerous. The Chilean Italians have marched ahead very rapidly. One of Chile's most famous recent

Presidents was Dr. Arturo Alessandri, now considered one of the elder statesmen of the Republic.

A slender ribbon of land, 2627 miles long—longer than the distance from Charleston, South Carolina, to Los Angeles and seldom as wide as the distance from New York to Philadelphia—Chile stretches down the west coast of South America between the Pacific Ocean and the Andes. It embraces all the temperatures known to the thermometer, from the tropic heat of the northern coast to the glacial cold of the high Andes; from the hot dry winds of the north to the raw, wet rains of the Antarctic. Chile is separated from Argentina by the Andean cordillera. Through its sixty-five active ports the entire nation is accessible from the sea. In the far south it borders not only on the Pacific, but on the Atlantic. Chilean territory flanks both sides of the Straits of Magellan.

Before the coming of the Spaniards, Chile, like all the Western Hemisphere, belonged to the so-called Indians. The northern tribes, near the Peruvian border, were under the domination of the Incas. But in the central region, and almost as far south as the Straits, a great horde known as the Mapuches (natives) occupied the land. These were a different breed from the northern tribes, tall, virile, upstanding, determined. Of these Mapuches, the southernmost tribe—and the most warlike—had been called by the Incas, “Aucas” which meant free. Later this name became Araucas or Araucanians, and now is used to signify all the aborigines of Chile.

Not so highly civilized as the Incas of Perú, their native arts, though more crude, had been learned or acquired through occasional contact with the Peruvian civilization.

The Chilean Indians lived in houses or *rucas* of planks roofed with skins overlaid with thatch. They practiced polygamy, and to keep peace in the family, each wife had her own fireplace and her own cooking utensils. And showing that the proprietors of modern beauty shops are by no means original, the women

bound their hair with strings of silver beads and plucked their eyebrows. And proving that the barbers of today still have something to learn, the men plucked their beards, leaving decorative patches here and there.

They believed in good and evil spirits. They held prayer feasts in the spring, praying for good crops. And to appeal to the good nature of their somewhat eccentric gods, they usually sprinkled the blood of a baby alpaca, or some other animal, on a sacred tree. But here is probably one of the most interesting innovations: Medicine was usually practiced by a woman witch doctor, or *machi*, and if no woman was available, the "witch" doctor was a man masquerading in woman's clothes.

Their tribal chief, or *cacique*, was chosen because of his strength, his oratory and his powerful voice. At the age of twelve a boy became a man. By that time he was supposed to be educated. He could count to ten on the fingers of both hands.

Then came the Spaniards, led by Pedro de Valdivia. The story of Pedro de Valdivia's march into Chile is one of the epics of the western world. Mexico and Perú had been conquered and, from his gold throne in Valladolid, King Charles V had ordered the conquest of all the new world and an immediate invasion of Chile. As suggested in the story of Perú, Pizarro's old partner, Diego de Almagro, had tried to penetrate this wild region in 1535 and failed. But the King of Spain now insisted upon subduing the whole continent. He wanted every infidel baptized.

Valdivia, at his own expense, equipped an army of two hundred men. In January, 1540, he set out from Cuzco to conquer this land, which the Peruvians had called "Tchili," or "Chiri," meaning cold or snow. Don Francisco Pizarro, Marquis of Perú, had confidence in Valdivia. "He is the best soldier in all Perú," the Marquis had said. "The little finger of Valdivia is worth more than four Pizarros or a hundred Diego de Almagros."

"Adelante!" (Forward!) said Valdivia. He knew what fighting meant. He was a Spanish soldier, Captain of *Arquebuz*, veteran of Italian wars, a spare, lean warrior, with coal black hair and fathomless brown eyes.

Valdivia was an agriculturist as well as a soldier. Between wars in Spain he had tilled his farm in Extremadura. When he set out from Cuzco, he went prepared to colonize and settle an unknown country. Every seed that Spain could furnish, he carried in his pack train; oranges, peaches, nectarines, grapes in addition to precious wheat. He took corn and potatoes, not knowing that he could find both in Chile. He also took along goats, sheep, swine, chickens and turkeys. He carried farm implements, shovels, axes. He recruited 400 Indian slaves from Perú. He carried two sets of iron horseshoes for every horse—and blacksmiths as well. He would not make the mistakes Almagro had made.

"Don Diego de Almagro," said Valdivia, "spent five hundred thousand gold pesos. He lost 10,000 Indians and most of his horses, and when the handful of men who survived with him had returned to Cuzco, they had accomplished nothing except to give twice as much heart to the Indians of Chile." Thus Valdivia summarized it.

But Valdivia was not altogether a cold and calculating explorer and conqueror. He was a Spaniard, therefore romance still lurked in his heart. Beside him on a white horse rode Doña Inés de Suárez, a young Spanish woman who had requested and received permission from Pizarro to accompany the expedition.

No wonder he exclaimed with enthusiasm: "Adelante! España! El Rey! Santiago!" ("Forward for Spain, the King, St. James!")

Three hundred miles lay between them and the desert of Atacama! Three hundred more miles lay between them and the heart of Chile.

More than a year later, the gaunt remnants of that valiant

band clambered up the rock known today as *Cerro Santa Lucía* (the hill of the Saint of Light)—today one of the unusually attractive parks in the heart of Santiago—and took possession of the land of Chile in the name of St. James and the king.

They had crossed the desert of Atacama, the highest, coldest, fiercest desert in the world. They had waged continual warfare. They had hungered and thirsted. Those who set out on horseback arrived half-naked afoot. Two hundred Indians had died on the march. Many of the beasts had fallen by the way. The iron shoes of the horses were worn to slivers by the Andean rocks. Their armor was dim, their arms corroded, but 165 soldiers of Spain and one Spanish woman reached Chile alive.

But green pastures now lay before them! A rich, fertile valley, rimmed by giant mountains, watered by the foaming Maipo River. Here was timber for their houses, rocks for pavement, a gentle climate, a benign sun, fertile soil for the crops. Here was the promised land! To the east towered the giant Andes with Aconcagua, the tallest of all the Andean peaks, standing sentinel between the adventurers and what later became Argentina.

Whoever has read the long epic poem "La Araucana" by Alonso de Ercilla, will know what hardships the Spaniards endured. Every schoolboy and girl in Chile knows it, as well as we know "Hiawatha."

Valdivia selected a plot of ground, and they sowed the seeds that had been treasured on the march. The army must have food. The foundation of a future empire lay in its soil. He sent his lieutenants into the country to order the natives to assemble. Before many days they came.

When the Indians realized that the Spaniards had come to stay they grew uneasy. They watched the green blades of wheat, oats, barley sprout up where the Spaniards had sowed the seed. They watched the planting of peach, orange and

grape on the sunny hillslopes. The storing of corn and potatoes and other native products, the setting of hens, the breeding of pigs, of horses, all confirmed the Indians' worst suspicions. These palefaces had come as conquerors and not as friends.

By June of the following year they were housed in a city of their own building, a crude walled city of clay-brick houses with timber floors and leaf-thatched roofs. By this time their grain was ripened and stored. Valdivia set off for the coast in search of gold—the eternal quest of the Spaniard. A day or two later, Michimalonco, chief of the natives, sent word that he would attack with his warriors in the morning.

The Spaniards imprisoned the messenger, and the fight was on. But they had reckoned without Inés Suárez. She fought with the soldiers, bound up their wounds and the wounds of their horses, more precious even than men. The Spaniards took refuge within their walled city. The Indians, in order to drive them into the open, threw burning brands into the thatched dry roofs. It was then that Inés Suárez made her immortal contribution to Chilean history. Showing that her feminine art of carving was not confined altogether to the kitchen, she cut off the heads of seven captured Indian chiefs and tossed them over the walls into the ranks of the enemy. The Indians fled.

Twenty-four hours later Valdivia returned. Four of his soldiers were dead. Twenty horses were missing. Not a house was left standing of the city he had founded. But one of his soldiers had saved a sow, a boar and a suckling pig. Inés Suárez had salvaged a cock and a hen and a handful of wheat—enough for sowing.

"You do honor to the King of Spain!" Valdivia told them. "Now does the war begin in earnest."

Of such stuff were the founders of Chile made. For twelve years the natives fought them. Nevertheless the Spaniards advanced. Building forts and founding cities they inched along. They discovered some gold—nothing to compare with the

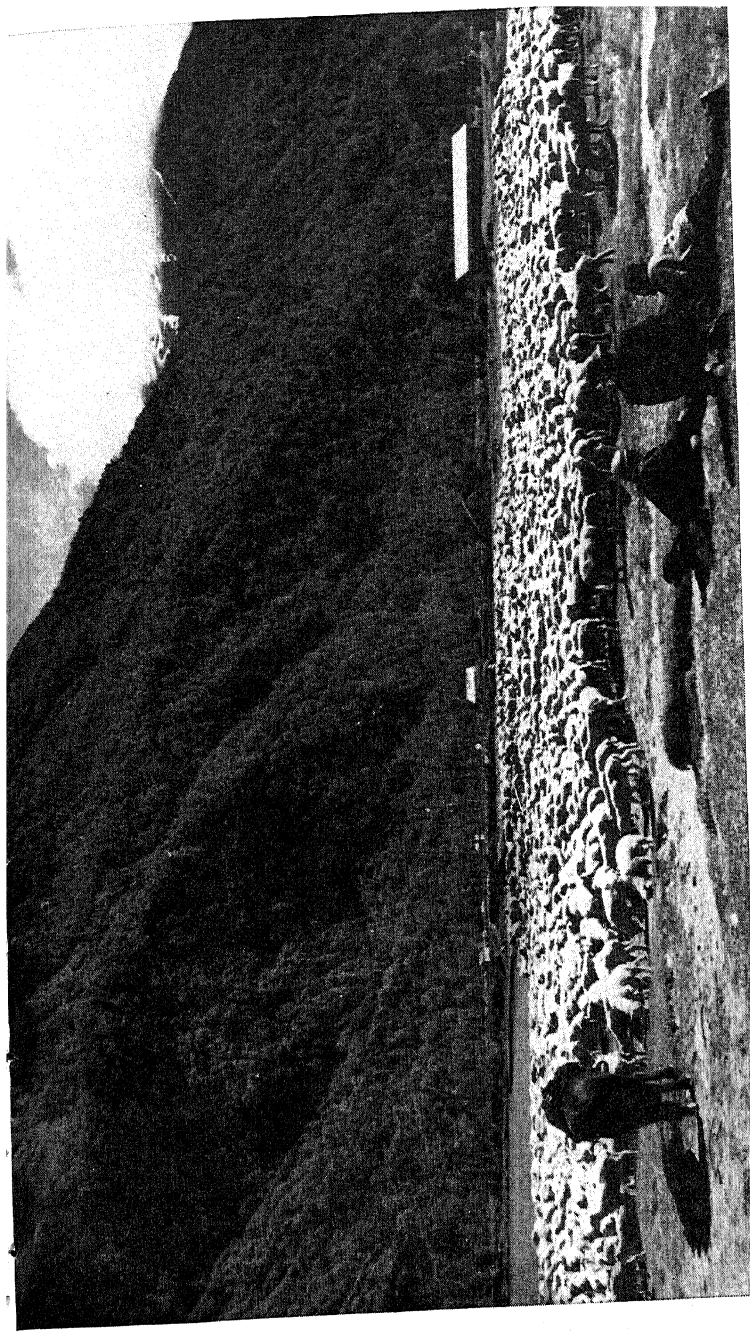
amount in Perú or Mexico—but religiously the King's fifth was sent back to Spain. Valdivia's loyalty to the King was a passion.

Later a few wives came out from Spain, "and thus," says one old chronicler, "gossip was born in the colony." The wife of Pedro de Valdivia had not yet arrived, and rumors about the dauntless Inés travelled all the way back to Spain and to the ears of the King. His Majesty ordered Valdivia to marry Inés off, or send her back to Spain. Naturally the order was never carried out, because about that time Valdivia's famous "band of forty" who had advanced far south were wiped out by the Indians at Tucapel. Valdivia, so the story goes, was forced by the Indians to swallow molten gold.

Chile became the country it is today because of the courage not only of her conquerors, but of the people they sought to conquer. From the tropic shores of the north to the Antarctic reaches of the south they have worked out their own salvation by means of their own resources. It was not until about sixty years ago that Chile gained control of the rich nitrate resources of the north. The revenue from nitrate and copper has enabled her to develop the country with light taxation, but she has not neglected her other resources.

No country in the world suffered more than Chile in the years of depression that followed World War I and none labored more intelligently to weather the storm. At one time there were 140,000 of her million men unemployed. But out of this experience developed many small enterprises and industries and particularly knowledge and methods for using every available resource.

In the central valley there are more than three million acres of vineyards and orchards. Three and a half million other acres are planted to cereals, beans, peas and potatoes. In the lush lake region timber grows to astounding proportions. Grazing lands in the far south return a wealth of income in horses, cattle, sheep, goats, swine. Approximately 2700 miles of coast line



Photograph by Fermo Jacobs, from Three Lions

Flock of Sheep in the Chilean Southland

furnish an abundance of fish. Swift rushing mountain rivers furnish enough hydroelectric power to assure the nation an industrial future.

Chile is a sea-loving nation and is proud of her navy. She loves peace, but has no objection to war when war is necessary. Since her separation from Spain, Chile has experienced some political disorders. Bernardo O'Higgins and many of his successors ruled in a rather arbitrary fashion. A severe revolutionary period occurred in the 1890's, when President Balmaceda tried to rule against the wishes of the National Congress. The people rebelled, and following severe fighting, Balmaceda was overthrown. His disappointment proved so great that he relieved the nation of his presence by committing suicide.

Again in the 1930's, came another period of political unrest following the dictatorship of General Carlos Ibáñez. Presidents followed one another in rapid succession until the venerable Alessandri was elected for a second time, and succeeded in restoring normal constitutional government.

Chile's most interesting political development came in 1939, when for the first time in her history a Popular Front Government came to power, headed by Don Pedro Aguirre Cerda. Although a Radical Leftist, champion of the downtrodden *rotos*, or laboring classes, Aguirre Cerda was one of the country's most distinguished scholars, professor in the University, and dirt farmer. He succeeded in accomplishing what no other Chilean politician had ever done. He moulded all the Leftist groups, Radicals, Socialists, and even Communists, into a cooperative whole, which controlled the Government, both the Executive and Legislative branches, for two years.

XXI

Twilight of the Hacienda

ANY ONE who expects to find in Chile a population of languid, fiesta-minded Spaniards is doomed to disappointment. Spanish is the language, yes. But even its pronunciation is purely a national prerogative. And don't make the mistake of calling them "Latin Americans." They are Chileans! and proud of it.

Their land, south of latitude 30°, is a land of living green with a backdrop of snowy mountains. The great, central valley some 600 miles north and south from Santiago, the national capital, and Valparaíso, its chief seaport, is the home of 75 per cent of the nation's population and the center of its agricultural life. With its fertile, mineralized soil, its towering mountains, its many rivers, its long growing season, Chile claims that its central valley can support twenty times its present population. To do that, or even to support its present population, means unremitting labor and energy.

Its mild winters, which begin in June and end in August, are the season for rain, but the best growing season is later, in the hot, dry summer. The Chilean farmer must have heat and water at the same time. This means irrigation just as it meant irrigation to the Indians and the early Spaniards. In the matter of irrigation and in many other respects, Central Chile is much like California. All the crops that grow in California, grow

equally well in Chile: oranges, lemons, grapes, peaches, luscious berries. In September, which is Chile's spring, fields of yellow poppies and most of the wildflowers which California likes to call its own, make a gorgeous tapestry of the ground.

North American markets handle Chilean fruits in the winter. Recently on a freezing February morning in New York, I called at my favorite fruit emporium and found them unpacking honeydew melons, peaches, plums and apricots. When I asked Tony, the proprietor, where they came from, he replied, "Sout' America, alla way froma Chile—where summertime come inna winter."

Agriculture represents an important part of Chile's industry. Fields of corn, peppers, potatoes, tomatoes—all of which South America gave to the world—are separated by rows of poplar and eucalyptus trees from vast acres of wheat, rye, barley. There are groves of oranges, lemons, peaches, figs, avocados, plums, nectarines and walnuts. Grape vineyards whose ancestor seeds came over in the caravels of the conquerors, stretch from the Maipo region of Santiago to the Bío-Bío River on the south, through the rich valley that lies between the main Andean range on the east and the lower coastal range on the west.

Any one who thinks such produce reaches a market without man's labor should consult some farmer in Iowa, Minnesota, California, Arizona, and along the Gulf coast.

Pedro de Valdivia, the farmer from Extremadura, knew what he was talking about when he wrote to the King of Spain four hundred years ago: "The land has a fine climate and every kind of Spanish plant will grow here even better than over there."

Valparaíso—the Vale of Paradise—is one of the two largest west coast seaports on the American mainland south of San Francisco. The Republic of Chile boasts sixty-four other ports on the Pacific, but Valparaíso surpasses them all in the amount of business handled. Except that it rises from the sea to nineteen

separate hills which vary from 300 to 1100 feet in height, and that its Naval Academy looks down from one of the most imposing of all the hills, Valparaíso resembles any American or European seaport.

"Valpo," as the English residents call it, wears the air of the outside world. Blue eyes and blond hair predominate on its streets. Perhaps a hundred thousand of the descendants of English, Irish, Scotch, Germans and North Americans live in Valparaíso and Santiago.

In the Anglo-Chilean Club, overlooking the harbor, I sat one afternoon talking to an Englishman. He was tall, with cheeks just the color of John Bull's cheeks. He sported a trim waxed mustache, and his English had an Oxford ring. It was a murky day, and a heavy fog like boiling pea-soup rolled in over the harbor. In the manner of a true Englishman, he grouched a little about the weather.

"I say, this is a rummy day," he remarked.

"Almost a first-class London fog, isn't it?" I said.

"Right enough," he replied. "Perhaps we had better remember London with a spot of tea to warm our bones. Nothing," he went on, "takes the place of tea on a day like this."

Our conversation continued. We talked of commerce, of British activities in Valparaíso and Chile. He told me about the various English trading companies and their activities. Finally I asked how long he had been in the country. And I was amazed when he replied: "Oh, for quite a spell. In fact I was born here."

When I showed surprise, he said, "Oh yes, my father was born here, also my grandfather. I am, you see, a Chilean."

All of which taught me that a Spanish-American republic can be full of surprises. Chile is particularly so.

I could wander for days through this hillside city, where every step brings a newer and more breath-taking view of the harbor and the broad Pacific. The Vale of Paradise is likewise

the naval paradise. The fleet was in when I last visited Chile; so blue and white with splashes of gold braid, it made up the city's chief color scheme.

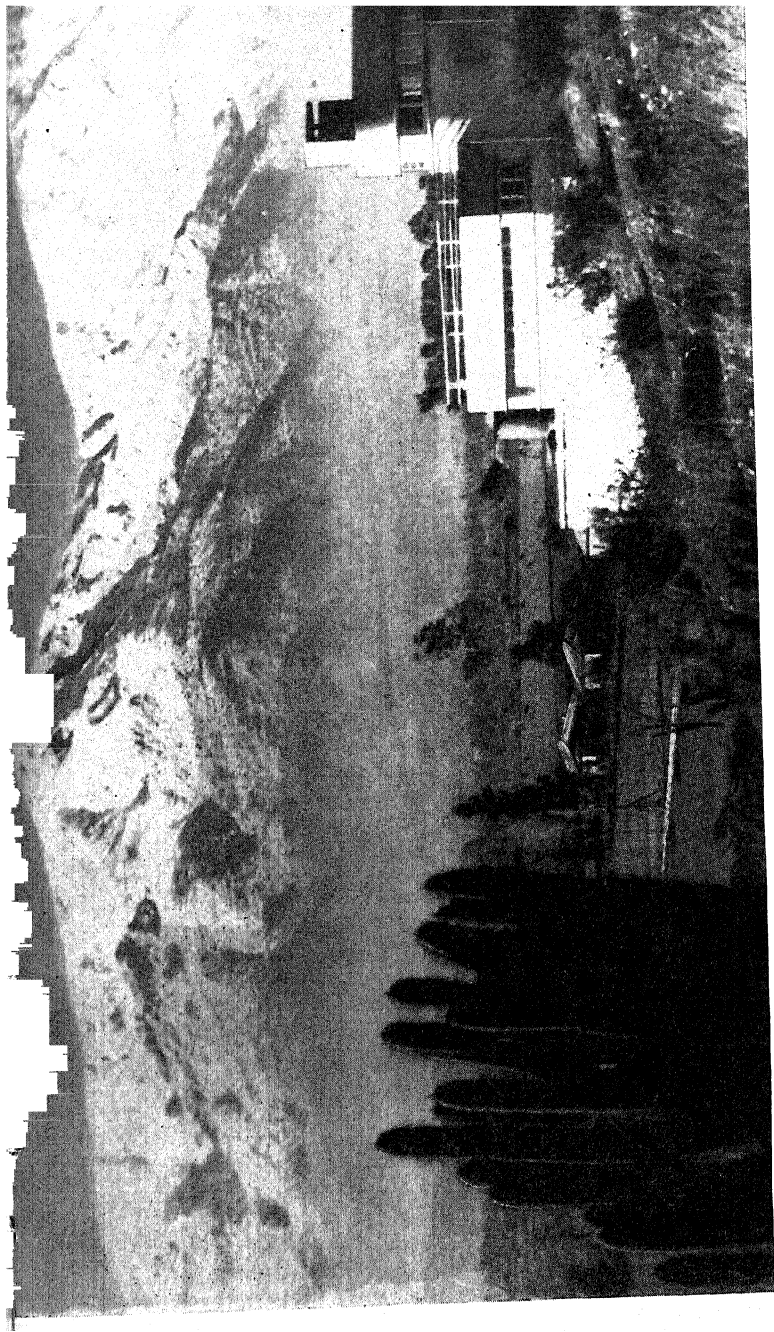
Chile is proud of its navy and its naval record. On one of my visits to the Naval Academy, an officer pointed to the single-starred flag of Chile with its lower half of red, its upper half of white and, in the upper left-hand corner, a five-pointed white star on a blue canton.

"The Chilean Indians used that five-pointed star," he told me, "and it was General Bernardo O'Higgins who adopted that flag in 1817. And note the shield," he went on. "It is supported by a condor—the strongest bird on the Andes—and by the *huemul*—an animal belonging to the deer family—indigenous to South Chile. Our national motto *Por la Razón o la Fuerza* [By Right or by Might] was taken from the silver coins in use at the time it was adopted. See the gold crowns on the heads of the condor and the huemul?" he pointed out. "Those are the 'naval crowns.' They were given to sailors who succeeded in boarding the warships of our enemy and who came out of the engagement alive."

Fifteen minutes' drive northward from Valparaíso brings you to Viña del Mar, the ritzy seaside resort town of the Republic. It is a combination of Atlantic City, Newport, White Sulphur Springs, Palm Beach, Banff and Agua Caliente. Here you find one of the finest racecourses and almost the largest casino in the world, and here you may indulge in the same sports and games formerly enjoyed at Monte Carlo or the Riviera.

One magnificent house, reminiscent of Windsor Castle, dominates a high bluff more than one hundred feet above the rolling surf. Rambler roses climb the walls and hang down almost to the water.

One hundred and seventeen miles by electric train or motor road takes you up to Santiago, the capital, with its 800,000 inhabitants. If you go there in spring (September) the peach



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

Golf Club in the Shadow of the Chilean Andes

trees will be blooming in well-kept orchards and yellow poppies edging the right-of-way. And, at the far end of the *Alameda de las Delicias*, the chief boulevard, the eternal snows of the Andes will be sending little ribbons of water down the steep slopes of the mighty mountain peaks of El Plomo, San Ramon, Tupungato. Aconcagua guards the border between Chile and its neighbor, Argentina. In spring and summer—September through March—Santiago offers a magnificent panorama.

Santiago de la Nueva Extremadura—St. James of the New Extremadura—the political and cultural capital of Chile, is an up-to-date, modern city lying 1700 feet above sea level. Unlike Valparaíso, Santiago leans to Spanish customs and traditions. Still, wherever you go you meet with paradoxes. Stroll along the Alameda, an avenue as long as Broadway, Michigan Boulevard, Peachtree Street, or that one in Los Angeles that seems to stretch from the Arizona border to the Pacific.

Go into the stately old Union Club where every one who is any one will be having lunch any day in any week. Here you will find Frenchmen, Swiss, Italians, Irishmen and Scots who, if they only wore kilts, might just have arrived from Aberdeen. There will be several Germans and not a few Englishmen. Some or all of them may be able to speak the language of their ancestors, but they will rather resent your thinking they should speak anything but their national tongue. For they are Chileans all.

Leave the Union Club late on a Thursday afternoon and go over to the Plaza de Armas and you will have travelled from new world cosmopolitanism to Old World Spain. The paseo will be on, the typical afternoon parade of Spanish cities whether across the Atlantic or south of the Río Grande. Anyhow it's a grand picture: a lovely plaza with colored tile walks, a wealth of flowers and shrubbery, surrounded by such old buildings as the cathedral, the bishop's residence and the post office.

As Valparaíso is the shipping center of the nation, so Santiago is its governmental and military center. Here reign the air corps as well as all branches of ground soldiery. Paraphrasing Lincoln—if you threw a pebble into the broad Alameda or any of the capital's main streets during the late afternoon, the parade period of any South American city, you couldn't miss hitting a colonel or at least a captain.

Chile's Independence Day falls on September 18, and it is on that date—which celebrates the historic day in 1810 when the last Spanish colonial governor was forced to resign and the Republic of Chile was born—that you see Chile's military display. The celebration lasts a week. It begins with the *Te Deum* or Thanksgiving in the Cathedral. The week usually ends with the Army and Navy field days at the Club Hípico, or Jockey Club, where—if you can take your eyes from the Andean scenery—you will enjoy watching the feats of the agile young men who participate in the day's programs.

When the afternoon mists are climbing up the slopes of the Andes, I like to climb the Cerro Santa Lucía, the steep hill in the heart of Santiago where Pedro de Valdivia and one of the most famous women in Chilean history—Doña Inés de Suárez—looked down on the future capital of their newly discovered nation. Later it became their fortress in the war with the natives, and still later was used as a cemetery.

One of those celebrated Chileans of Anglo-Saxon origin, Don Benjamin Vicuña MacKenna, turned the old battlefield and cemetery into a glorious park with great trees, winding walks, monuments and picture galleries. It is now a perfect setting from which to obtain the finest view of Santiago.

You may look out over the towers and spires of the city at lovely residences and the government buildings, at old churches and the tall New Yorkish skyscrapers which have replaced the old governmental structures around the Moneda, or Presidential Palace. If the weather is clear you may see the lovely vine-

yards of the oldest wine-producing country in the western world. Chile's vineyards have been bearing grapes fruitfully and faithfully for almost four hundred years. Beyond the vineyards rises the backbone of the continent, the majestic Andes with their sparkling snow-white peaks like giant sentinels in the garden of the gods.

A still better view can be had from San Cristóbal, another nearby hill whose summit is shared by a monumental statue of the Virgin and by the famous observatory where astronomers and scientists can study the firmament of South America.

I prefer an airplane view of the checkerboard farms and vineyards. Down in the fringes of that checkerboard city I can see the smoke rising from many small and large factories developed during recent years. These factories are controlled and promoted by the *Corporación de Fomento de la Producción*, which if put into English is simply, Corporation for the Promotion of Production. This corporation encourages and controls not only the manufacturing industry but agriculture as well.

In winter from the air you can see the pencil dots and pencil lines of hundreds of skiers and tobogganists skimming down the Andean slopes from Portillo on the Lake of the Inca, from the Farellones just outside Santiago. Chile has become a ski Mecca not only for South Americans but for many of our own enthusiasts.

The greater portion of the fertile Central Valley is owned or controlled by not more than five hundred families. These old-time aristocrats, descendants of the early settlers, not only live but run their vast *haciendas* or *fundos*—ranches and farms—under the same system that prevailed a century or two ago. These five hundred are the backbone of the conservative party. Laborers and *inquilinos*, or sharecroppers, who cultivate the lands constitute the peasantry of Chile. With few exceptions, they have been the most exploited and oppressed people of South America.

Occasionally strong personalities have risen to prominence in the mining regions and, through their efforts, have brought about certain liberal legislation. But such legislation has usually benefited only the workers in foreign-owned industries and enterprises. Famed and clever Arturo Alessandri started out as a radical and was known as the father of Chile's social laws. But during his later years in office he was one of the most conservative of the conservatives.

The late President Aguirre Cerda was the first to challenge successfully the great conservative machine. But unfortunately, because of his death after only two years in office, he was unable to carry out his program of reforms, or to bring about much legislation for the benefit of the laboring classes.

So, on most of the Chilean *haciendas*, or *fundos*, the feudalistic system still prevails. For the owners, their families, friends and guests it is a glamorous existence, much the same—though on a grander scale—as existed in our old South before it “went with the wind.”

A visit to a Chilean *fundo* (farm) is not soon forgotten. My stay at Bucalemú, the estate of the Vicuña Brothers, which represents the period of vanishing splendor in Chilean country life, was a novel experience.

I took a train from the Alameda station in Santiago at six in the morning, and rode for hours through green valleys nestling at the foot of snow-capped mountains. Finally I looked out across a high plateau and there in the distance was the broad Pacific with sailboats like flecks of foam floating gently on its blue bosom. At that moment a guard announced “San Antonio,” the end of the line, but the beginning of my journey.

The *Mayordomo* or Overseer of the estate waited to whisk me down the country roads, through avenues of eucalyptus and tall tapering poplars, to Bucalemú twenty-five miles away. Six feet two inches tall, with a long bristling black mustache, he was dressed in typical country attire. He wore a heavy brown and

black checked shirt with a short colorful poncho about his shoulders, velvety looking breeches, high glittering black boots and the inevitable and enormous silver spurs which no doubt belonged to his great-grandfather. Around his waist was wrapped the wide *faja*, a long fringed sash which keeps the middle regions of the anatomy slender and wasp-like. On his head was a stiff-brimmed sombrero.

He eyed me up and down before he came up and greeted me. He was an Araucanian and still suspicious of strangers. Spanish training, traditions or customs had not robbed him of his quiet, almost silent ways. Businesslike, efficient and courteous, he spoke only when spoken to.

At last he strolled forward and welcomed me in the name of the *hacendados*, which is to say, in the name of the Vicuña Brothers, and soon we were splitting the cold Pacific winds on our way west to Bucalemú. Before you can understand Bucalemú, you must know the story of Claudio Vicuña, a patriarch of Chile, founder of Bucalemú and the father of the present owners.

Back in the nineties, Claudio was a political leader, premier, and right-hand man of the famed President Balmaceda. He himself was finally president-elect of the country. But the wheel of fortune turned. The dictatorial methods of Balmaceda precipitated a revolution which was practically a civil war. The populace rose against the aristocrats, sacked and burned many of the palaces of the wealthy. But the revolution did not exactly turn the family Vicuña into the weather. When order was restored after the suicide of Balmaceda, the Vicuñas retired to Bucalemú, the hacienda-by-the-sea.

Thousands of broad acres skirt the Pacific, with hundreds of thousands of sheep grazing on them. The hacienda was built on the spot where stood one of the early Missions which the good Padres had planted in the Chilean valleys in the days of the Conquistadores. The old Mission itself, with its great court-

yard surrounded by high walls, became the barns and corrals for Claudio Vicuña's scores of horses and ponies. The enormous gateway remained just as it was with the old mission bell hanging above it.

The main house is typically Spanish colonial—an enormous one-story structure surrounding a patio large enough to accommodate flowers and shrubs of infinite variety as well as dozens of orange trees. All the rooms and suites, thirty or more of them, open on to a porch and the garden itself. A broad verandah on the outside faces across a deep valley and twenty miles to the sea. That valley and gorge are part of the gardens surrounding the house. Miles of winding walks trail up and down through a dense forest of some of the world's loveliest trees.

In these gardens there are lakes big enough for boating, with the branches of great trees drooping to the water. A lazy river winds through the valley with flocks of swans floating on it. Here and there are picturesque pagodas and labyrinthian grottoes fashioned of enormous pieces of granite brought from great distances. About and about are pools and fountains. Peacocks strut proudly across the lawn; turkeys, guinea hens and what not. And of course all the birds of Chile congregate in the trees and twitter and chirp and sing in the early morning, defying any guest to sleep.

The hospitality of the Vicuña Brothers is generous. These sons of the old patriarch may not entertain so sumptuously, but they still entertain after the same manner as old Claudio. They were all in residence when I arrived and gave most of their time to entertaining me. They apologized that things were a little unkempt although scores of peons were hoeing and raking and chopping all over the place. The house looked a little like a museum on the inside, and the old Spanish tile roof had been replaced with corrugated iron. But the customs and traditions of Bucalemú were still of feudal days.

There was dignity and pomp in the dining room. The eldest

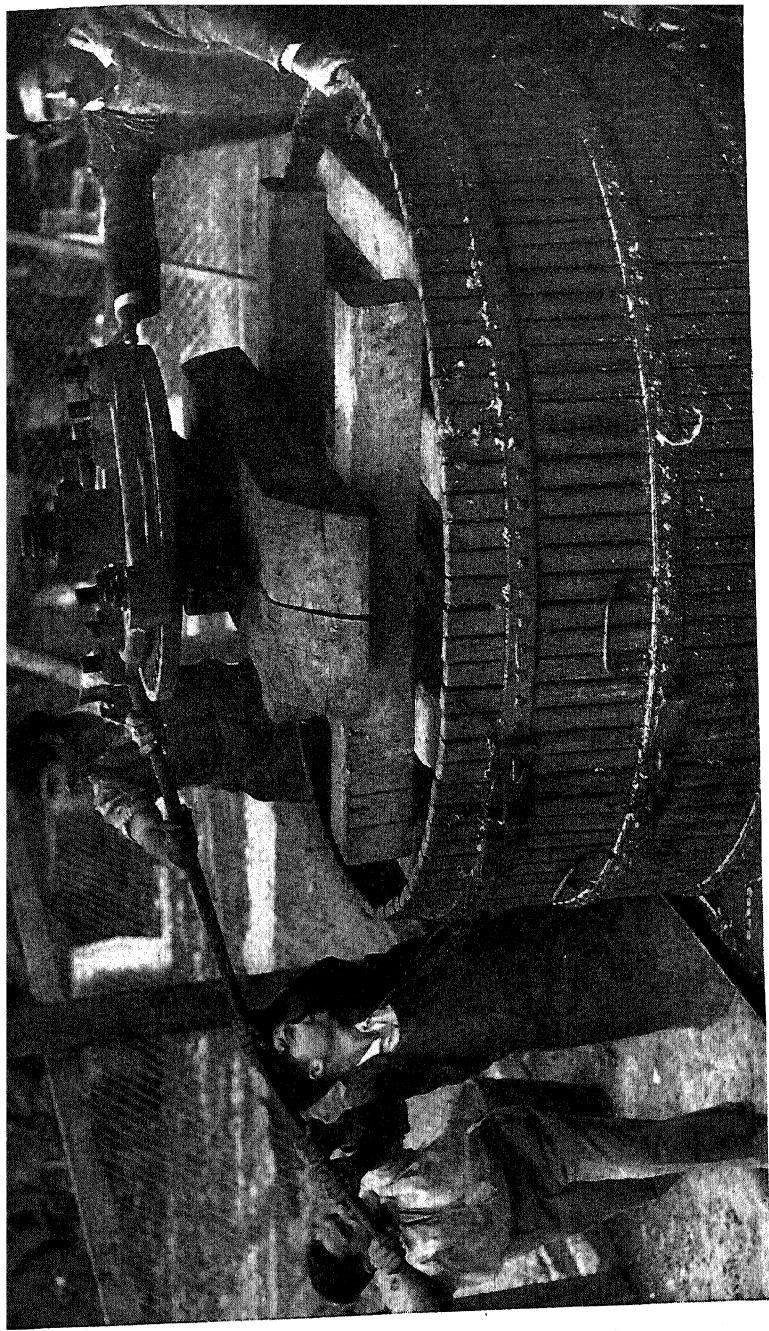
brother presided at the head of the table in the tall chair where his father had sat during his lifetime. The others were arranged around the great board according to age and rank, with guests in between and Father Claudio looking down from a splotchy oil painting.

We had fish, then soup, then lamb and *cardo*. And *cardo* is something to remember. It looks like a cross between a thistle and an artichoke and when cooked tastes a little like such a combination. Sheep graze upon it, and Chilean families and country people feast upon it. A meal in the country is hardly possible without *cardo* during the proper season for it. It is delicious and is said to do to a man what it does to a sheep, give him plump and rounded proportions.

Lunch at Bucalemú was followed by a siesta. Then a few hours activity before tea—a ride over the plateau, a visit to the shearing sheds, a look at the sheep or the cattle or horses. Life is leisurely at Bucalemú in the afternoon. Conversation lasts until eight or nine, until the sun has sunk into the Pacific and the stars have begun to appear. Conversation is important. We discussed everything from political economy to the Monroe Doctrine. The Vicuñas being a political family would naturally be interested in world affairs.

Dinner was served at half past nine; an elaborate, formal dinner. The high-backed leather chairs, the long narrow table with the ancient china and silver, the flickering gas lights, the dim likeness of Claudio looking down from his canvas, and the maids tip-toeing about, all were like an ancient stage setting. Or would have been, if it hadn't been for laughter and banter and conversation, conversation in Spanish, in English and in French. The sons and nephews spoke all these languages and slipped easily and naturally from one into the other as the conversation drifted along.

On the last morning of my visit, the eldest son, and now head of the family, invited me to go with him to a secluded



Photograph—Courtesy of Grace Line

Pressing the Grapes for Chilean Wine

corner of the garden. At the end of the long terrace, on a high point overlooking the entire countryside, with a background of poplars and surrounded by flowers of every description stood a bronze statue of Father Claudio. It had been erected by the family as their permanent tribute to the founder of Bucalemú and the Vicuña dynasty.

"Señor," he said, speaking with eloquence and reverence, "I wanted to show you our humble token of love for our great father." And then he stood silently for several minutes, his eyes misty with emotion. Knowing Chileans as I do, I knew he was sincere and that he felt the same reverence for his father that he would have felt for a saint. Incidentally, by inviting me to accompany him on his pilgrimage, he had conferred about the highest honor he could confer upon any one. Such displays of sentiment are most unusual. These moments of remembrance are rare and usually reserved for strict privacy.

Well, anyway, at Bucalemú, I saw a bit of old Chile, the days of the great *hacendados*, when the old families were in their glory. Not all the great *fundos* are on the decline, as is this one. Some of them are maintained in their original splendor, and are operated successfully as great business enterprises. A few, to the disgust of old-time Chileans, have fallen into the hands of foreigners and newcomers. But Chilean country life for the most part still smacks of feudalism.

In April, which is autumn below the equator, the vineyards of Central Chile are bustling with activity, resounding with the songs of the grape pickers and heady with the scent of the *mosto*—the new wine.

Near Santa Ana station, I visited the Undurraga Winery, which is considered one of Chile's best, and which is housed in what was once the home of General Bernardo O'Higgins. Chile is proud of its vineyards and their products. No producer is permitted to export any wine that has not been aged for two years, and most of it is eight or ten years old. The Agricultural Board sees that the law is observed.

There are two types of landholders in Chile. It is true that a large portion of the land in the Central Valley is owned by the big *hacendados* whose holdings seldom run as low as 500 acres and are likely to reach 5000 or more. It is equally true that there are perhaps 100,000 smaller owners who live on their own lands which average somewhere between 50 and 100 acres each.

Southward from Santiago you will be amazed, as I was on my first visit, at the rewards reaped from the land by farmers great and small. Southward, past farm after farm, some of them vast *fundos* of five thousand acres where the *inquilino* (tenant) system prevails. Each *inquilino* is housed in his own little home, working a few acres of his own, though house and farm and almost the *inquilino* himself belong to the *patrón* or owner.

The Central Valley ends at Concepción, Chile's third largest city, on the broad Bío-Bío River. It is a metropolitan city, or was until ravaged by the earthquake of 1939, with a view like Santiago's from its park-like hill Caracol. It is surrounded by pretentious homes and estates, clubhouses, golf courses and splendid farms and orchards. Its University was the first in Chile to follow the plan of United States universities.

Down river from Concepción is the port of Talcahuano, base for the Chilean Navy.

And, if your imagination refuses to picture a coal mine in a park then you should visit Lota, south of Concepción. Lota is set on a hill 600 feet above the sea. Its coal shafts run beneath the Pacific. A glorious park, built by a Chilean millionaire and presented to the city, almost entirely conceals the ugly mining operations.

Concepción is the beginning of Chile's frontier. Fat cattle appear in the fields. The colorful *huasos* (the men on horseback as the Quechua language expresses it) in wide-brimmed sombreros, vividly colored *chamantos* (ponchos), high boots and clanking spurs dash along the roads on their fast, high-spirited

Chilean horses. Chileans are master riders, as audiences at the New York Horse Shows in Madison Square Garden have seen demonstrated in recent years. One has to be a good rider to bring his mount five thousand miles by water, compete with prize riders from all over the world and ride away with the honors as Chileans have done on several such occasions.

But the *huaso*, the Chilean cowboy, outrides them all. A rodeo in South Chile is thrilling. It equals if it does not actually surpass Cheyenne's, or Pendleton, Oregon's best efforts on frontier days in our own Wild West.

I witnessed a rodeo in Temuco, heart of the Araucanian Indian country in South Chile, one Christmas afternoon. Temuco itself is a busy city of 37,000 kept active by the wealth of agricultural and forest resources surrounding it.

The Chilean *huasos* ride like centaurs either saddleless or perched high Cossack style on saddles lofted above the horses' backs with innumerable sheepskin blankets. Their tough, wiry mounts are quicker than cats. The feats of these riders were those seen at most rodeos in Madison Square Garden, plus some of the feats inherited from their ancestors who learned from the Spaniards, target lancing, obstacle jumping and mount-changing.

Every proper rodeo ends with a dance, and so, naturally, the Christmas fiesta at Temuco ended with the Chilean national dance—the *Cueca*. The *Cueca* is never danced indoors, but out under the sky or the stars with the cool breezes from the Pacific fluttering the handkerchiefs held aloft in the hand of each partner.

On this occasion a space was cleared in the midst of the circle of onlookers, and two dancers, a man and a girl, entered the circle. There seemed little to the *Cueca* except a game of each partner playfully pursuing the other, each flirting his handkerchief, as he tap-danced about. The maiden pretended to flee, the man pursued as she approached and withdrew. The onlookers

strummed their guitars, clapped their hands or beat their primitive drums. When one partner was exhausted, another entered the circle and took his place, and thus the dance went on for hours. Warmed by the exertion—plus a few draughts of *chicha*, a potent native drink made from corn or grapes, and usually imbibed on these occasions—the dance became a frenzied contest to see who could hold out the longest.

I wearied before the dancers did and departed for the south—the gorgeous lake region of Chile, which stretches south to Puerto Montt where the mainland of the Republic breaks up into a thousand islands and finally plunges into the Antarctic off Cape Horn.

Here in the midst of almost overpowering beauty, of glacial lakes and valleys often below sea-level, is a civilization almost alien to the original Chile and to the lands farther north. Entire provinces like Valdivia, which is rich in timber and grazing lands, have been taken over by Germans. For the most part, they are as German today as when their forebears came to Chile fifty or seventy-five years ago. I have visited towns and villages where Spanish, the national language, is seldom used. Hotels and restaurants flaunt German signs: Carlos Heim, R. Roth, Hotel Heinrich, Schild, Hausmann, Peltz. German schools, clubs, gardens and German language-papers prevail.

Chileans call their lake region “Suiza Chilena” (Swiss Chile). It begins at Valdivia, a clean, well-built, freshly painted German town of about 40,000 inhabitants, lying along the Calle-Calle River, down which the old whaling vessels used to sail outward from Port Corral. But it is not until you reach Osorno that you really enter the Lake Region, a region of wild gooseberries and raspberries, of flowering fuschia and mammoth tree ferns, of the red *copihue*, Chile’s national flower.

Heavy ox teams amble through the boggy roads, pulling high-slung carts with one-piece wheels cut from the heart of a giant tree. The hotel at Puerto Varas faces on Lake Llanquihue,

largest of the chain, thirty miles wide, the first lake to cross if you are en route to Argentina. From the hotel window and for most of the daylight ride on Llanquihue, glorious, white-robed Mount Osorno seems to bathe its feet in the waters of the lake.

Forests of virgin pine and cypress circle the numerous lakes, Puyehue, Rupanco, and in the distance volcanoes rise into the blue. Some of them are smoking a little, but Puntagudo—the Needle Pointed One—and Corcovado and Tronador, the Thunderer, were all behaving themselves, when last I saw them.

At the end of Lake *Todos Los Santos*—All the Saints—a lake of limpid beauty, emerald green from the top of its high wooded banks to the deeps of its rippling bosom, with green islets dotting its surface, lies the Swiss (or German) village of Peulla. The Andean pass is directly behind it. At this point the pass is only 3456 feet high, and it leads over the mountains to Lake Nahuel Huapí on the Argentine side.

But I was remaining in Chile, returning to Santiago this time. Had I taken a steamer from Puerto Montt through the winding canals and straits or by open ocean south to the Straits of Magellan, I could have reached the city of Punta Arenas. It is now the center of Chile's wool industry. Shepherds of Scotch ancestry tend their flocks in the cold antarctic regions where wool grows best.

The Straits of Magellan cut through Chilean territory and not Argentina's, giving Chile not only the Pacific coast to protect but an Atlantic coast as well. Farther north she has the Island of Juan Fernández, better known as Robinson Crusoe's Island, the scene of Daniel Defoe's great story. It is equally well known today as the source of the Chilean lobsters for which the cuisine of Valparaíso and Santiago are famous. The island of Juan Fernández is 350 miles southwest of Valparaíso. Another of her Pacific possessions is almost in the neighborhood of Pitcairn Island, celebrated in the book and movie of *Mutiny*

on the Bounty. Also there are Rapa Nui, or Easter Island, and the Island of Salas y Gómez, both on the sea lanes to Australia.

As a Chilean once said to me: "Chile has the longest and most exposed coast line in America. We are alone in the far south."

Culturally Chile ranks high among South American nations. The University of Chile with its Teachers College has more than twenty professional and postgraduate departments with a total enrollment of more than 8000 students. Many of her sons and daughters have received college degrees from the universities of the United States, although there has always been a strong tie with Europe.

Like most of South America she has looked to Europe for her art. The *Museo de Bellas Artes* in Santiago and many private galleries show the influence of Paris, though a modernistic trend is strong today.

Chile's women are forthright and progressive. They walk with a conquering stride and take their place among the nation's great. A Chilean school teacher—who likewise is one of Chile's famous poets—Gabriela Mistral, has served as envoy first to Spain and later to Central America.

Nevertheless, Chile remains a man's country. The nation which Inés de Suárez helped Pedro de Valdivia to create, has not yet seen fit to give its women the right to vote.

XXII

Aristocrats of the Pampa

I FIRST flew the Andes from Chile to Argentina in a tiny, single-motored plane, with no comforts, no modern gadgets. I have crossed many times since in larger planes, with all the comforts and safety devices known to science. Yet I shall always consider that first trip one of the supreme experiences of my life.

At four o'clock on an autumn morning the pilot came to my room in the hotel in Santiago and said "he guessed" good weather "up above." "Up above" meant above the Andes. So we were off, through the dim, deserted streets of the city, along a quiet road lined with slim, ghostly eucalyptus trees silhouetted against the great moonlit hulk of the eternal mountains.

When we reached the flying field seven miles away, a tiny, tin, single-motored flying machine stood puffing and trembling, already being warmed up for the great adventure. And what a machine! Beside the great passenger planes of today, it looked like a large horsefly and not much sturdier. Yet this was the thing in which we were to risk our necks on the world's highest regular air route.

The weather was mild, yet I was given a great leather coat lined with sheepskin, a helmet with big ear flaps, fur-lined mittens and a blanket. It might be mild weather on the flying field

at Santiago, but it would be sub-zero weather over the mountains.

Dawn came, pale dawn, then daylight, and the mountains stood out clearly. There was not a fleck of cloud or a wisp of fog. We got in, just the pilot and I. The supercharged motor zoomed and the little plane shivered and shimmied. The pilot listened, making sure the heartbeat of the motor was right. He eyed the instrument board and the altimeter and tested everything. Evidently all was well.

We began to roll across the field. At the opposite end we turned and waited for a moment. I looked at the runway before us, the grand concourse so to speak, and then at the sky, and suddenly there was a roar and a lunge and we were up.

The nose of the little plane pointed northward and upward and at an angle of forty-five degrees—or so it seemed. The motor purred and sang. Santiago shrank rapidly away, first to a sprawling town, then a village, then a landscape model, a toy and finally a mere splotch on the green valley. At our side stood a solid wall that seemed to grow higher as we rose—the western side of the Andes.

Five, six, seven thousand feet and we turned eastward over the broad valley of the Juncal River and toward the mountains. We gained on them. At first they looked like colossal gobs of sponge-cake sprinkled with a thin coating of powdered sugar. In another moment they were beneath us, or I thought so, but this proved to be just an illusion. The great gobs of sponge cake were not the Andes at all. They were only the foothills of the Andes. We hadn't started to climb. The motor purred as gently and peacefully as a kitten before an open fire. There wasn't a whiff of breeze and the plane floated along like a fairy boat in dreamland—or something.

In a few moments I looked down again and we were over a labyrinthian gorge or pass, at the bottom of which was huddled a little town, Los Andes, the Chilean railroad junction where

earth-bound travellers took the famous trans-Andean train across the barriers to Argentina. (A serious avalanche several years later caused officials to discontinue rail service over the high passes. Land travellers now leave the railway at Los Andes on the Chilean side and are taken by motor to Mendoza on the Argentine side, where the rail journey is resumed.)

Looking down on the Plaza at Los Andes, I could almost see the monument to Juan and Mateo Clark, the gentlemen who laid the first steel rails on that miraculous railway. Along the valley were millions of gay poppies, like floral rainbows beneath us, and little farms that looked like a soft bed for a landing—in case.

The poppies and hayfields gave way to jagged, contorted cliffs and rocks, around and over which wound and twisted the Aconcagua River and, beside it, two silken threads which I knew were the railroad itself. All the time we were climbing up, up, up—eight thousand feet, nine, ten—two miles. The sponge cake became a coconut cake. It was all solid white, completely iced over. This, I thought, is the Andes proper. But as I looked ahead a wall loomed still higher, so high that it seemed to have no top. Then I realized that these were just the foothills of the Andes.

The little tin bird floated along so smoothly I wanted to go to sleep. But the pilot had anticipated this. He knew that at about such a time and at such a height I would feel like that. He looked back and pointing to a large tube shouted: "Use that."

An oxygen tube. I picked it up, pressed something, breathed deeply and felt restored, took new interest in life and in this marvellous upper world. We were still climbing. I glanced at the altimeter; fourteen thousand feet, then presently fifteen thousand, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen thousand. The railroad had disappeared, but there, between two ridges, was a giant icy mirror with crags and peaks reflected in its glacial blue waters,

the *Laguna del Inca* or Inca Lake, one of the gorgeous spectacles of the Andes.

Up and up, nineteen, twenty thousand feet, twenty-one thousand, twenty-one thousand five hundred feet. What an altitude! Too high to see the shrine of patriotism—the Christ of the Andes—somewhere below us on the continental divide, on a ridge between two ranges, itself over twelve thousand feet above sea level. The railroad tunnel burrows for two miles through the ridge on which it stands.

In 1903, Chile and Argentina, after a bitter dispute which almost ended in war, signed a treaty agreeing never again to go to war against each other. The women of Buenos Aires and of Santiago grew sentimental, enthusiastic and patriotic. They raised money, bought the old cannons that might have been used to shoot up their men, had them melted and cast into a giant likeness of the Peacemaker of the Ages.

As the late Annie S. Peck, that brave and daring enthusiast of the Americas, wrote: "The statue was carried to Mendoza and, on gun carriages, up the mountainside. On the 13th of March, 1904, it was dedicated in the presence of hundreds of men and women of the two countries which the Andes divide, who came up the day before and camped during the night to take part in this extraordinary occasion. The hour approached. The Argentines stood on the soil of Chile, the Chileans on the soil of Argentina. Guns boomed and re-echoed through the mountains. There was a moment of solemn silence, and the monument was unveiled and presented to the world as a lesson in peace and good will." At its base is the Spanish equivalent of these words: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust than the Argentines and Chileans break the peace sworn at the feet of Christ the Redeemer." So far they have kept the faith.

I remembered this as we floated along over the grandest piece of scenery that ever came from the studios of the great World

Maker. It was like going to heaven in an airplane. We were just above the cordillera, the central range of the mighty mountains. Beneath us, jagged peaks, like the teeth of Eternity, seemed to reach up threateningly. All around were countless slender snowy peaks. To the north the granddaddy of them all—the monarch of all American mountains—Aconcagua, 23,083 feet high, looked calmly and silently down upon the whole continent. To the south, Aconcagua's companion, Tupungato, only a hundred feet lower. Two giant sentinels of this fantastic garden of the gods.

As we cleared the western edge of the central range and hung in the firmament between these two magnificent peaks, the morning sun splashed its first yellow rays over the mountains, and the great white world became a solid mass of glittering gold. Then it changed. It became a mass of shimmering silver. The rearing peaks looked like great foaming bubbles. I looked south at Tupungato, then north to Aconcagua. They wore crowns of sparkling diamonds, so bright from the light of old Sol that it hurt my eyes to look.

Not if I live to the age of Methuselah, do I expect another such experience. Not if my whiskers trail in the dust could I ask for more glamor and grandeur than I saw in those few moments. Because it was only for a few moments. Five minutes more and we were over and on our way down; twenty thousand feet, nineteen thousand feet, eighteen thousand, over the foothills. The coconut cake became a sponge cake again with its thin layer of powdered sugar. Fifteen thousand feet, fourteen thousand, thirteen, twelve, down, down, over country so level you could see to Africa, until the horizon was swallowed up in a purple haze.

Finally before us another picture was painted on a carpet of green. The landscape model became a toy, then a city. The carpet of green became grape vines, thousands of acres of them, and we had arrived at historic Mendoza, metropolis of the wine country of Argentina.

And when we touched earth and skimmed across the dusty fields of Mendoza, we had been only one short hour and a half on our way. By train it would have taken all day. By plane from Santiago it was thirty minutes up, thirty minutes over the top and then thirty minutes down. Today the plane trip requires only fifty minutes.

Argentina is the second largest nation in South America and probably the most highly developed and progressive of them all. It stretches 2300 miles from the Bolivian border to Cape Horn between the Andean ridge and the south Atlantic. Its population is greater than Canada's. Its agricultural resources are fabulous. It is the world's leading exporter of meat and corn and a close runner-up to the United States in wheat production. Cattle, sheep, horses, goats and pigs roam over its grassy plains. Its farms yield linseed and oats as well as corn and wheat.

The Argentines are a proud people, a race apart, a white nation they want you to know, derived almost entirely from Europe, with a very slight admixture of the native Indian in the far north. Spanish and Italian peoples predominate. According to Argentine statistics nearly half of the nation's population have some Italian blood in their veins. One-fifth of the entire population are either Italian or the children of Italian parents, though there is a considerable proportion of German and Slavic blood due to recent immigration. Argentina permits no infusion of color into its population. Orientals and Africans are not only unwelcome, they are tactfully excluded.

This, one of the largest Spanish-speaking countries in the world, speaks a language of its own, too, a Spanish as different from that spoken in Madrid as American English is different from Oxford English.

Look at the map of Argentina. It resembles a circus lion standing on his hind legs with his back against the Andean border of Chile and his belly washed by the South Atlantic Ocean. His ears tickle the southern border of Bolivia, and as I have intimated elsewhere, his forehead is pressed against Paraguay,

with one extended paw pushing upward, playfully caressing Uruguay and lower Brazil. He is a large lion at that, equal to all that portion of the United States east of the Mississippi River with a little of Canada and Mexico added for good measure.

In climate and products Argentina is as varied as North America from Canada to Mexico. Northern Argentina is semi-tropical. Rolling hills climb upward toward the Andes. The province of Tucumán—"The Garden of the Republic"—in whose capital the Argentine Declaration of Independence was signed in 1816, is the center of the sugar industry. Salta, north of Tucumán, prospers with its oil industry and its factories. Nearby Santiago del Estero is like a son of old Spain; a courtly grandee finding life good in a new world. The people of Santiago del Estero are natural musicians. Their songs are loved throughout the Republic.

In the northeast is a vast primeval forest of hardwoods and a swampy forest of *quebracho*, the hardest wood in the world, so hard and heavy it will not even float in salt water. The essence of *quebracho*, used for tanning leather, is one of the most important exports of the country, most of which finds its way into the shoe factories of the United States. The provinces of Entre Ríos, Corrientes and Misiones, flanked by the Paraná and the Paraguay Rivers on the west and by the Uruguay on the east, are crisscrossed by numerous other small streams. It is a rolling, fertile region with a mild climate and ample rainfall. Linseed, fruit, rice and *yerba maté*—the favorite "tea" of the nation—are grown here, and fine sheep and Hereford cattle are raised in abundance.

South of the *quebracho* country is a clump of scrubby mountains. From here the broad *pampa*, the level and once treeless plain, stretches on southward between the Andes and the Río de la Plata (which the English residents of Argentina still insist upon calling the River Plate). The Río de la Plata with its tributaries has a drainage of about a million square miles.

Most of the nation's population is centered in the temperate east central portion. Buenos Aires, on the banks of the Río de la Plata, which at this point is 28 miles wide and 170 miles from the ocean, counts a population of approximately 2,500,000.

But getting back to Mendoza. I sat one day on the terrace of the Plaza Hotel with Pedro Anzoreno, a native son of that city, which is the capital of the far western province of the same name. Pedro piloted me through many a famous institution in his native city, great wineries—or *bodegas* as they are called—where millions of gallons of grape juice are transformed into the finest wines and champagnes.

We strolled through endless acres of green vineyards that nestle at the feet of the snow-capped Andes. We sat in the cool reception rooms of old *bodegas* and sampled the vintage of other years. I listened for hours to his romantic tales of his province and city. How the conquerors of Perú and the Pacific coast came over the mountains and planted towns at the end of the pass before Buenos Aires had established a permanent settlement. How one of those towns finally became Mendoza, named for one of the nation's heroes.

"Along the ridges and in the valleys of these foothills," Pedro told me, "those rugged pioneers managed to eke out an existence by raising runty sheep and straggly cattle. They couldn't grow anything out on the level plain. That was a dusty expanse of silt, and the rain god seldom smiled upon it.

"For two hundred years Mendoza was just a village at the foot of the pass," he added. "Then came General San Martín and the struggle for independence. San Martín, our George Washington, had already driven the soldiers of Spain out of Argentina across the mountains to Chile and Perú. Now he decided to drive them from the continent. He came to Mendoza to gather another army, another force to cross the heights and finish the job.

"Months passed," Pedro went on. "Stragglers and non-descripts came from the north and the east. They marched and

drilled and grew hardy. Supplies trickled in from various towns and villages—meager supplies, for the country was desperately poor. The people of Mendoza gave their all: their silver, their gold rings, pins and heirlooms. The women cut off their long black tresses and twisted them into ropes and harness and bridle reins. And one day,” he concluded, “San Martín and his men marched away, up into the icy white torments of the Andes, over to the other side and to victory.”

If you would know how the Argentines feel about General José de San Martín you need go no farther than Mendoza. There is hardly a building or square or street in the city without a monument or memorial to San Martín. There is a Parque San Martín, the Plaza San Martín, the Avenida San Martín, the church of San Martín, and today even the cocktail San Martín.

It was only about seventy-five years ago that the first grape vines were planted in the province of Mendoza. Immediately there was an important discovery that the grapes were unusually sweet and juicy, wonderfully mellowed and flavored by the bright rays of the tropic sun and the cool winds that sweep down from the icy mountains. Somebody conceived the idea of bringing melted snows and melted glaciers down from the mighty heights to water the desert wastes. Workmen climbed up thousands of feet and built a dike or dam. They tamed the raging torrents that poured down the steep cliffs. Then they piped the water and conducted it down and out over the plain.

Today nearly a half million acres of grape vines spread eastward from the mountains to the horizon. Eight hundred varieties of grapes grow in clusters from ten inches to two feet in length. One hundred and fifty million gallons of wine and champagne are sent eastward yearly to Buenos Aires and the other cities of the continent.

Pedro Anzoreno and I visited *Bodega Tomba* where 200,000

acres of vineyards supply juice enough to make a million gallons of wine and champagne every year. We sat one afternoon in the hall of the vintages, a room with high ceilings and hardwood panels. There were racks and tables upon which stood bottles of wine and brandy and champagne, some ten, some fifteen, others twenty years old. There were a few bottles of forty-year-old brandy.

Our host was the *Mayordomo*, the manager of the place. Waiters in livery served us. We sipped a few drops of this and a few drops of that. Visitors came and sipped and left. Señoras and señoritas with their brothers, fathers, husbands. It is the custom of Mendoza. It is the same all over the province at all the Bodegas, at Arazú, Trapiche and others. It is the same in the province of San Juan, Mendoza's neighbor and rival on the north. Yet nobody really drinks. Wine is sipped. It is a part of every meal. It seasons the food and flavors it.

Argentina is the fourth wine-producing country in the world. Wine is more common than water. Yet Argentina is a temperate nation. Listen to what my friend Tschiffely has to say. You recall the author of *Tschiffely's Ride* who rode Mancha and Gato, those famous Argentine mustangs, from Buenos Aires to Washington—ten thousand miles in the saddle. Tschiffely is a true son of the *pampa*. He has run with the *gauchos*—the cowboys of his country. Incidentally he is an Argentine, in spite of his gray-blue eyes, his brownish hair, and his perfect English.

I asked him if the *gauchos* were heavy drinkers. He replied: "Certainly not. I was in El Cardal recently, the *estancia* where my horses are now enjoying their old age pension. We were branding cattle. On the last day after the last calf had been branded, a *fiesta* was held. Neighbors came from near and far, dressed in their Sunday best. The girls wore their gayest frocks. Even the horses were dressed up in their silver-mounted trap-pings and saddles.

"There were tables covered with food and bottles of wine—

every one was free to eat and drink and make merry. Yet not one man took more than one glass. Why, they are almost as temperate as the Arabs who never drink at all. But, mind you, I never met a total abstainer."

Mendoza is today a city of approximately 100,000 people. Its hotels, clubs, shops are among the best in South America. There is a bank on each of the four corners of Plaza San Martín. There is also one block where the farmers and wine growers gather to trade—a glorified curb market that covers the sidewalks the entire length of the block. Millions of *pesos* change hands every day during the market season.

Mendoza's schools are free, and its children must attend. To make democracy more easily workable, all the school girls wear white aprons or smocks and all the boys wear dark-gray coats. In this way the poor cannot be distinguished from the rich. Argentine schools are in many ways like our own, and the laws of the land require that every public school must have an instructor in sanitation and public health.

For a close-up of education in the Republic, however, I recommend a visit to Córdoba and its University, known as the Oxford of the Argentine Republic, hundreds of miles inland from Buenos Aires. It is on the northern edge of the pampa just where the Córdoba Hills begin to lift northwestern Argentina out of the valleys of the Río de la Plata and Río Paraná. The land keeps rising until Argentina pillows its head firmly against the Andes.

Of course Argentina doesn't have an Oxford, but it has many old schools and colleges, some older than anything in the United States, older than William and Mary, or Yale or Harvard. Córdoba University opened for business and the training of ambitious youth six years after the first Virginians walked to shore at Jamestown. *La Universidad de Córdoba* is the oldest and most classic seat of learning in the Republic, and after San Marcos in Lima, second oldest in South America.

Its Medical School is one of the finest south of Uncle Sam's domain. When I last visited it, there were 2500 students in this department alone and—shades of Spanish tradition!—about half of them were women. The Law School of Córdoba has a classic record. It produced many of the nation's great leaders. Two thousand students are now enrolled in the college of law. Comparatively few pursue the arts exclusively as did their grandparents. Argentina is a hustling, busy, progressive republic which calls for engineers, scientists, skilled directors in public and industrial affairs.

On my first visit to Córdoba I was disappointed at the plain exterior of the University. But inside that plain gray wall was another world—parklike *patios* with flowers, trees, monuments. Long classic cloisters led to quiet reception halls and a gorgeous old library, done in beautiful hardwood and housing thousands and thousands of the oldest books in the New World. There are beautiful volumes bound in hand-tooled leather, most of them histories of the church and of the saints. Like all the early institutions of learning in the other Americas, the University of Córdoba was a child of the church. But it is no longer a church institution. It is under the jurisdiction of the national government, run something after the fashion of our own state universities.

A brilliant old professor who spoke not only Spanish but French, German, Italian and English talked to me about the younger generation. What he said had a familiar ring. "The young people of today are lazy, unambitious, incapable of consistent work." The old professor proved it. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, the important hour of the day, and a week before examinations. Yet we counted but seven students in the great library.

"Our young men have but one ambition—to make money. The reason for wanting money? To make themselves more elegant, more attractive, so that more ladies will cast favorable

glances at them. Go over to the Calle San Martín at seven o'clock and see for yourself."

We parted and I went. The Calle San Martín at seven o'clock in the evening is the favorite promenade of Córdoba, the scene of the daily *paseo*. Here thousands gather. No student misses this daily rite. All are clad in their best. Some of the gay young dons carry their canes and their gloves. Beautiful girls are there with their mothers or other members of their family. For two hours they walk about, bowing, smiling, laughing. The men utter complimentary remarks in low tones as they pass the ladies. Yet, except for the term *paseo* it is not so different from college life in Michigan, Massachusetts, Maryland or Missouri.

Córdoba is not only the Oxford of Argentina, but it is the Rome, the eternal city of this southern Republic. By actual count there are at least two churches to every block and one square in the heart of the city boasts a church on every corner.

On my last visit to Córdoba a *fiesta* was on, celebrating the anniversary of the founding of the city. Soldiers, bands and crowds were massed in the Plaza San Martín. Special masses were being said in all the churches. There was an impressive service in the Cathedral. High officials and dignitaries of the church filled the old edifice; the governor of the province with his staff, the *intendente* or mayor with his aides, the bishops and all their assistants in gorgeous robes.

With all its modernism, Córdoba is a city of Spanish traditions, colonial traditions, too, but not European Spanish. Buenos Aires is a European city in custom and culture. To the *porteño*, as the people of the port city of Buenos Aires are called, Paris was formerly the center of the world. But Córdoba goes back to the days of the Spanish conquest. It is still creole, made up of the Argentine-born children of Spanish parents.

Not only the people but the houses that many of them still live in are pure colonial. The finest old homes are severely

simple outside, but inside they are built around spacious and lovely *patios*. Iron grillwork covers outer windows and openings, but inside there is charm and beauty and hospitality. Some of the old houses have two or three *patios*, like the inner compounds of a Chinese house. From the sidewalk you may look through a vista of arched doorways leading from one patio to the other.

There is the house of Sobremonte, one of the last of the viceroys. He fled from Buenos Aires and the English in the early 1800's, captured the city of Córdoba and built an impressive Spanish-colonial palace bearing the imprint of Indian artistry and workmanship. For the Indian was the builder of those days. He was the pupil of the Spaniard. His art was the result of the teachings of the priests, but the interpretation was his own.

In the chapel of Sobremonte's house is a small wood carving of the Christ. Great artists of the world have commented on its exquisite proportions, its ineffable beauty. Its body and features are strictly Indian. The artist, like his race, was vanquished and subdued by the Spaniard. He accepted the Christ but not the Spaniard. Spanish colonial churches and cathedrals, Spanish colonial houses and customs—that is Córdoba.

After Córdoba a flight over the flat plains to the city of Buenos Aires becomes a monotonous stretch of green, rolling away in uneven rectangles and triangles between streaks of brown roads. Yet that stretch of green is the lifeblood of the nation: thousands of acres of wheat, rich pastures, an endless garden intensively cultivated.

The broad level grassy *pampa* is a glorified Iowa or a second Texas. Thirty-three million head of cattle, 45,000,000 sheep, 700,000,000 acres of agricultural land! The figures are stupefying. There they are beneath the plane, vast fields that extend for miles on end. Cattle, horses, sheep, thousands of rhea—the South American ostrich. Rich lands like the delta lands of the Mississippi, something like the Iowa corn country, a little

like the prairie lands of northern Illinois and northern Indiana, a little more like Texas.

It is this rich and fertile *pampa* that has made possible the magnificent city of Buenos Aires. Built on the flat, level marsh lands along the Río de la Plata, the city of Good Airs had not one natural feature. Yet upon that flat, uninteresting plain rolling back from the muddy yellow river, Argentine architects and builders and Argentine imagination have created a great city of striking interest; a clean city over which the national flag floats in immaculate stripes of pale blue and white.

Wide boulevards find their way to every section of "B.A.," as the matter-of-fact English residents like to call it. More than a hundred parks lie within the city limits. At one end of Avenida de Mayo is the Plaza Mayo, an Italian sunken garden. On one side of the plaza is the Cathedral, a massive Greek temple. On another is the *Casa Rosada*—the "pink house," or Presidential Palace. At the opposite end of the Avenida, rearing Roman horses surmount the Greek entrance to the Hall of Congress. Its rotunda resembles our capitol at Washington. Yet the whole effect of Buenos Aires is distinctly Argentine.

Subways—clean, well-kept subways—lead from the heart of the city to the various suburbs. The water front throbs with industry. Here the produce of the *pampa*, from north, from south, from west, starts on its way to foreign lands. Ships from all over the world tie up to its miles of docks.

Two hundred miles up the river and on the banks of the Paraná, which joins the Río de la Plata at about that point, is Rosario, the second city of the Republic, the Minneapolis of South America. It is a city of fabulous wealth, of wheat elevators and packing plants, of wheat barons and cattle kings.

In Rosario a Spanish immigrant boy—Juan Fuentes—an Andrew Carnegie double, rose from poverty to affluence by way of land and cattle. He erected a building—Casa Fuentes—at a cost of ten million dollars. A "House of Memory" he called it,



Photograph by Evans, from Three Lions

Modern Apartments, Argentine Style

"which will be an embodiment of the history and traditions, the riches and resources, the brains and accomplishments of my country and city. When the people, their children and their children's children look upon this house, they will not forget Juan Fuentes."

In Rosario is a Normal School, the Escuela Sarmiento, built by Sarmiento the Argentine statesman, educator and friend of Horace Mann. After a visit to the United States, Sarmiento revolutionized public education in his native land. On the entrance wall of the school he founded in Rosario are the names of North American teachers who worked with him in founding it. This school inaugurated the great state-controlled system of public education that prevails in Argentina today. How many of us have ever heard of Rosario, the city of roses, the home of more than half a million energetic, cultivated Argentines?

But to return to Buenos Aires with its governmental palaces, schools, colleges, museums of art and hotels equal to any in the world. One of the finest of all structures in South America is the *Teatro Colón*, or National Opera House. It is the pride of the nation, built and supported by the State. On tree-lined Avenida Alvear, many of the embassy buildings are located, including the imposing United States Embassy.

Buenos Aires is a cross between Paris and Chicago. Paris was its model, its inspiration, artistically and intellectually. The Avenida Alvear is laid out according to the plan of Avenue Foch in Paris. Only in the oldest sections are the narrow, winding streets flanked by solid houses with lots of grille work and an old-world atmosphere. Some of the houses on Plaza San Martín and Avenida Alvear cover entire blocks. The historic Paz and Anchorena homes, now national or public buildings, have the proportions of our Library of Congress or the Grand Central Station in New York.

Stroll into the *Calle Florida*, or Florida Street, the smart shopping street—the Fifth Avenue—of the metropolis. It is so



Photograph by Jules Bucher, from Three Lions

The Argentine Capital—A Cross Between Paris and Chicago

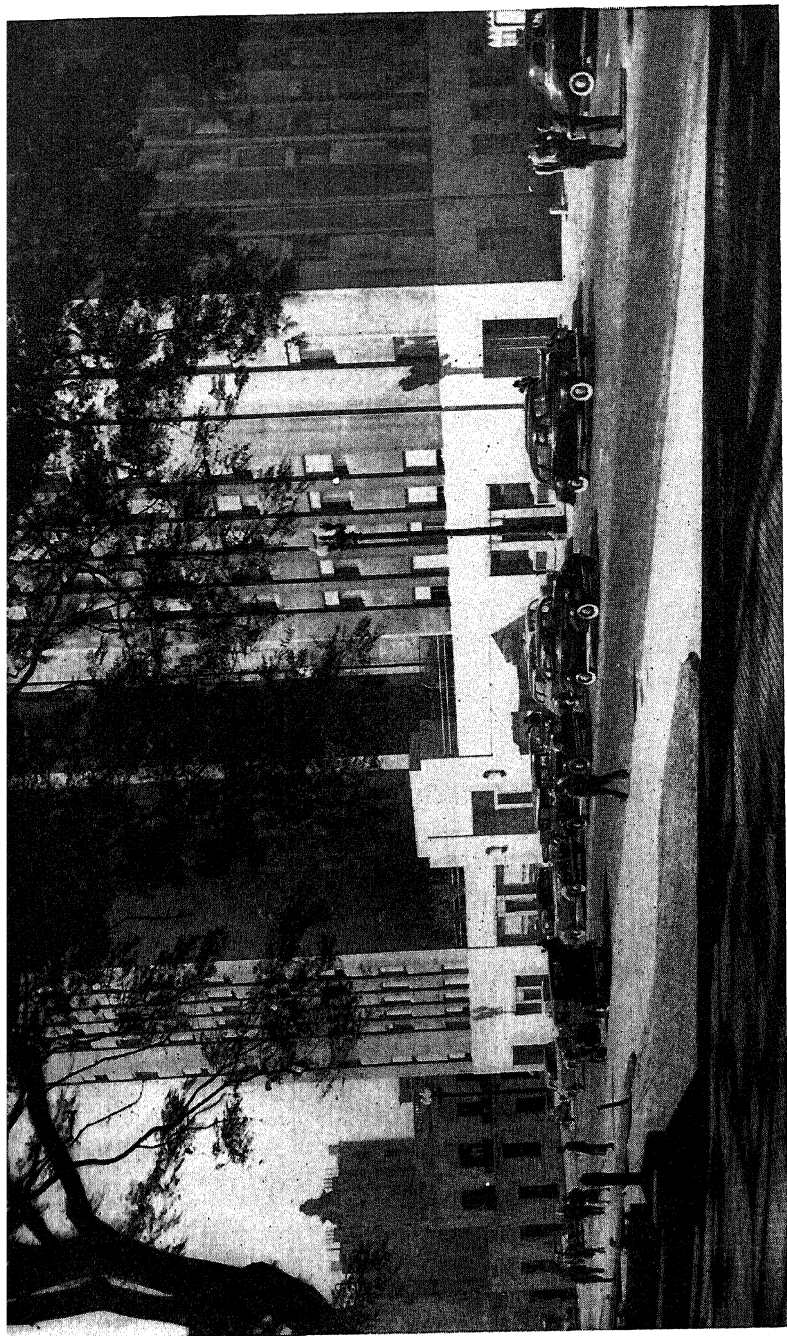
narrow you can almost step across it, and between five and seven in the evening, no motor traffic is allowed on it. Here a large portion of Buenos Aires promenades until far into the evening. Along this narrow, cozy little street are the clubs and tea houses where the people gather to sip good cheer and discuss the events of the day.

There is the exclusive *Círculo de Armas*, just a block off the Florida. Here go the blue bloods. Only the elect, the old families are admitted. Then there is the world famous Jockey Club, a dark-gray old building, very classic, very dignified, with great halls, luxurious lounges and one of the world's finest libraries. A few hours in the Florida and the illusion of old Paris is complete.

But wander farther out on the great boulevards. Observe the modern office buildings. Today there are many soaring skyscrapers. Stroll along the tree-lined walks and parkways of the water front. It is like our own Chicago and, when you consider that cattle, sheep, corn, wheat are what made it possible, Chicago is the only word that expresses it.

Buenos Aires is the birthplace of the tango. "Next to the fox trot, the tango is probably the most universal of all dances," says Ralph Peer, the leading tango purveyor to the world, with publishing houses in eleven countries and distributing branches in a dozen others. Every week he has orders for tango music from places as remote from one another as Texas and Timbuctoo.

No story of Buenos Aires would be complete without some reference to this music. The tango is seldom, if ever, heard in the interior of the country. It is purely a product of the great metropolis on the Río de la Plata. Interestingly enough, to the old-time Spanish *porteño*, the tango is and always has been just a song, a tale told to musical accompaniment, half sung, half recited, "the rhythm of the river," as one tango composer expressed it. It originated on the Boca, the mouth of the river, in



Photograph—Courtesy of Moore-McCormack Lines

Plaza San Martín, Buenos Aires

the cafés and bars frequented by sailors from all over the world. In fact, it did not get uptown until forty-five years ago, and at first only to the less pretentious cafés and coffeehouses.

The Italians were the first to disseminate it. Being a musical people they adopted the rhythm of this music, and made it their own. But the words being the jargon of the river, the slang of the slums, most of it too raw for polite society, they shunned the lyrics and danced the tunes. Although a sad music to begin with, composers and publishers have tried with some degree of success to foster a happier style of lyrics for world consumption.

Modern sports also play a large part in the life of Buenos Aires. Soccer—English football—is its national game and its major enthusiasm. It is played furiously and frantically all over the Republic. Then there is polo. Argentine teams have visited the United States and brilliantly competed with our own best players. And, as is natural in a city which draws its lifeblood from the *pampa* where fine horses are bred, Buenos Aires finds its greatest relaxation in horse racing.

Out on the edge of lovely Palermo, one of the largest parks in the city, is the Hipódromo Argentina, the race track. Here on Sundays may be seen the gayest, most attractive crowds in the world. In Argentina, as in all southern republics, Sunday is a day of play and recreation. But the Grand National, the Annual Derby, is the year's outstanding event at this most pretentious racecourse in America, and perhaps in the world. Not to go forth in all your finery on this day, whether you are fifteen or fifty, is to reduce yourself to the ranks of the also-rans. Racing is not merely a pastime in Argentina, it is a religion. Its shrine is the Jockey Club, and its holy day is the first Sunday in October when the "*Gran Premio Nacional*" is run.

Spring is under way by that time and the artistic amphitheatre of white concrete, which rises from smooth green lawns cut through with red gravel paths, is thronged with the elite of the

nation, about 100,000 of them. The hum of the "track talk" rises from the canopied tea tables set on red gravel walks.

Betting is a science and an art governed by strict rules. The prize? It figures about 100,000 *pesos*, plus an *objet d'art* worth not less than 25,000 *pesos*. As the racing comets complete the circle, 95,000 Argentines become almost hysterical. The other five thousand are as emotional as silk hats and afternoon finery will permit. Thus, year after year, Buenos Aires offers the world the supreme example of what was once "the sport of kings."

In the popular conception Argentina is a glorified cow country with the picturesque *gaucho* as the symbol of its civilization. It is a cow country, yes, but the *gaucho* of the motion pictures, with baggy trousers and glittering trappings which include lace ruffles, is about as common as is the old cowboy in Texas. In a recent 3000-mile journey through the interior of the country, visiting cities, towns and *estancias*, I met but one of the gaily attired cowboys, and he was dressed up for a fiesta.

The *gaucho* is there, of course, but not in comic opera costume. Argentina long ago outgrew the picturesque stage. She occupies an important place among the nations of the world, and it requires more than baggy trousers and silver-trimmed sailor hats to maintain that position.

XXIII

The Estancia

THE FARM, the ranch, or in Argentine usage, the *estancia*, is the symbol of the Republic. It is to the *estancia*, large and small, that this far southern country owes its progress, even its very existence. The aristocrats who occupy the great mansions on the Avenida Alvear in Buenos Aires are seldom bankers or industrialists. They are stock raisers, wheat and corn farmers. The four hundred who occupy the boxes at the Colón Theatre during opera season got their wealth and maintain it by operating huge plantations out on the fertile pampa. "If you would know what makes the Argentine wheels go round," a Buenos Aires friend of mine told me years ago, "you must go to the country."

Heeding his advice, I did just that. I immediately went to the country. I visited Santa Rosa, the cattle *estancia* of one Señor Miguel Parnell, in the southern part of Buenos Aires province. After a night of bumping and tortoise-like speed, the Tri-Weekly Freight and Passenger Combination disgorged me almost at the main gate just before dawn one morning. The Señor and the male portion of his progeny, Alfredo and Carlos, were watching handy men and helpers tend a blazing open fire upon which an unsuspecting bovine was soon to be offered up, a succulent sacrifice to the noble cause of gormandizing. That is

to say, an *asado* was impending, the typical Argentine institution which any Georgia farmer would call a barbecue.

"It is in good time you are," the Señor assured me in his best drawl and blarney. "The old *gauchos* were wantin' to say, 'no *asado* would roast properly unless the fire was built the night before.' Besides, who wants to be takin' his ease while daylight is flashin' over the land?"

And "flashin'" it was. A faint silver glow shimmered across the sky. Then a spray of golden arrows sputtered above the horizon and a flaming shield of light burst with such startling suddenness out of the limitless flat earth before us that I caught myself leaning backward, my hands raised to guard my face from the glare.

"For more than forty years now," said the old man, standing bareheaded as if in salute, "I have been watchin' this mornin' miracle, and I have never yet witnessed a dull performance. Reminds me of me early days on the Texas frontier.

"It was in '94," he hurried on, a little wistfully, I thought, "that I shook meself out of the Cleveland depression, shipped on a windjammer from New Orleans and joined me Irish cousins in Argentina." Following, he might have added, in the footsteps of the Nelsons, Harringtons, Kellys, Dugans, Cavaughs and countless other Irish prominents and worthies who now make up a considerable bulk of the aristocracy as well as the fiery temperament of the Southern Republic.

"I arrived," the Señor continued, "just when the Argentinos began takin' themselves seriously. About the time they started buildin' railroads, importin' fancy rams along with Short Horn, Holstein and Hereford bulls to sire the flocks and herds of today, as well as fillin' the rich *pampa* with oats, barley, rye grass, cocksfoot and Australian oat grass to fatten them on.

"Then," he added, "came the Swifts, the Armours and the other packing companies to turn our cattle and sheep into steaks, corned beef and mutton chops, and in general turn the

country into the butcher shop of the world. At least most of the world except the United States, which to this day is not allowin' a morsel of our meat to get in unless it is corned or canned."

It was perfectly apparent that forty years had been enough to transform a well-developed Texas ranger of Irish birth into a perfect *criollo*. The Michael of old Erin had become the Miguel of old Spain. Mr. Parnell had deserted the wide sombrero of the Río Grande for the *gaucho* beret or skullcap "that sticks by you in a gale o' wind." He no longer arose in the morning and encased his feet and calves in cowboy boots, but merely slid them into *alpargatos*, the cloth slippers worn by all *rurales*. He even draped his middle portions in those picturesque *pampa* breeches that look like divided skirts gathered in at the waist and just above the ankles—*bombachos*, in local lingo. Sheathed in a silver scabbard and stuck under his wide leather girdle was the double-edged knife or *facon* of *gaucho* fame.

"Novel as they may be appearin'," he said, looking down at his billowy bloomers as they bellied and flapped in the early morning breeze, "you should have seen the well-dressed *ranchero* when I arrived in these parts, especially on the Sabbath. He looked like a gay blade goin' to a masquerade or a fellow just escaped from a fire in an assortment of his wife's clothin', fringe, embroidery and all.

"But if you're thinkin' all this made him ladylike, you must be puttin' such notions behind you. Offend him in the slightest and he was instantly transformed into a cross between a tiger cat an' a jumpin' jack. If you were cowardly enough to be attemptin' a retreat, he raced after you an' struck you down with his 'three Marias.' You've seen them? The *bolas*? A plaited Y-shaped rope, eight or ten feet long, with two prongs with leather covered balls at one end, and a heavier ball on the other. Anyway, when he spun this contraption above his head

a few times and let go in your direction, either your neck was imperilled or you were unhorsed and left to stand and fight.

"Leapin' from his own horse, off would come his poncho. One end of it he would be twistin' around his left arm as a shield, leavin' the other end on the ground as a trap to trip you as you jockeyed back an' forth. With his razor-edged *facon*, in those times much longer than the ones we carry now, he prepared to engage you in a little fancy carvin' match.

"Flourishin' revolvers was, and still is, considered effeminate. No regular cowman will be seen wearin' one even now. No, with his 'three Marias' wrapped 'round his waist and his *facon* in his belt, he was fully armed for all purposes: to defend himself, to mend his saddle, eat his meals, slaughter and skin a cow"—if for any purpose a cow was to be skinned, which it wasn't and still isn't often, as I was to learn at Santa Rosa that very morning.

The fire having burned down to a molten bed of coals, the Señor turned his hand to the serious business of the day—the slaughtering and roasting of the heifer.

"Heifer, indeed!" as Señor Parnell informed me. "Custom requires that meat for the *asado*, like the sacrifices of old, shall be virgin—pure, tasty, tender."

Alfredo and Carlos leaped onto their prancing mustangs and dashed toward a grazing herd of white-faced Herefords, a few hundred yards away. A fine specimen was selected, cut out of the herd, roped, tripped, trussed and dragged to within a few feet of the fire.

Whereupon the Señor whipped out his *facon* and with one stroke slit the creature's jugular vein. Hardly waiting for the last gush of blood, he slashed out a rectangular rib roast, in fact the entire side of the carcass, impaled it on an iron spit the shape of a cross and inclined it toward the smoldering coals, hairside to.

"Now, then, in a little while," he explained, "the skin will be seared. Then we will be turnin' the flesh toward the fire. Roasted in the skin in this manner, all the juices and flavor of the meat are retained." *Carne con cuero*, it is called, "meat with the hide."

At that stage of the proceedings, I was getting slightly weak in the knees and the innards, when Carlos appeared with a kettle of what I knew was water and a can of what I hoped was coffee. It turned out to be *yerba maté* instead, the favorite national "tea," made from the dried leaves of the *ilex* tree, belonging to the holly family. *Ilex paraguayensis*, it is properly called. It was the drink of the *gaucho* when that rugged roustabout roamed the *pampa* and ate little but meat and drank little but *maté*. It is still his drink. Not only that, but it is the drink of rich and poor of most of southern South America. If you are one of Argentina's four hundred you may not admit it publicly but in private you like it.

Yerba—the herb—is the tea and the product. *Maté* is the gourd in which it is served. But popular usage has given the name of the gourd to the product, so that it is *maté* for short. It is brewed by pouring boiling water over the *maté* which is usually served in a bottlenecked gourd trimmed with silver into which a metal *bombilla* or tube has been inserted. The tube has a perforated base for macerating the leaves and a hollow shaft—usually silver—through which the *maté* is drunk or sipped or sucked.

Among rural folks one gourd and one *bombilla* serve for all present. When you have consumed one gourd full, more hot water is poured and it is passed on to the next fellow and the next and so on, one after the other. True democracy, you see, like the pipe of peace of the early Indians. The *maté* and *bombilla* mean much the same—hospitality, friendship, accord. The better class, of course, have enough gourds and *bombillas* to go around, but that is high-brow.

An Englishman of early days described *maté* as tasting "like water in which smoked herrings have been boiled," but as a matter of fact, though a little flat at first, *maté* tastes something like Chinese green tea. But even a scalding *maté*, as foreign to the Yankee palate as maypop juice to an Eskimo, couldn't fail to give life to my weakened innards. Early morning slaughter on an empty stomach is not exactly a stabilizing influence.

"*Maté*," said Señor Parnell, "is God's gift to the *pampa*, nature's own brand of concentrated food and drink. It is a potent stimulant and a liquid vegetable. In the old days the gaucho lived from one year to the next without ever seein' a vegetable. Meat and *maté* were his fare, and he lived a long and lusty life."

Meanwhile the *asado* sizzled, the grease trickled down onto the coals and neighbors came riding in from east, west, north and south. The men wore flaming mufflers and scarfs, each vying with the other in the number of coins and trinkets on his wide leather belt. Greetings, handshakings and embracings over, they settled themselves within appropriate smelling distance of the roast.

As the day wore on, they swapped yarns, recited, sang and strummed guitars. The Parnell boys, after the fashion of two wandering minstrels, waged a continual *payada*, or duel of rhymes, spinning off original doggerel about the day's events. The *payada* is a contest song, in which two performers improvise their lines, each taking his cue from the previous words of his opponent.

Señoras and señoritas descended upon the party and prepared the long tables, piling and stacking them high with long, slim loaves of homemade bread and fat, gobby cakes and cookies. They tugged out a dusty old demi-john of wine and strategically distributed several buckets of hot peppery sauces, one whiff of which would scorch the nostrils.

My pangs of hunger had grown to such proportions, I felt like the Spartan boy with the wolf gnawing him. But the moment the roast was ready my wolf began losing interest. The host slashed off the end rib along with a couple of pounds of meat and handed it to me. As I contemplated the singed, sooty hair on one side and the seared burnt crackling on the other, with the blood oozing from the middle, the wolf simply curled up and died.

It was an unfortunate predicament to be in on such an occasion. The choicest and tenderest rib of the roast always goes to the visitor or the tenderfoot, as the case may be, and it is up to him to devour and relish it or run the risk of jarring native hospitality and sensibility. But knowing full well that any attempt to consume any portion of it would result in dire physical upheaval and humiliation, I seized upon a counter gesture. I would share the favorite morsel with all, that each might know the depths of Yankee unselfishness.

So, with gay gusto, I proffered slice after slice right down to the bone only to learn that diplomacy had not flourished on the *pampa* that day. For presently I heard the strums of a guitar and the lilting tenor voice of Carlos rise above the chatter of the crowd as he sang:

El Gringo takes a rib
El Gringo takes a rib
Then the rib he passes 'round
'Til there's nothing round the rib
El Gringo takes a rib.

A few more strums and obligatos from the guitars and Alfredo's booming baritone answered back:

Padre Adam took a rib
Padre Adam took a rib
But the rib he kept around
Allowing no one 'round the rib
Padre Adam took a rib.

"I am afraid I wouldn't be subscribin' to me son's words," protested my host, seizing the poetic sentiment as a long-awaited cue. "If I may be sayin' so, keepin' ribs around is not what we are wantin' in this country. If we could be passin' 'round a little more beef and mutton among the Gringos everywhere, particularly among the people of the United States, it would be good for all of us."

Then he continued: "See me old Detroit trucks and tractors there in front of the house? Soon I'll be needin' new ones. And I have got 100 miles of Pennsylvania wire fencin' around me place too. I ought to be replacin' most of it. But it costs too much. I would have to pay an exchange premium. Our government says you Yankees are not buyin' enough from this country for us to get enough dollars to pay our debts to you and buy from you at the same time."

Yes, the romantic *gaucho* of the past has become a hard-headed business man. But the land and the cattle he helped to develop are the lifeblood of Argentina. Cattle cover the *pampa* from the Atlantic Ocean to the foothills of the Andes. They roam in a north-south direction from the Salada to the Negro River, the great open spaces of the Republic.

During one of my early visits to this amazing Argentina, my host, Señor Luis Duhau at the *Estancia Santa Juana*, surprised me by speaking of his 60,000-acre ranch as "rather small." Santa Juana supported 15,000 head of cattle, 12,000 hogs, 5000 horses, grew 5000 acres of wheat, 5000 acres of corn, ran a dairy and a few other odds and ends. Such figures no longer surprise me. The largest packing plants in the world are not in the United States but in Argentina. One such plant answering to a Chicago name, by the way, is in the port city of La Plata, forty miles down the Río de la Plata from Buenos Aires. Normally it slaughters 4500 head of cattle and 5000 sheep a day. Yet it is but one of a number of plants under the same ownership. The ten important *frigoríficos*—meat packing plants in Argentina—

slaughter about four million head of cattle and five million sheep every year.

One of the best trained and most powerful officials in any province is the veterinarian. He is usually prominent in all circles, social as well as professional. His word is law in anything pertaining to cattle, sheep, hogs—any creature of the animal kingdom that might be likely to enter into the stream of commerce. He is a sort of father confessor to the stock raiser. Every packing plant or *frigorífico* is under his direct supervision.

Santa Juana cattle enjoy social distinction. They graze according to age and grade. Two-year-old steers may be confined to one pasture to graze on luscious alfalfa; three-year-olds in another to feed on grasses. And hogs? Well, beyond the pig stage each is given his own habitat—a quarter of an acre or so of enclosed ground, a house, special eating and drinking receptacles, and a keeper who is an expert in swine science.

The foreman or *capataz* lives near his duties and in a comfortable cottage. The hog man is near the fields that enclose his charges. The dairyman is hard by the dairy. Usually these are men of families and they receive fairly good wages, in keeping with the standards of the country, though about 30 per cent lower than in the United States. Ordinary laborers—*peones*—seldom have families. They live in barracks and get their food in a common mess hall. Until very recently many were South Europeans, mostly Italians, who came to Argentina for the harvest and returned to the old country immediately afterward. With diversification and the need for more intelligent and specialized labor, these oceanic commuters have been eliminated.

Santa Juana is not only a hive of industry but a show place as well. The *estancia* house of Spanish colonial design is set in a deep grove of towering poplars and eucalyptuses planted years ago. Few trees on the *pampa* grow naturally. Although Señor Duhau resides principally in one of those enormous pal-

aces on the aristocratic Avenida Alvear in Buenos Aires, he visits the *estancia* every few days. The house is kept open the year around, with housekeeper, cooks and other servants, who entertain visitors, business callers and the family whenever they drop in.

Here at Santa Juana is the essence of the modern rural movement in Argentina.

And not only has the Argentine *estancia* become a highly organized institution, but the *estancieros*, the proprietors, long ago organized for common welfare. As early as 1875 the stock raisers formed the organization known as The Argentine Rural Society, perhaps the most powerful economic force in the country today. All the leading *estancieros* and landowners are members, and the president of the Rural Society is almost as prominent and possessed of quite as much prestige in the economic world as the President of the Republic.

The Rural Society's special shows in Buenos Aires are imposing affairs. It maintains its own gorgeous exhibition grounds and buildings not only in the capital city but in many of the provinces. The annual Livestock Exposition at Palermo Park in Buenos Aires is not only the occasion for vacation visits of Argentines from all sections, but of gay social functions and much real work. Daily conferences are held on the intricate problems of industry, on methods, economies, marketing, exports and laws pertaining to the business.

"It is through such cooperation," said Mr. Owen L. Thomas, general manager in South America for an important United States business house, "as in this powerful organization, that Argentina has become the leading meat-producing and meat-exporting nation of the world. It began early to import the finer breeds of animals, horses, cattle, hogs, from other countries—Germany, England, the United States. Today you will find in this country about all the preferred breeds of livestock that you will find in North America. And a prize bull,

passing through a town by train, will bring the neighborhood to the station. In fact, this organization has transformed the industry. No more open range or scrubby cows; Argentina is a land of ultra-scientific stockbreeding and producing, whose beef, lamb, pork, turkey, chicken and game grace the choicest tables of the world." And then, with a twinkle in his eye, he added, "except those in the United States. No Argentine ever fails to point out to the Yankee that our country prohibits the importation of Argentine fresh meats."

In the northeast and in some sections of the west, land has been divided into small holdings. Europeans and a handful of North Americans colonized here years ago. In fact it was the strangers within their gates who taught the Argentines the wonders of agriculture—corn, wheat and fruitgrowing—and helped to transform the strictly cow country into one that produces nearly everything the appetite of man can require.

A great portion of the developed areas still consists of large tracts—*estancias*. Instead of cutting up their estates, these farmers went in for wheat and corn growing. Yet there are small-scale farmers as well. On the Julio López farm, forty miles from the city of Buenos Aires, Julio and I toured on horseback. He wore the typical native outfit, half-length boots, bloomer-like breeches, heavy shirt with full sleeves and a red beret or skullcap without a visor.

Julio was a renter and a corn farmer. He had not yet sold his crop when I visited him. He cultivated only about 250 acres, but after paying his rent, wages, labor, living and other expenses, including the cultivating, shelling, sacking, etc., he figured that he would clear about \$2 an acre. Which suggests that a man may rent land in Argentina and make a living just growing corn.

Julio was gathering the last of his crop and storing it in those curious circular cribs which they call *trojes*. A *troje* is about 25 feet in diameter and about 20 feet high. It is made of corn-

stalks wattled between wires. One *troje* had been completed and it was a work of art. The cornstalks were perfectly woven. The peaked roof was a tight thatch of more cornstalks, which made the *troje* completely waterproof. A real "corn-crib" in every sense of the word.

A second *troje* was slowly taking shape. "You see," said Julio, "several loads of corn are piled up in a stack. Then the first row of stalks is adjusted to the wires and the corn pushed up against them to hold them in place. As the corn piles up, the second tier will be adjusted. By this time it will be necessary to adjust the *automática* or mechanical lift, because by this time the *troje* will be so high that it will be impossible to raise the corn by hand."

The *automática* is nothing more than a wire, one end of which is fastened to the ground and the other to an upright above the *troje*. A large bucket with a roller on the handle is then pulled up and down the wire by horsepower.

All the corn grown in the country is stored in this fashion. In the *trojes* or cribs it will keep from four to five months without being affected by weevils or other insects. But since the crop is usually sold within a few weeks after harvest, weevils are not necessarily a problem. When it is finally shipped to the seaport, it is stored in great modern corn elevators.

Julio had rented some 300 acres but he had planted only 250. The remaining 50 acres had been set aside for the grazing of his horses and cows. Horses are seldom fed except on special occasion, when they are given a little ground corn or alfalfa. They are turned loose to graze the year around.

Incidentally, few mules are ever seen in the corn country. The beast of burden is the native *criollo* pony, half the size of the average Missouri mule, but even more hardy than that sturdy animal. Julio had twenty horses.

Yes, the *gaucho* of the motion pictures has disappeared. He lived in a day when wild cattle enjoyed free range. Barbed wire

and the automobile have pushed the horse and his rider off the *pampa*. Today the horizon is alive with trucks and tractors.

Yet the old time *gaucho* still lives in song and story. Passionate poets have given us glowing portraits of him. Nomad that he was, wandering far and wide over the limitless flat plains, making his home wherever he built his campfire at night, he, of all legendary characters, holds the most permanent place in the hearts of his people.

José Hernández, the Bobby Burns of Argentina, has immortalized him in the greatest and most famous of all South American poems: "The Gaucho, Martín Fierro."

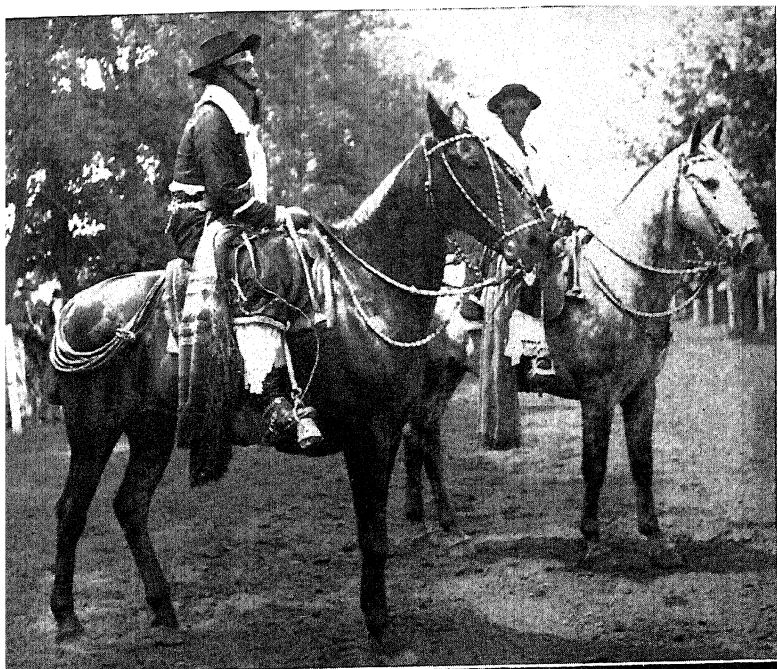
The hero of the poem sits with his guitar on his knee and sings the epic story of the last of his clan. "A moody character was the *gaucho*," according to Martín Fierro. He laughed, he loved, he lived—strenuously, dangerously, but happily.

A son am I of the rolling plain,
A gaucho born and bred,
For me the whole wide world is small
Believe me my heart can hold it all.
The snake strikes not at my passing foot
The sun burns not my head.

Laborers on the *estancias* know the poem by heart. They recite it and sing it. They buy it at country stores and commissaries as boys in the United States used to buy Nick Carter.

I have kept my feet from trap or trick
In the risky trails of love.
I have roamed as free as a singing bird
And many a heart my song has stirred,
But my couch is the clover of the plain,
My roof the shining stars above.

And when the *gaucho* comes to the end of his trail, when his fingers have lost their cunning, when the last chapter of his tale has been told, he has no regrets. He has fought, he has suffered, but he is satisfied.



Photographs Courtesy of Grace Line; Charles Perry Weimer, from Three Lions

(Top) The Vanishing Argentine Gaucho; (Bottom) Argentine Race Horses

The Other Americans

For many a day my luck's been out,
Not a roof can I call my own.
I am poorer now than when I commenced,
I haven't a post to rub against
Nor a tree to shelter me. Little I care,
For I can face the world alone.

On many of the *estancias* during the yearly roundup when the cattle are branded and sold, Martín Fierro, the legendary *gaucho*, rides again.

But the *gaucho* of today takes to the railway. Twenty-six thousand miles of railroad have given Argentina seventh place in railroad mileage. The frontier is now crisscrossed by railroads.

The iron horse didn't win his way until about 1870, but he has steadily gained in popularity. A thirty-six-hour rail trip from Buenos Aires, or a few hours by air, ends in "Argentine Switzerland," which, like Swiss Chile, abounds in crystal clear lakes, giant forests and magnificent mountain scenery.

It is only remote Patagonia that lies coldly austere outside the regular mail schedule in the South Atlantic, but since Argentina has 83 commercial ports, there is no reason for any one neglecting Patagonia.

It comprises the territories of Río Negro, Chubut, Santa Cruz and part of Tierra del Fuego. Some of it is still covered with immense forests of virgin timber. Until recent years the central plateau was devoted entirely to shepherds and their hardy merino sheep, but as oil fields have been discovered and developed by the national government, the shepherds and their sheep have been moved about. Snow-covered steppes cut through by gorges and canyons are dotted with Welsh, English and Scotch shepherds, many of whom came over from the Falkland Islands and now live their bleak and lonely lives breeding sheep for wool or for the refrigerating plants which ship frozen mutton.

The pasturage on these bleak steppes is so thin that ten times as much land must be allowed for each animal as in the fertile *pampa*. But Argentina is long on land. Thirteen million Argentines have 1,078,278 square miles of land to divide among themselves. And of the total population over one-fifth is found in Buenos Aires.

With all this room, these vast open spaces, with land enough for all who take the trouble to get far enough from the cities to acquire, use or cultivate it, Argentina is today one of the most orderly and peaceful nations of the Americas. Until fifty years ago she had her share of ruthless dictators and revolutionists. But when she became the great livestock and grain producing country of the continent, the source of beef and bread for the crowded countries of Europe, she settled down to business, and politics became a secondary activity.

There has been but one military uprising in nearly half a century, and that was in 1930, when the nation, as well as the army, rose up and threw out the chaotic, bungling government of President Hypólito Irigoyen. Leading Argentines still speak of this incident with some embarrassment. As one prominent citizen expressed it to me, "Although a popular move, we regret that we had to resort to an adolescent procedure to bring governmental order out of chaos. For really," he insisted, "we are politically grownups."

And that expresses it. Argentina is a grown-up nation. Perhaps this is why the Argentines are the most sensitive people of all the Americas. Perhaps that is why they so obviously resent the fact that so few of our people look upon theirs as a civilization worthy of study and respect. They feel that we come to their country merely to do business; that we go elsewhere for cultural interest and relaxation.

In this connection I recall a story once told me by John L. Merrill, president of the All America Cables, and active in inter-American affairs for more than half a century.

"I was a guest in the suburban home of an Argentine business man in San Isidro," Mr. Merrill said. "In the entrance hall I noticed a bronze plaque on the wall. Looking closely I found it contained Lincoln's Gettysburg address. His children knew it by heart—and in English, too. When I appeared surprised he said: 'Why? Lincoln was an American. He belongs to us all! Bolívar, Washington, San Martín, Lincoln. All of them worked for the same things; human freedom and happiness in America.'"

Which is to say that the Argentine considers himself just as much a part of the American World as does any citizen of the United States.

XXIV

Paraguay of the Cabots

ANY NORTH AMERICAN afflicted with a superiority complex in the matter of tradition or historical background might do well to visit the Republic of Paraguay.

Paraguay had begun to shape its course a hundred years before the Dutch bought Manhattan Island from the Indians. While New York was still a cluster of huts for the storage of furs, and even Buenos Aires, Argentina, just next door, was a shabby Indian village on the banks of the Río de la Plata, Asunción—capital of Paraguay—was a flourishing little city. In fact, until the early 1600's it was the only city of any importance south of the equator on the Atlantic side of the continent. It was a city full of great churches and monasteries, and a center of Castilian culture.

As a matter of plain geography, there was no reason then, nor as some think, any reason now for the existence of an independent nation in the interior of eastern South America. Unlike her neighbor Bolivia—the only other inland country on the continent—Paraguay has few natural resources, except good pasturage for cattle and a subtropical climate which produces luxuriant forests on the slopes of the mountains as well as an ample supply of *yerba maté* and medicinal plants, and *quebracho*, the extract from which is used for tanning leather.

But there she is, nevertheless, a thousand miles from any sea-

coast, one of the world's outstanding examples of self-determination among small nations.

Isolated and attacked on three sides, she fought a losing battle with Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay for five years between 1865 and 1870, one of the bloodiest wars in history. Her men fought and died. Women enlisted, donned uniforms and went to war. Boys of twelve and even ten played their part as soldiers. When that Five Years' War ended, five-sixths of Paraguay's population was gone. Every man who was able to bear arms had been killed and there was not a male in the entire country between the ages of ten and ninety who had not licked the wounds of battle. The population had been reduced from a million and a half to about 200,000 and of these only about 28,000 were men.

On such a crumbling foundation Paraguay began to rebuild her nation. She adopted a new constitution modelled after our own, but more than sixty years passed before she had restored the balance of sexes, and by that time she was at war again. This time it was with Bolivia, and the cause, the age-old dispute over the Gran Chaco—that vast and lonely region now shared by the two interior republics. This war continued intermittently for more than half a century, until the dispute was finally settled in August, 1938.

Let us have a look at what some writers have erroneously called, "this little nation," whose entire area, Gran Chaco included, is about 174,854 square miles—about the size of Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and half of Missouri combined. Let us begin at the beginning—about 1526. That was the year that Sebastian Cabot, ancestor of some of our own New England aristocrats, pushed his little caravel up the great river, which he was pleased to call the Río de la Plata, or the River of Silver, because, like other explorers and adventurers, Cabot had listened to the tall tales related by the Indians of the fabulous silver mines far inland. In fact, it was these tales that sent him farther inland up the Paraná and the Paraguay.

While primarily hunting for silver along the way, he was also seeking that elusive "Northwest Passage" from the Atlantic to the recently discovered Pacific, a quick road from Spain to the riches of the great Inca Empire. Cabot penetrated the heart of the continent, founded a city or two in Paraguay, but the Pacific remained for him as remote as ever, beyond the high wall of the Andes.

A few years later another adventurer, Juan de Ayolas, followed in the wake of Cabot. When the natives of Paraguay killed him, one of his companions, Juan de Salazar de Espinosa, took over the job and on August 15, 1537, founded the city of Asunción, which today is the capital of the Republic.

Half a century later the Jesuits had established missions and for more than a hundred years afterward taught the native Guaranís the arts and crafts of Spain. They inaugurated a new social and religious order deep in the heart of Paraguay. More adventurers came out from Spain. Spanish cattle and swine were introduced, and Spanish horses. Spanish orange trees were planted. The art of lace making was taught the women, and lace making continues to this day one of Paraguay's chief and most distinctive industries. Asunción became a thriving Spanish colonial city.

Today it is a city of 172,423 inhabitants. It has not moved as fast as the island the Dutch purchased from the Indians, but nothing moves as fast in Asunción as in New York. It is a subtropical city, with all the leisurely habits and customs of such a climate. It occupies about the same relative latitude south of the equator that Tampa, Florida, occupies north of it. While it is still one of the quaintest and most picturesque old towns on the southern continent, it has long since surrendered its political and commercial supremacy to the thriving cities farther south—in Argentina and Uruguay—Rosario, Buenos Aires and Montevideo. But the culture of early days is still intact.

Frequently I am asked a question: "How did a city of

100,000 population ever develop in so isolated a spot and in a country so lacking in material wealth?"

There are two answers. The first is that man, being by nature a tiller of the soil, goes where he can find cheap, fertile land. The other answer, which reaches back to the beginning of Spain's entry into the New World, is that after the conquest of the Inca Empire in Perú and Bolivia, Spain was always looking for a short route to the wealth of the Incas. In the case of Asunción, it was seeking a short road to the silver mines of Potosí in Bolivia. The route from Spain across the Atlantic, through the pirate-infested Caribbean, across the Isthmus of Panamá, down the Pacific and over the Andes was long and hazardous.

The route to Asunción was not exactly child's play. Nevertheless, Asunción developed into a prosperous city. You can reach it today by air from Buenos Aires in a few hours. Or, you may take a zigzag fifty-three-hour rail journey. But if you want to follow in the wake of Cabot and those Spanish daredevils, you will take the river journey of three and a half to four days from Buenos Aires or Montevideo into the warm, pulsing heart of South America's subtropics.

For the first three days after your commodious, modern, river steamer leaves Buenos Aires and the Río de la Plata and enters the Paraná, you are still in Argentine waters, a wide waste of island-dotted muddy yellow water. On the right bank of the Paraná are the Argentine provinces of Entre Ríos, Corrientes, and far to the east, beyond your range of vision, is the territory of Misiones. To the left lies the Argentine province of Santa Fé. All this territory, as well as a sizable chunk of southern Brazil, belonged originally to Paraguay when that country was still a province of Spain.

On the morning of the third day the Paraná grows cleaner as it merges with the Paraguay. Your boat enters the Paraguay now. Had you continued on the Paraná you would have seen it

form first the southern and then the eastern border of the Republic of Paraguay, and eventually lose its identity far north in the Paranyhyba River in Brazil.

But we follow after Cabot, watching the little adobe villages and clouds of snowy herons until our boat docks at the Custom House. Then we climb the broad steps to the high sandy banks on which stands the metropolis of Paraguay—the capital city, Asunción.

Old Asunción was built along the river. So, for that matter, is modern Asunción. In fact all one needs to do to reach any part of the Republic of Paraguay is to take a boat and row to it, for the little inland nation is threaded with rivers like the warp and weft of a tapestry.

The old part of the city was built around the cathedral, and the homes of the older families—massive pink and blue and tan villas—are set in blossoming gardens. Roses, jasmine, orange blossoms fill the warm, moist air with fragrance. Scarlet hibiscus and flaming poinsettia vie with the flamboyant tree in brilliant coloring.

Not far from the Plaza Constitución with its soaring monument is the house in which Paraguay's Declaration of Independence was signed on May 14, 1811. Paraguay boasts of starting the first insurrection against Spain in the New World. As a matter of history it began as a revolt of the colonials against the growing prosperity of the Jesuit Missions which were exempt from the taxes imposed by Spain on the colonists. But this first revolt ended with the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1769. The actual revolt against the Spanish crown did not flare up until 1810, and a year later Paraguay began its life as an independent republic.

The population of the country today is, roughly, around a million, a few of whom are pure white and the majority a mixture of white with native Guaranís. Negroes are unknown. Those so-called "Indians" who peopled the shores of the Río

de la Plata and the Paraguay Rivers when Cabot arrived on the scene, bear little resemblance to the red men he may have encountered in his earlier voyages along the coast of North America.

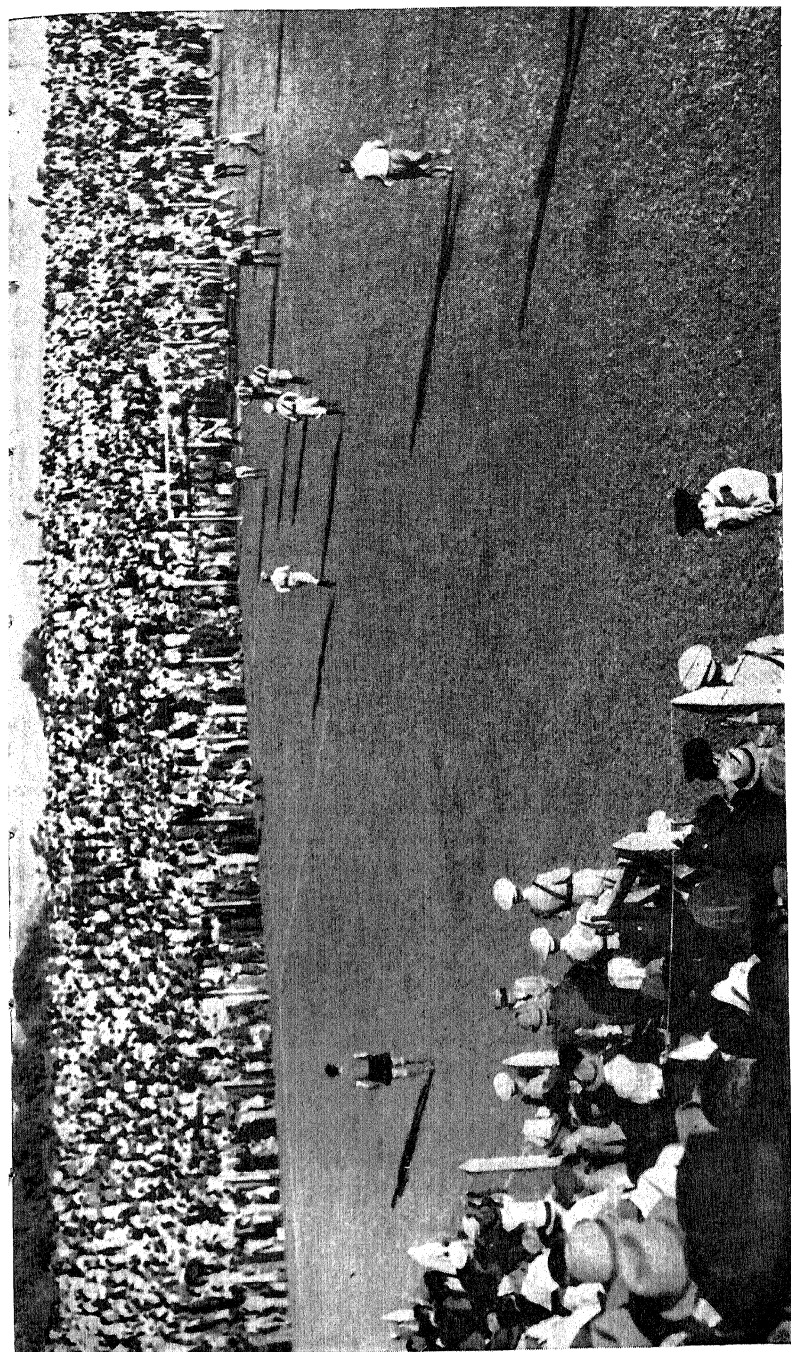
Although the red man has practically disappeared from neighboring Uruguay and Argentina, he still numbers about 30,000 in the wilds of Paraguay and, in mixed form, constitutes about three-fourths of the population of the Republic. An important three-quarters at that.

The language, dress and music of this tall, highly intelligent race infiltrate even the best of the nation's cosmopolitan centers. Although Spanish is the legal language of the nation, you will hear more pure Guaraní spoken than Spanish and this is true in even the most highly educated circles. It is the only one of the American nations where the Indian dialect is still spoken by the educated classes.

The urbanites of Asunción, Villarrica—the city of second importance—and Villa Concepción, on the left bank of the Paraguay, dress of course in American or European garb. But the people of the masses still wear their native dress; the women still go barefooted and drape themselves in the same sheetlike outer garment that covers them from head to ankles, which custom the Jesuits, in the manner of the Padres of Guatemala, instituted three centuries ago.

Paraguayan women, whether rich or poor, are self-sufficient. They learned to depend on their own brains and brawn during that half century when the manpower of the country was wiped out and the appearance of an adult male on the street caused a near riot among the female population. Taking a half million men out of circulation not only increases the value of every male that remains, but it increases the value of the women as well. Even today Paraguayan women run the shops, work in the small factories and carry their share of the nation's burdens.

A few miles up the river from Asunción is the town called



Photograph by Fenno Jacobs, from Three Lions

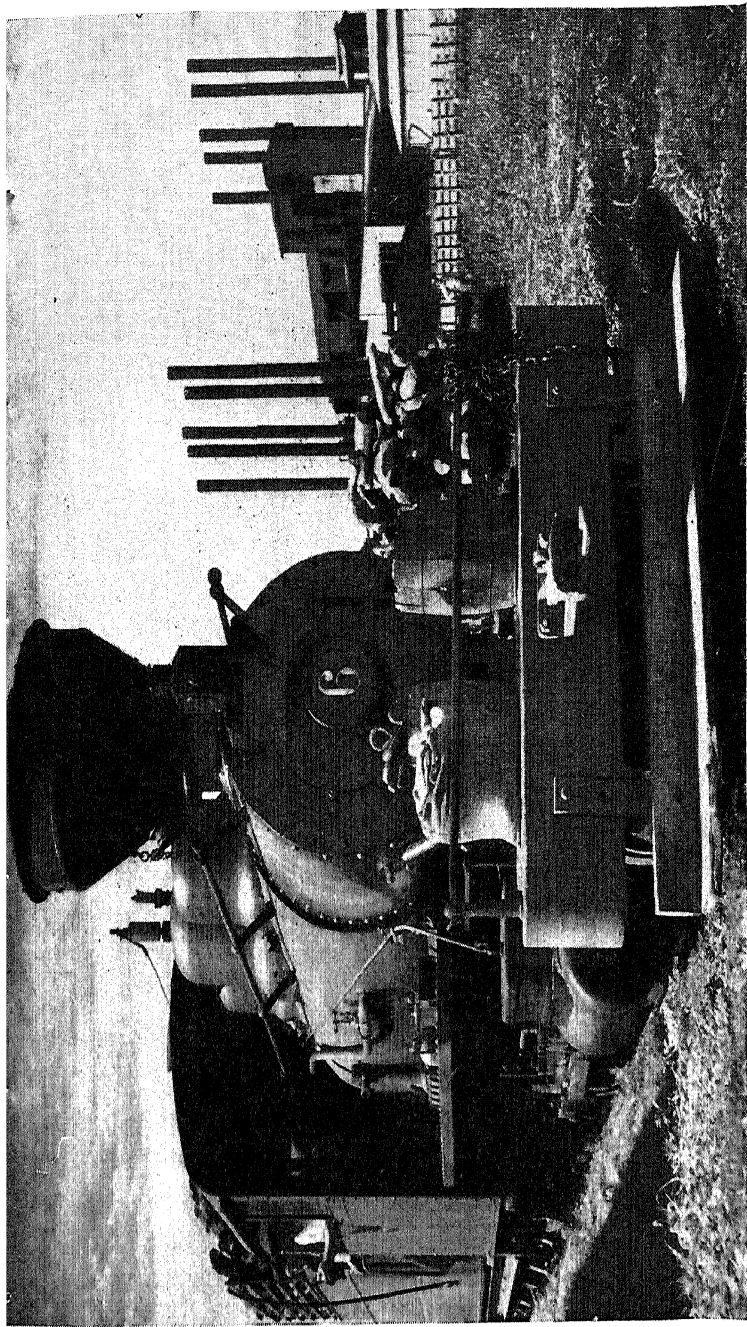
A Soccer Match, Asunción

Villa Hayes, and pronounced: "Vee-yah Ah-ees." It has a historic significance. In 1878, when part of the Gran Chaco was disputed territory between Argentina and Paraguay, President Rutherford B. Hayes, to whom the dispute was submitted for arbitration, went on record by saying: "I do hereby determine that the said Republic of Paraguay is legally and justly entitled to said territory between the Pilcomayo and the Verde Rivers—and I therefore do hereby award to the said Republic of Paraguay the territory on the western bank of the River of that name between the Río Verde and the main branch of the Pilcomayo."

At any rate Paraguay still perpetuates his name in the little city of Villa Hayes, situated in the fork between the Rivers Paraguay and Pilcomayo.

Today Paraguay's portion of the Gran Chaco spreads away to the west and to the northwest. Incidentally the name Gran Chaco has seldom been explained. The Quechua Indians of Perú called it "Chucu," because they found it a happy hunting ground. Today it is the hunting ground for about four million head of cattle, as well as hogs and other livestock. Fifteen miles south of Asunción is the meat-packing plant of San Antonio, where during normal times American packers slaughter about 60,000 head of cattle annually. Paraguayan "jerked" or dried beef is an important item in her exports, and *saladeros* for salting and packing dried beef are numerous along the river near Asunción.

On the slopes of the detached chain of low mountains that stretch across the eastern section of Paraguay and on up through eastern Brazil, are the wild *quebracho* forests—the hard "ax-breaker" trees—another source of national wealth. In the deep forests are the evergreen shrubs or trees of the *Ilex Paraguayensis*—the holly-like bearer of the *yerba maté* leaves, which so closely resemble the shining leaves of the orange trees. Before the Jesuits taught the Guaranís to cultivate the *yerba maté*,



Photograph by Fenno Jacobs, from Three Lions

Quebracho Mill in the Paraguayan Chaco

all the gathering of the branches was done in the wild forests. Much of Paraguay's *yerba maté* is still grown in the wild regions, but the preparation of *maté* is now as businesslike a procedure as the gathering of oranges from the groves planted three hundred years ago by the Spaniards.

Native *yerbateros* or herb-gatherers go into the *maté* plantations in groups of four or six, hack off the twigs or branches and carry them on their backs, their heads or the high-wheeled ox-carts to the *tatacua*, where the leaves are dried over hot fires. After drying, they are pounded into a fine powder and sacked in two-hundred-pound bags for export or for local consumption.

Most of the agricultural industry is in the hands of native Paraguayans, but already more than sixty colonies of foreign immigrants are engaged in agriculture and stock raising: Menonites, Germans, Czechoslovakians and White Russians.

The farmer, whether native or imported, is a self-sustained individual in Paraguay. Everything he requires for his simple needs is easily at hand. He raises his own cows and chickens. His fertile soil yields corn and beans, sweet potatoes, manioc for flour; oranges, bananas and other varied fruits. He even raises his own tobacco, which is now one of the nation's leading crops and said to compare favorably with the best grown in Cuba. In fact, much of Paraguay's tobacco is grown from Cuban seed.

Every man and most of the market women smoke cigars. No one seems to care for a pipe, and cigarettes are reserved only for the upper classes.

Paraguay exports her oranges, chiefly to Argentina and Uruguay. The oil of *petitgrain*, which is extracted from the leaves of the native bitter orange and used in the manufacture of perfumes and flavoring extracts, is another important item of export. More than one hundred pounds of orange leaves are required for the extraction of one pound of essence. The increasing number of distilling plants in the regions where the

wild orange abounds gives evidence that the profits to be derived from this industry are considerable.

Many industries located in regions remote from local schools have provided educational opportunities for the neighboring children. There is a law in Paraguay, that every industrial establishment located in a region not accessible to schools must provide rural education. The fulfillment or effectiveness of this law still leaves much to be desired.

The educational level of the nation is low, but the government is making every effort to raise the standard. Primary education is compulsory for children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Secondary and normal schools are steadily increasing in number and in enrollment, and the university at Asunción has courses in law, engineering, medicine, pharmacy. Music and art are taught in the *Ateneo Paraguayo*, the Paraguayan Athenium or Conservatory, and having heard Paraguayan music at its best, I can heartily recommend the *Ateneo*.

Although Paraguay is located in semitropic regions, the hilly and mountainous sections of the east keep her principal cities reasonably healthful. Nevertheless, to protect the water supply, as well as the general health, the government sponsors a Bacteriological Institute and an Institute of Radiology. Paraguay was a pioneer in the matter of hospitals. There is a record of a hospital in Asunción as early as 1557—and what a hospital it must have been! No X ray, no anaesthetics, no antiseptics, no refrigeration, no ice, no stethoscope, no electric fans, no screens, no flyswatters. Those early Spaniards were a hardy race, and the word *Guaraní*, as I have already intimated, means in native dialect, “warriors.”

In reality the Guaranís are a gentle and peace-loving people. That they were a docile people was demonstrated during that period between 1816 and 1840 when Doctor José Gaspar Rodríguez de Francia ruled as Absolute Dictator. In his famed novel, *El Supremo*, published in 1916, Edward Lucas White

has described in detail this amazing personality, who called himself *El Supremo Perpetuo*—Dictator for Life.

At the close of Francia's rule, the nation re-established itself as a republic. Don Carlos Antonio López restored civil rights and made Paraguay a prosperous country. Unfortunately, following his death, he was succeeded by his son Francisco Solano López, who plunged the country into the so-called War of the Triple Alliance against Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay, bringing ruin and devastation upon the nation.

Reviewing the past history of Paraguay, it is easy to realize how heartfelt were the words spoken by its Foreign Minister at the Montevideo Conference, in 1933, when he said, "Peace is preferable to a place in history."

XXV

Orientalists in South America

THREE thousand soldiers and some fourteen thousand men, women and children followed their beloved and defeated leader, driving their herds and their flocks before them, across the river and beyond the borders of their homeland."

These words read like a verse from the Book of Exodus, but it is a paragraph from the history of Uruguay, one of the smallest of the South American republics; that low, undulating, once wild country squeezed in between Brazil and Argentina.

It is a proud country, prosperous, progressive, with a population of about 2,150,000. But in 1811 when that mass migration occurred, it numbered only about 25,000. General José Gervasio Artigas, leader of the Independent Movement, had fought desperately for Uruguayan independence from Spain. Victory was almost in his grasp. The Spaniards were on the point of surrendering. Then the Portuguese from Brazil arrived to reinforce the enemy. Artigas and his soldiers were compelled to retire. Seventy-five per cent of his nation retired with him, forming a picturesque but desolate caravan as they followed their leader across the Uruguay River into the Province of Entre Ríos, Argentina.

Eleven months later, supported by the Argentines, Artigas was back. For a time he occupied his native city, Montevideo,

but four years later he was vanquished and died an exile in Paraguay. José Gervasio Artigas laid the cornerstone of Uruguayan freedom, and remains the nation's hero and idol.

Compared with other South American republics, Uruguay is a bantam, a Rhode Island among nations, yet it is larger than all New England, with half of New York State thrown in. Its climate is somewhat similar to South Carolina's. Its rolling, grass-covered lands are like the plains of Texas or Wyoming. Its products include most of those of our Mississippi Valley from Minnesota to Louisiana: cattle, sheep, hogs, corn, wheat, barley, linseed (flaxseed), tobacco and sugar cane.

It is a vigorous nation, practically all white. There are no Indians left. They were successfully and conveniently eliminated in the early days. There are no mestizos—mixed Spaniards and Indians. Although you find Swiss, Scandinavians and British, the Uruguayans are mostly Latins—of Spanish or Italian descent.

From the beginning of its history Uruguay was a battleground. When Juan de Solís discovered it in 1516 and tried to take possession of it in the name of the King of Spain, the warlike Charrua Indians annihilated the entire party. Magellan pushed his caravels up to its door but he did not remain long. In 1680 some adventurous Portuguese founded the city of Colonia as an extension of Brazil. Forty-six years later the Spanish from Buenos Aires countered by establishing Montevideo as an extension of Argentina. For almost a hundred years thereafter Uruguay was a battleground between Spain and Portugal. In 1806 and 1807 the English made a try for it and for a time owned it and its capital, Montevideo. But no sooner had it become an independent nation than two rival political parties, the *Blancos* and the *Colorados*—the Whites and the Reds—battled against each other.

During those dark and bloody days the citizens of Buenos Aires and the *pampa* were accustomed to call their eastern

neighbor the *Banda Oriental* because it stands on the eastern side of the Río de la Plata and the Uruguay River. They always spoke of that part of the world as *El Oriente*. The expression became a tradition. When the Republic was born in 1828, it was christened *La República Oriental del Uruguay*—the Eastern Republic of Uruguay.

Uruguayans today think of themselves as "Orientals." If you ask a citizen of Montevideo what is his nationality he will probably say: "I am an Oriental." Compared with our North American idea of an Oriental—an Asiatic—the Uruguayan is about as Oriental as the late Will Rogers.

The late William Henry Hudson, poet and artist, who lived half a century in Uruguay, Argentina and other parts of South America, called it "The Purple Land," perhaps because of its blood-stained soil, perhaps because of the purple *flor morala* that carpets the ground in the springtime. This master of romance and description rode the rolling plains from river to river and always saw them as bathed in a purple haze from horizon to horizon.

The purple land offers no such startling scenic effects as are to be found in other parts of the continent. From the eastern coast, where the Atlantic rolls in on long crescent beaches (there are none finer anywhere in the world), to the shores of the Uruguay River on the west, stretch broad grassy plains, broken here and there by low, rolling hills. With ideal lands for grazing its ten million cattle and twenty million sheep, Uruguay is essentially a stock-raising country. Its people are more at home in the saddle than afoot. It is a nation divided into two parts: the metropolis of Montevideo and the great open spaces. It began its cattle industry with the introduction of the first Spanish cattle by Hernán de Arias, one of its early governors. As the cattlemen prospered they moved to Montevideo.

Were Hudson to return today he would not recognize the

land he knew so well. In his time it was an unhappy land, a land of revolutions, ruthless tyrants and dictators. In those days the *avenidas* and the *plazas* of the capital were sprinkled with blood. But the South American Orient has grown—more rapidly than any of its neighbors. Small though it is, it has made itself one of the most modern countries in the world.

Only one city, Montevideo, boasts a population greater than 50,000. Paysandú, the second city, on the Uruguay River, has a port that can accommodate ocean-going steamers up to 14-foot draft. Located in the center of a cattle, corn, wheat and fruit area, it has important *saladeros* or meat-preserving plants and tanneries. It is a shipping point for its agricultural products. But Paysandú's population is only about 40,000.

Salto, about sixty miles farther north on the Uruguay, is another important port city set in a region rich in livestock, oranges, lemons and other citrus fruits. Its population is estimated at about 35,000.

The hub of the nation, its political capital, commercial center, terminal of all the important railways is Montevideo. About 700,000 of the nation's population of 2,122,628 reside there.

Montevideo is said to have derived its name from the *cerro*, or hill on the shores of the Río de la Plata. The *cerro* is the highest spot for miles around, 500 feet in elevation. It was the hill that Juan de Solís—or perhaps it was one of Magellan's crew—is said to have seen when he exclaimed: "I see a mountain," either speaking in Spanish or in Portuguese according to his separate nationality. At any rate the city has been called "Montevideo," which does not mean, "I see a mountain" in either Spanish or Portuguese. Perhaps they were speaking Latin in those days and said: *Montem video*.

An ancient fortress crowns the hill, and one day the immortal Hudson sitting on its battered wall said with much feeling: "Whichever way I turn I see before me one of the fairest

habitations God has made for man—great plains smiling with everlasting spring; ancient woods, swift, beautiful rivers, ranges of blue hills stretching away into the dim distance. Beyond these fair slopes how many leagues of pleasant wilderness are sleeping in the sunshine where wild flowers waste their sweetness and no plow turns its fruitful soil; where deer and ostrich roam fearless of the hunter, while over all bends a purple sky without a cloud to stain its exquisite beauty.”

And then, looking down at the foot of the hill and contemplating Montevideo, he exclaimed: “What a city! The key to a continent!”

Montevideo is just that. It was founded December 24, 1726, by seven families from Buenos Aires, who were soon joined by twenty families from the Canary Islands. More families arrived, from Buenos Aires, from the Canaries, from Galicia, a few from Brazil. By 1728 there were two hundred private citizens, four hundred soldiers, one thousand Indians, not counting the warlike Charruas who killed a hundred Spaniards that year and would have killed off the entire colony had it not been for Padre Hern, a Jesuit missionary.

Montevideo stands at the edge of the Republic just where the Río de la Plata pours its voluminous muddy torrents into the South Atlantic. Modern concrete wharves, where freight is handled by electric cranes, line its deep-berthed, landlocked harbor. Miles of business blocks line its well-paved, tree-ornamented streets and avenues.

The old city—Ciudad Vieja—is the commercial and financial center. On Avenida 18 de Julio, the chief business thoroughfare, the Plaza Constitución commemorates the 18th of July, 1830, when the national constitution was adopted. The old Cabildo and the Cathedral, bordering the plaza, retain the dignity of colonial days.

In the center of the old city is an equestrian statue of General José Gervasio Artigas, the national hero and the leader of

the famous exodus of 1811. Henry Clay once said of Artigas, "The only champion of democracy in that region is the brave and chivalrous Artigas."

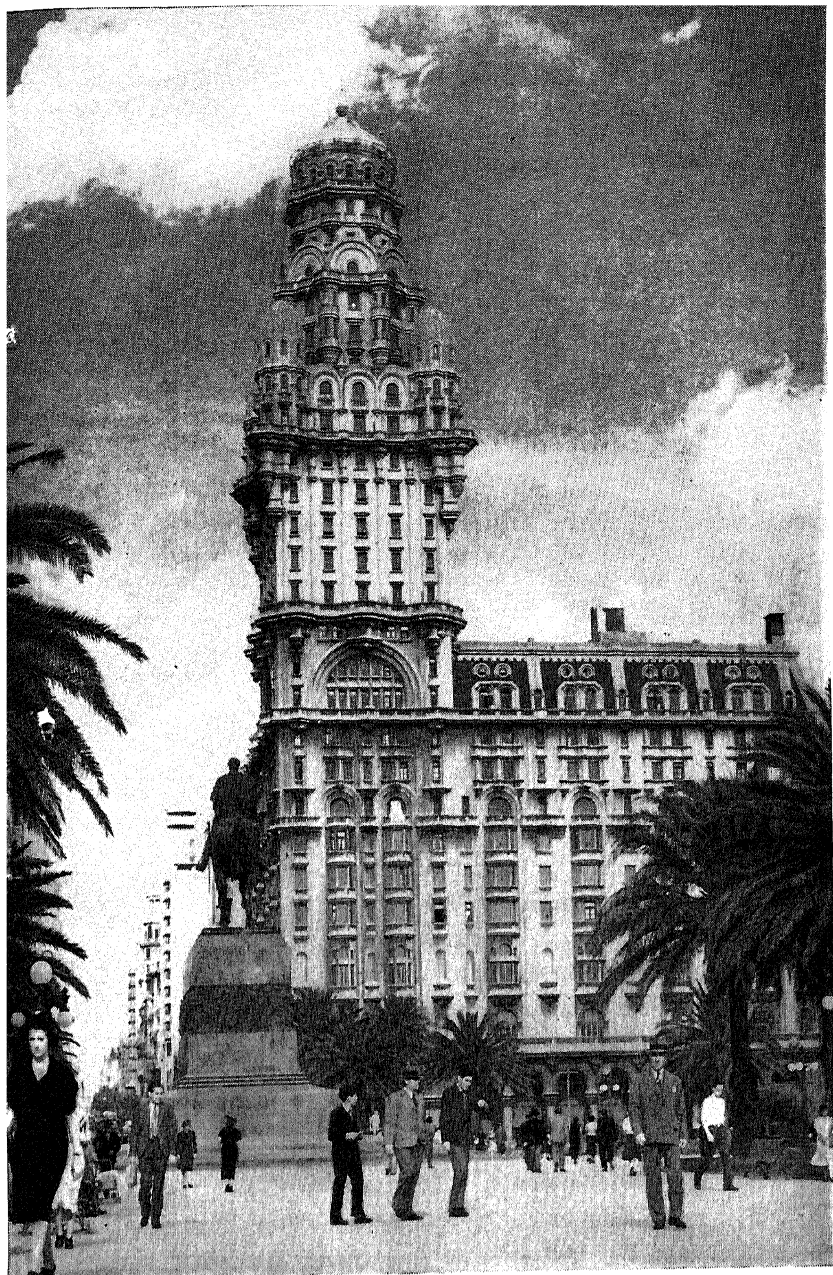
The Legislative Palace in the new city is a magnificent structure built of sixteen kinds of native marble. Other government buildings as well as the University Hall are located here. The enormous Maritime Building and Custom House is a landmark that can be seen by ships miles at sea.

Most of the downtown houses are occupied by the older families. They are built of heavy masonry. Few of them have more than two stories and most of them only one. Great heavy iron-studded or brass-trimmed doors open out upon the sidewalks. Windows are heavily grilled. Inside are cozy, hidden patios, filled with flowers and shrubbery. Occasionally you find a house with its front wall covered with beautifully colored and glazed tiles, reminiscent of Talavera in Spain.

The streets, the parks and plazas are named more often for historians, men of letters, scientists, singers of songs, than for admirals and generals. Among the scores of parks is Parque Rodó. It was Rodó of Uruguay who coined the phrase "Colossus of the North" which has dogged Uncle Sam's footsteps since that time. Then there is Parque Ramírez, and Parque Zorillo de San Martín, named for the Longfellow of Uruguay.

In a quiet square on one of the great boulevards is a memorial to José Varela. Varela was a young intellectual who, in his early twenties, represented his country in the United States. Being young and filled with the urge for new ideas, Varela went nosing about Uncle Sam's domain to see what he could find. Strangely enough, he fell for the little red schoolhouse, or its more pretentious successor. The idea that the general public should pay taxes to support schools for children of the rich and poor alike filled him with notions.

Varela went back home and launched a campaign for a Public School System. Here, he told his fellow citizens, was the



Photograph—Courtesy of Moore-McCormack Lines

Plaza Independencia in Montevideo

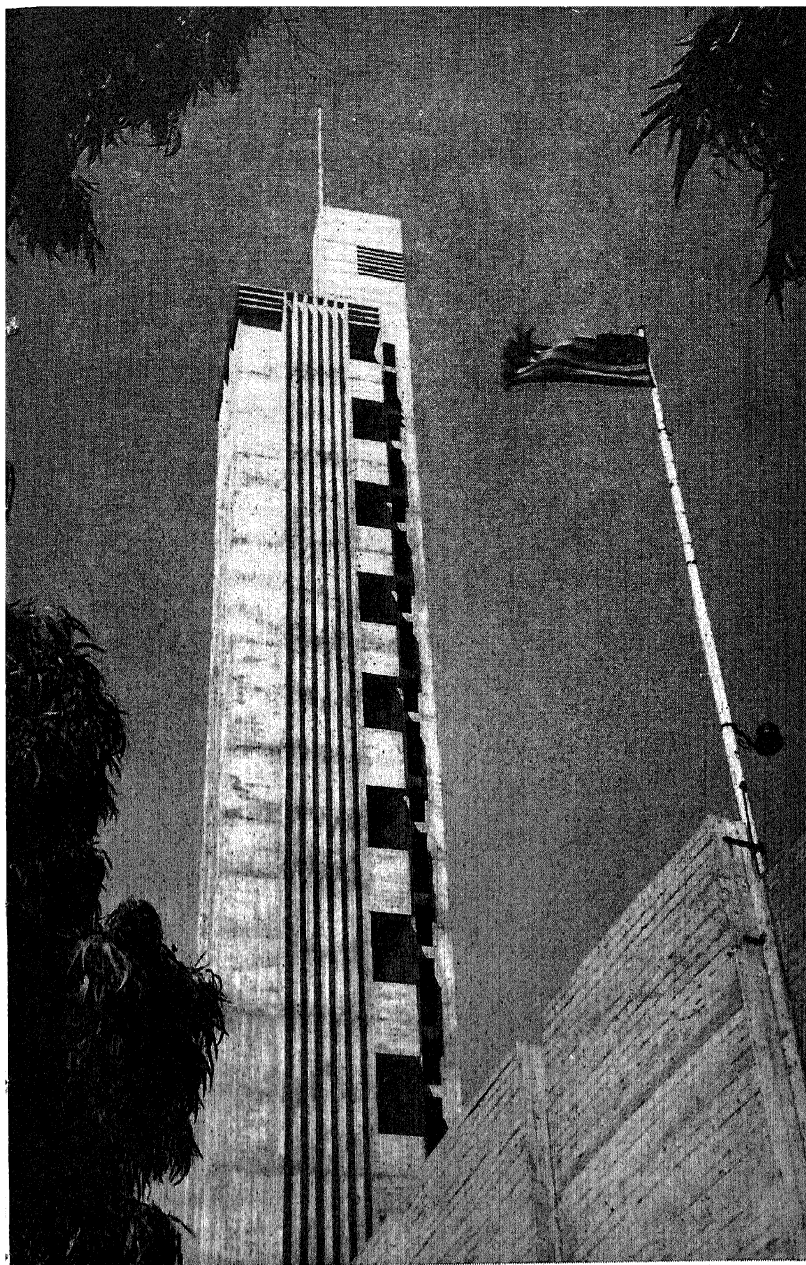
way to bring about a real democracy. And they didn't deport him for advocating strange doctrines either. They didn't even call him a crank. They made him Minister of Education and told him to go out and put his ideas into practice. José Varela's birthday is celebrated every year, when school children smother his statue with flowers. "And that," remarked a gruff old Yankee now resident in Montevideo, "is what happens to a public school teacher in Uruguay."

More than a thousand modern schools start present-day Uruguay's youth on the way it should go. Incidentally, one of the best of these schools bears the proud name, "The United States of America School." Not long ago I watched a class of public school pupils study geography. "Watched" is the correct word. In a nearby field they were engaged in the fascinating task of building a continent—mountains, forests, rivers, lakes—giving every detail its proper proportions.

Beyond the plazas and the parks, out along the broad roads that lead to the *camp*, or *campo*, as Uruguayans and Argentines call the countryside, are the wistaria-bedecked *quintas*, or villas, where rich ranchmen enjoy the fruits of their labor.

Other beautiful roads with intersecting streets lead down to the sea—not to the muddy Río de la Plata, but to the blue Atlantic. The seashore of Uruguay is the Riviera of Southern South America, dotted for mile after mile with resort hotels of amazing proportions. Pocitos, Carrasco, Miramar, Atlántida, Argentino—it would take pages to list them all and volumes to describe the luxuries they offer.

Montevideo is not only the capital and business center of the nation. It is the Atlantic City, Newport, Bar Harbor, Palm Beach and Miami rolled into one. When December and January grow too hot in Buenos Aires, or any of the other semi-tropical or temperate cities of the southern continent, the lovely summer homes and the magnificent beach hotels of Uruguay's Atlantic coast line are thronged with pleasure seekers. The



Photograph by Severin, from Three Lions

Tower of Athletic Stadium in the Uruguayan Capital

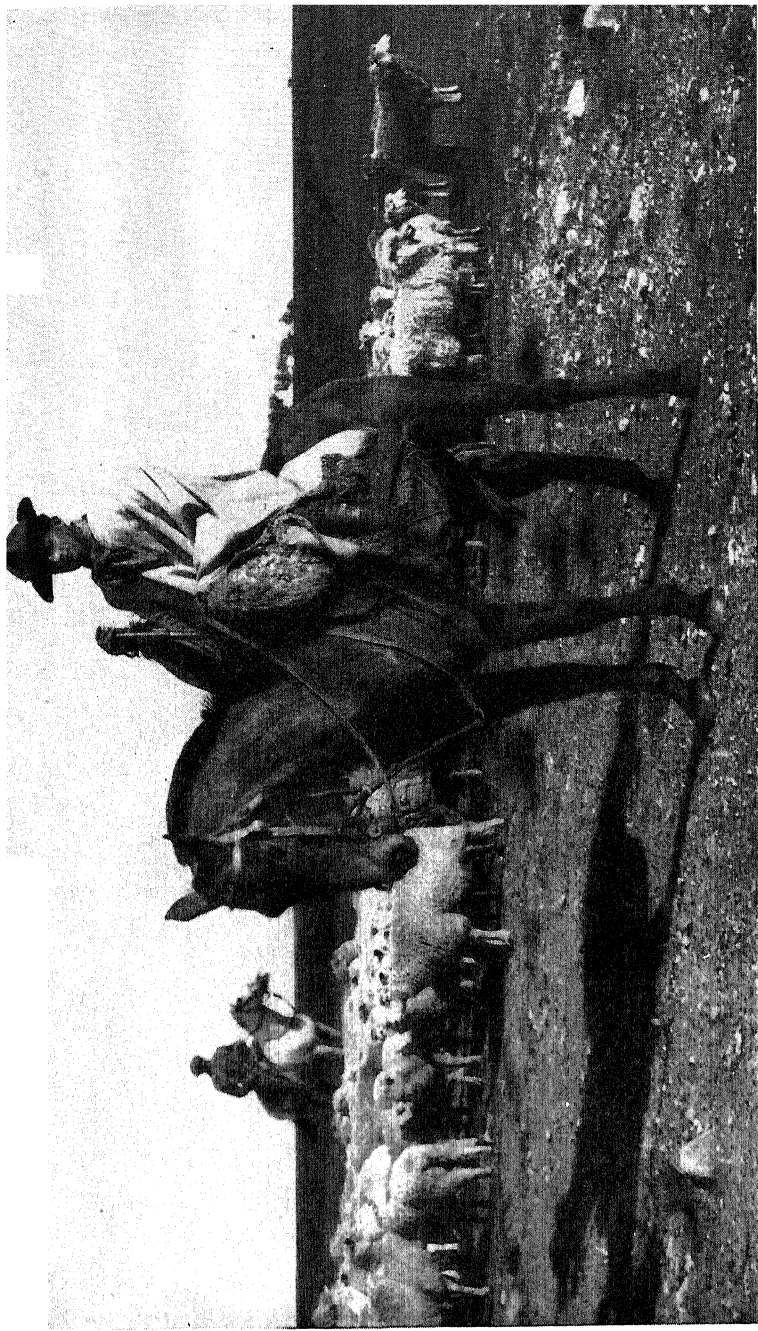
Rambla Wilson, named in honor of our late President, which winds along the ocean front, is a beehive of activity, leading for miles to the innumerable *balnearios* or bathing beaches.

Swimming is always to be had in Montevideo and its environs. So are motoring and other sports. Soccer is the national game, as it is in most of the surrounding regions. There is a pre-war story of Uruguay's passion for soccer that has been told far and wide. The World's Soccer Tournament was held in Montevideo. Fans from Europe and neighboring countries visited the capital. Shiploads came over from Buenos Aires, Rosario, La Plata and other Argentine cities to root for the home teams. The Argentines and Uruguayans outclassed all others and played each other in the finals. Rivalry was unleashed. Uruguay won the championship, but some of her enthusiastic citizens all but caused diplomatic complications between the two governments and threatened to interfere with international navigation.

The night following the last game captains of ships from North America and Europe were thrown into confusion by strange flashes from lighthouses on the coast of Uruguay. There were long flashes followed by short ones. It turned out that the Uruguayan lighthouse keepers were so thrilled by the victory of the home team that they were flashing to the entire marine world, the victorious score of four to two.

And there is always music. Your native Uruguayan, although he speaks Spanish, may be of Italian descent. If so, music to him is no luxury, but a necessity. Which is one reason why the Teatro Solís, the national opera house on the Plaza Independencia, is such a treasured institution, not only for the better classes but for every citizen who can buy a ticket to its operas or symphonies.

The national theatre is government owned and managed, but music and art are only one phase of the many government enterprises. Uruguay is one of the socially progressive nations



Photograph by Schalek, from Three Lions

Gaicho—Uruguayan Type

of the world. Its constitution provides for old-age pensions, state care of mothers, child welfare, free medical care for the poor, workmen's compensation, adequate and reasonably priced housing for laborers, an eight-hour day, a six-day week, minimum wage laws, the right of the workman to form unions and to strike. Suffrage is universal and compulsory, applying equally to women and men, and the road to divorce has been cleared of most of its obstacles.

If you are looking for a country where private enterprise in the forms of combines, trusts and corporations has been escorted to the spot, and may at any time be put on it, have a look at Uruguay.

Driving into Montevideo from the *estancia* of a friend one early morning recently, I witnessed a scene that would have made an old Texas ranger turn green with envy. The wide concrete highway meandered across rolling hills and grassy meadows, and for miles along this highway moved a procession of thousands of cattle, switching their tails at industrious insects. Here and there an old *gaucho*—Uruguayan cowboy—rode placidly in his saddle, his gorgeous poncho reaching almost to the knees of his *criollo* pony.

"There," said my host, "goes Montevideo's meat supply for the next few days. Those animals are on the way to the government *mataderos* or slaughterhouses. The government has a monopoly on the sale of fresh meats within the capital."

One-third of the railways are state owned. All the port works, docks, warehouses and what not are owned and operated by the government. A National Insurance Bank offers the citizens protection for practically anything and everything—his life, his automobile or his field of wheat. Just a little while ago the government took a headlong plunge into oil. Crude oil is purchased abroad by the government and refined in government refineries and retailed from its own filling stations.

The leading hotels in the country are government-owned.

The summer resort hotels, the spacious old Parque and the palatial Carrasco and numerous others are seasonal "gold mines." But Uruguay figures that providing a guest with a place to eat, to sleep, to swim, is not enough. It offers him casinos and bars where he may do his gaming and his drinking in ultra-respectability and contribute to the upkeep of the nation at the same time.

The electric light and power companies, with the insurance companies, have proved the most profitable government undertakings. The nation is proud of the fact that light and power are furnished profitably and cheaply not only to the residents of the capital but to outlying towns and districts where a private company would not be likely to operate. The telephone company, which was—at least until recently—a private enterprise, used to be notoriously bad. Today under government management it is up-to-date and efficient.

Uruguay is one of the most law-abiding countries in the world. There is practically no crime. And the method of dealing with criminals is unique. The leading prison in the Republic accommodates only four hundred persons. I was there recently—as a visitor, not a guest. Many of the rooms were going begging. In fact, there were just about 360 inmates and two of them hailed from the great Republic of North America. One of these, a red-headed Texan, served as my guide through the institution. He was one of the two bank robbers who killed a cashier and were put away for forty years apiece.

"No, sir," my fellow North American explained as we strolled along, "you can't be hanged for anything you do in this country. They treat you well while you are here, teach you trades, even languages if you are inclined that way. Still, forty years is forty years! And there is no shortening it by good behavior and no pardon. Prison means prison in this country."

Uruguay occupies a strategic position. As Hudson so wisely remarked: "It is the key to the continent," to all the southern

part of eastern South America, to Argentina, to Bolivia's back door, to Paraguay and the Río Grande section of Brazil—with forty-seven million Brazilians on one side and thirteen million Argentines on the other. Any hostile power that could gain control of Montevideo and its harbor, at the mouth of the Río de la Plata, would control all the rich interior of that part of the continent. Buenos Aires lies 140 miles up the river. All the railways and most of the highways of Uruguay and Argentina lead down to the river.

Montevideo's location has not been lost on the predatory nations of Europe and Asia. Not only could any enemy power which gained control of the mouth of the River of Silver control all that vast inland region, but it could dominate the sea lanes around Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan.

I was in Uruguay in June of 1940, when Nazi agents and sympathizers tried to effect a coup and push into power a pro-Axis government. But a brave and firm President and Foreign Minister, a congressional committee with a backbone, and the promise of support from neighboring countries, as well as the United States, prevented it. The Uruguayans had no illusions about the Germans. They saw the battle of the German *Graf Spee* and British cruisers just outside the harbor of Montevideo. And later they saw the undesirable enemy agents slip away like chaff before the storm.

Uruguay has made its presence felt not only in matters of social, educational and economic advancement, but as an important unit in world affairs. I should say that the world cannot escape Uruguay. She may be small, but her voice is clear and penetrating.

THE OTHER AMERICANS

Brazilian America

BRAZIL



BRAZILIAN AMERICA



XXVI

Wonders of the Amazon

HERE she comes! The Amazon! Washing South America's innards out to sea at the rate of five million gallons per second."

Our ship was curving eastward almost on the equator when a seasoned old traveller caught sight of the muddy brown waters swirling and churning into the clean, blue Atlantic. We were standing on the bridge with the Captain. The old man waved his hand toward the west and added: "A hundred miles or so off there is Belém, gateway to Amazonia. We are in Brazilian waters now, yet we are nearer to New York than to Río de Janeiro."

It was my first sight of Brazil, more than twenty years ago, and I was skeptical about this last remark. "Yes," said the Captain, "he is correct." And we followed him into the pilot house where the great charts by which the ship was navigated were spread out before my eyes. Sure enough, there we were, 250 miles nearer to the tall towers of Gotham than to the peak of Sugar Loaf in the harbor of Río.

"Yes, my boy," the old traveller continued, "this is a world of stupendous proportions and incredible distances. Brazil is the giant of the Americas. Belém over there is farther from Río than we are from Manhattan, and Río is still a thousand miles from the southern border of Brazil."

That was one of the first in an endless stream of surprises that the other Americas have furnished me over a period of two decades. I had longed from childhood to see the Amazon, and it was nearer to New York than to R  o de Janeiro!

"The Father of Waters—the world's largest river, flowing out of a primeval jungle" was the way my first geography had described it. From the moment I read that sentence in a country school of southern Georgia, I had dreamed of travelling up this mighty stream into the heart of the Brazilian wilderness. I wanted to see the "primeval jungle," the billowy mass of tangled vines and creepers that cover the trees and hang down into the water, the native peoples, the Indians—those "denizens of the wilds," as my geographer had called them. I wanted to see the millions of gorgeously colored birds, and the *piranhas*—tiny, razor-toothed, man-eating fish that swarm in its waters—the giant *jacar  s*, or crocodiles, and snakes sleeping along the banks, the coconut palms, the wild rubber trees.

Well, I have seen the Amazon and many of its wonders. By airplane, steamer, launch and speedboat, I have crossed and re-crossed it, travelled up it and visited its towns and villages. My school geography was right. It is the Father of Waters—3900 miles long from its source in the Peruvian Andes to the sea, 150 miles wide where it flows into the Atlantic. The island of Maraj   at the Amazon's mouth—a mere red or yellow speck on a map—is larger than the state of Illinois.

Yes, Brazil is a country of numerical superlatives. I think of it always as "The Crimson Giant." It was the brazilwood tree, famous for its yellowish-red dyewood, which gave the country its name; a fine, feathery-foliaged tree that reminded the early voyagers of the brazilwood of the Orient. Geographers came to speak of the "Brazil" Coast, as travellers, historians, playwrights and exporters now speak of certain parts of Africa as the Gold Coast, or the Ivory Coast.

Larger than our own United States—plus another Texas—the *Estados Unidos do Brazil* (United States of Brazil) is the largest of all the American republics. It occupies about 45 per cent of the Southern Continent. Politically it has been carved into twenty separate states, one territory and a federal district. It borders every other South American country except Ecuador and Chile. Its population numbers about 47,000,000; its area is 3,286,170 square miles. Its eastern coast is washed by 4000 miles of Atlantic Ocean. It is crisscrossed by 40,000 miles of navigable streams. Large ocean-going steamers sail more than 2000 miles up the Amazon almost to the feet of the mighty Andes. Two-thirds of its area is forested, about one-fifteenth is mountainous and the remainder is divided into desert scrub and open country.

Brazil's waterfalls make Niagara appear adolescent. The Falls of Iguassú in the far south are sixty-five feet higher, the Paulo Affonso Falls on the São Francisco River in the north, are a hundred feet higher than Niagara, and there are numerous smaller ones—enough potential electric power to light a hemisphere and turn the wheels of a continent.

It has scenery to match anything in the world. It has counterparts of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, the limitless plains of Texas and the rolling prairies of our Middle West. Some parts of it are a composite of Florida and California. Others present a glorified Riviera with here and there touches of a snowless Switzerland. It is a masterpiece of creation with which old Mother Nature seems delighted.

There are various ways of classifying Brazil physiographically, but I prefer to divide the "Crimson Giant" into unequal thirds. First, there is the Amazon Basin, low in elevation, tropical, forested, which includes more than a million square miles of the entire Republic. Second, there is the eastern plateau or highland region lying along the sea from Natal on the north to Río de Janeiro on the south. And finally, the southern up-

lands from São Paulo to the Uruguayan border, and stretching westward to the borders of Bolivia and Perú.

Most North Americans know Brazil as the largest country in the Americas; know that it has the widest river in the world and—except the Nile—the longest; that it possesses enormous resources in timber and hardwoods; that there are vast riches in minerals and precious stones in its soil; and that it supplies most of our coffee. But somehow most of these facts fail to register until Brazil is met face to face.

It was first met face to face by white men in the afternoon of an April day in 1500. A poetic adventurer named Pedro Alvares Cabral, a son of old Portugal, was following the advice of Vasco da Gama and sailing westward to reach the Indies, hoping to fill his white-winged galleons with spice and silks and gold. After six weeks of sailing westward from Africa he sighted land. Presently he made out the waving fronds of palms along the sandy shore and beneath the palms something moving. The moving figures proved to be brown, sun-baked human beings. Putting in at the bay, which he named Pôrto Seguro, that is to say, Safe Harbor, Cabral took possession of the land in the name of King Manoel of Portugal. It was the first meeting of the Portuguese and Indian races, the initial ingredients in this giant melting pot of the southern continent.

In Cabral's wake came others of his countrymen to learn whether what they had heard was true. Serious-minded explorers followed to spy out the new land and, like their Spanish cousins, to search for gold and treasure. Close on the heels of the treasure hunters came priests to convert the children of the wilds. Together, the materially and the spiritually minded, they subdued and converted until the fabulous land of Brazil paid homage to the white man's God and tribute to the white man's King over in old *Lisboa*, capital of Portugal. Gradually a Portuguese civilization was implanted in the broad area known as Brazil. Portuguese it has remained, in tongue and tradition,

during almost four and a half centuries, despite mounting waves of immigrants from other lands.

Brazil is to the southern continent what the United States is to the northern—the meeting place of all the sons of man. Only, this infiltration of peoples began in Brazil long before it did in the United States—four and a half centuries ago.

In the far northern part of Brazil live descendants of Pedro Cabral and his followers, a few families who proudly trace their line back to those early days. But there are more who are a mixture of Portuguese and aboriginal Americans.

Scattered along the northeastern section that bulges into the Atlantic are the Africans—descendants and offspring of millions of slaves brought from the Dark Continent. Many of them are recent slaves. The last vestige of slavery was abolished in Brazil only a little more than fifty years ago, long after freedom came to the black men of North America.

In the far south, in the regions around Ríó, São Paulo and down in the state of Ríó Grande do Sul, are the newer immigrants and their descendants: French, Italians, Scandinavians, Germans and other nationals of Europe and Asia. Brazil is pridefully conscious of her original Portuguese stock and of her native Indians, but she has welcomed all peoples. Five million newcomers—Portuguese, Spaniards, Germans and Japanese—have been added to her population in the past hundred years, with Germans and Japanese showing heavy gains in the twenties.

Probably 400,000 Indians live in the jungle portion of Brazil, and this brings us back to Belém, the gateway to Amazonia, the wild empire of Brazil, treasure house of the world. And don't forget the name is *Belém*, even if others do call it Pará.

"Why can't people learn that the city is Belém and that Pará is the name of the state?" asked John James, one of the old time North Americans on the Amazon: "Belém was founded by

the Portuguese years before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock. The world has been coming here ever since to buy the riches of the Amazon, which trickle down from the interior by every means of transportation from primitive raft to river steamer and airplane."

Belém is now a city of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, about the size of St. Paul or Dallas or Memphis. Portuguese colonial houses of yellow or pink or baby blue line its broad, tree-bordered boulevards. If you suffer insomnia—which is unlikely—you can reach out from your hotel window and pick a juicy orange or mango. The trackless jungle walks right up and peers into everybody's back yard. From the end of every street a winding trail leads back into the last home of mystery.

Belém is famous for its tropical parks, its eighteenth-century cathedral, for the Goeldi Museum with its collection of Amazon animal life. Situated on the Pará River, the southern prong of the Amazon's mouth, a hundred miles from the sea, it is the distributing point for wild rubber from the far interior, Brazil nuts, *cacao* and hardwoods.

Until an Englishman filched a few rubber-tree seeds and took them to England and then the far East Indies, Belém was the rubber capital of the world. Millionaires were as common as coconuts. Belém's old Pará Club was jammed with brokers, buyers and gamblers. As one old-timer expressed it: "Gorgeous gamblers strutted about, their shirt fronts studded with pearls and their fingers glittering with diamonds as big as alligators' eyes. People paid fifty dollars a seat to hear the songbirds of Europe trill and twitter in the opera house across the plaza there."

Seven million acres of rubber plantations in the Pacific Indies were planted from the seed and stock of the *hevea brasiliensis*, as the wild tree is known to commerce. Due to American—and Brazilian—shortsightedness, 96 per cent of the rubber supply of the world slipped away from both countries.

Brazil is no longer a one-crop or two-crop country. The loss of the rubber market and the nose dive taken in 1929 by coffee caused the Republic to widen her agricultural and industrial horizons. She has almost a hundred million head of livestock now, and not all of them are concentrated in the south.

Flying over the island of Marajó at the mouth of the Amazon, I saw thousands of hump-shouldered gray cattle grazing on the soggy grassy savannas. "Amazon cattle" they are called, and a local dealer explained it thus:

"Lying almost directly on the equator as this island is, ordinary cattle cannot live here. So we crossed the scrubby but hardy stock of southern Brazil with the giant Zebu of India, whose hot blood and thick, silky hide resist the direct rays of the tropical sun."

At the Grand Hotel in Belém, I have eaten Marajó steaks and filets, on a recent visit twice a day for two weeks, and I can testify to their succulence. Try a meal like this: Marajó steak fried in coconut butter, boiled hearts of baby palm with a creamy sauce; plantain—the granddaddy of the banana—fried a golden brown and garnished with grated fresh coconut. Then top this off with tropical salad—sliced seedless Brazilian navel oranges (the navel orange was born in Brazil), thin strips of juicy pineapple and mango, sprinkled over with chopped Brazil nuts. These are some Amazon delicacies. No, you need not go hungry in Amazonia.

In a warehouse down at the Belém river front, I saw tons of Brazil nuts, enough to fill a million Christmas stockings, and a mountain of coconuts. There was also a pile of *cacao* beans large enough to furnish breakfast cocoa for the state of Texas. There was a cargo of castor seeds ready to be turned into that well-known but despised remedy which Johnny and Jenny in Kansas or Texas or Brazil are sometimes forced to take. Beside the castor seeds was a pile of dry, sticky beans with a most delicious aroma: vanilla beans for flavoring the ice cream

with which Johnny and Jenny are rewarded after the castor oil.

But Belém is only one of the interesting points along the Amazon. Today there is daily plane service to most of the towns, villages or settlements in the entire region. I often think of my first flight upstream. I waited at the river's edge one pitch black morning for dawn and enough daylight for the take-off. With the first streak of light we were off, Jimmy Brownell at the controls. Jimmy was a slim, ruddy-cheeked American lad of twenty-six who piloted the Yankee passenger plane from Belém a thousand miles upstream.

"When I first began flying this route," Jimmy told me, "it was like picking my course over a picture puzzle, a limitless green carpet from horizon to horizon with the crookedest streams imaginable wandering like earthworms over it. I first charted my course," he said, "across the island of Marajó to the main branch of the river 150 miles away, by marking down on my map such objects as the little clearing down there or an Indian hut over yonder. I always knew when I was half way across by a certain woodpile on the bank of one of the rivers where wood-burning steamers took on fuel. But one day the woodpile disappeared. For some reason the steamers had deserted that particular stream. After that I depended entirely on my compass to find the first village where we called for gas or an occasional passenger."

On this particular morning, the "limitless green carpet" was splotched with fog. Thin wisps of mist floated up into the sky. A stranger forced down in that region would be hopelessly lost, I thought. Billions of mosquitoes, bugs and blood-sucking bats would make life unbearable for him. If he tried to swim one of those crooked rivers, schools of *piranhas* would attack him.

Jimmy seemed to sense my thoughts.

"But now we are in touch with Belém by radio every min-

ute," he assured me, "and with all the towns ahead of us, even that tiny village down there."

At Gurupá, our first stop, we left the plane moored on the river bank and went ashore for a visit with the *caboclos*, Portuguese and Indian half-breeds who inhabit practically all of the Amazon country. They tried to sell us everything—snakes, snakeskins, birds, monkeys. One old fellow had a roll of boa constrictor and anaconda skins, some twenty feet long, beautiful specimens, especially the shiny black anaconda skins.

"These," Jimmy informed me, "will soon find their way down to Belém and eventually to the states where they will be turned into shoes and sandals, purses, belts or bands for wrist watches."

In a large covered basket woven out of palm fronds one youngster carried a gorgeous green snake with blood-red eyes—the harmless emerald snake. There were dozens of parrots, macaws and other tropical birds, combining all the colors of the rainbow. There was an *Urubú Rei*, or in plain English the Brazilian king buzzard, with iron gray breast, satiny black wings and tail, a beak of deep yellow and a blood-red wattle ball as large as a hen's egg on the top of his head. The creatures of the Brazilian jungles go in heavily for color.

At every stop on the river, we saw strange and fascinating sights, had unusual experiences and always met the spirit of commerce. Natives urged us to buy scarlet ibises, the loveliest creatures of the tropics: flaming red waterfowl about the size of a pheasant, with delicately slim legs and feet and a brown bill exactly like a pipstem. "The blushing gals of the jungle," Brownell called them, because in captivity their vivid red plumage fades to pale pink and sometimes to dingy white.

The peace and mystery of the jungle are hypnotic; its wisdom is uncanny. Tall, tapering Brazil nut trees lift their heads high above their fellows so as to have free access to air and light. Bushes and shrubbery develop thick, silvery leaves that

resist the fierce rays of the equatorial sun and cover the ground with reflected light. Lianas, or vines, and scores of other creepers string themselves horizontally from tree to tree in search of the sunshine that trickles through.

Perhaps because of the lure they hold for explorers and adventurers, the jungles of the Amazon regions have received undue attention and created many false impressions. But I have yet to find in Brazil any confirmation of the fantastic stories frequently current in North America about the mysteries of the jungle, about mythical walled cities and lost tribes of pale-faces in the Xingú country, about Amazon head-hunters and Indians who like to make culinary delicacies out of white flesh.

I have talked with General Rondón—General Candido Mariana da Silva Rondón, famous authority on the character and people of his country's waste spaces, and companion of the late President Theodore Roosevelt on his voyage to the River of Doubt, now the Río Roosevelt.

When I asked him about these tales, the General smiled. "Senhor, I have spent over forty years in the jungle," he said. "I know thousands of jungle people, tribe after tribe. I have never met a head-hunter or anybody who can prove to me that he has met one."

But continuing my trip into Amazonia; at Santarém, 650 miles from Belém, I waited for a speedboat to take me up the Tapajós, one of the great tributaries of the Amazon. The Tapajós is a magnificent body of water, as different from the Amazon as a bubbling spring is different from a mudhole. The Tapajós is crystal clear with a bluish cast

Sugar cane thrives in Santarém. Among the several plantations on the edge of the town is one cleared and planted by a family named Jennings, whose ancestor brought all his family and two hundred southern adventurers to South America just after the Civil War. Some of the party died en route, some were disappointed and returned to the homeland or scattered

to other parts of the continent. But the Jennings' remained, cleared land, planted corn, cotton and sugar cane from seeds and cuttings they had brought from the banks of the Mississippi. North American corn and cotton did not do so well, but the sugar cane thrived.

The Jennings' had been boatbuilders on the Mississippi, and they became boatbuilders on the Amazon. They built some of the old stern wheelers that still churn up and down the Tapajós and other rivers of the interior. When the elder Jennings died, his son Cal carried on to his eightieth year in Santarém. The people of that town still have patches of cane from the Jennings cuttings around their doors. One enterprising planter erected a small mill which turned out brown sugar for the community. However, Brazil nuts, fruits, timbers and hardwoods are the main source of livelihood for the population.

Only one or two of the native varieties of the many hardwoods ever reach North America: mahogany or *andioba*, as it is in Portuguese, and *pau d'arco*, like the finest of walnut. Then there is *abio branco*, a snow-white wood, hard as iron; and *itauba*, resembling the teakwood of China and India; and numerous others, two thousand or more varieties. One authority says there are five thousand billion board feet of hardwood lumber now standing in the forests and jungles of Brazil. But as I have said, Brazil is a land of numerical superlatives.

From Santarém I travelled up the Tapajós to Fordlândia and Belterra, Henry Ford's famed rubber plantations. When I left Santarém at daylight in a twenty-five foot speedboat, it was like travelling on one of the Great Lakes—say Lake Michigan from Chicago to Milwaukee—for this river is fifteen or twenty miles wide in places. We skimmed over its smooth waters at twenty-five miles an hour and arrived at Fordlândia for lunch.

One hundred and seventy-five miles up the Tapajós from the Amazon, one thousand miles from the Atlantic, in the

heart of the South American jungle, Henry Ford has established a modern industrial community where he is now growing increasing quantities of "jungle gold."

Here is the birthplace of *hevea brasiliensis*—which Brazil first introduced to the world. In the palmy days of Belém, millions of balls of "jungle gold" came down the Amazon to Manáos and Belém by *balsa*, canoe, raft and spavined side-wheelers to be snapped up by buyers from London, Paris and New York.

Then, into Utopia came a shadow, one Henry Wickham, an Englishman. Although the laws of Brazil prohibited the exportation of rubber seeds, Wickham filled his pockets with the contraband, stole aboard an English freighter and sailed for home. He planted the seeds in Kew Gardens in London. When they had germinated, he took them on to the Far East, to Ceylon, where they were domesticated and became the ancestors of the great plantations of that part of the world. Finally the English and Dutch cornered the world's production and began dictating the price that American farmers had to pay for their tires and tubes.

It was then that experts from the United States Department of Agriculture, as well as others with more than passing knowledge of the tropics and the Amazon regions, made an expedition to Brazil. When they returned their report received serious attention from industrial America.

Henry Ford went to the Amazon country, up the Tapajós, cleared land and began cultivating the product in its original home. He built a magic city, with hospitals, churches, schools, and all the modern conveniences and comforts known to Dearborn at Detroit itself.

As the city took form on the river banks, the jungle was rolled back. Not the low, sodden jungle of fiction. The Tapajós country is hilly, much of it from 500 to 700 feet above sea level. Up and down some 15,000 acres of these hills were



Photograph—Courtesy of Henry Ford

Young Rubber Trees on the Ford Plantation

planted a million and a half rubber trees which today lift their tough, silvery leaves to the scorching sun.

The hillsides were landscaped to prevent erosion. No crack or crevice was left untamed, no place where water might stand and breed mosquitoes was neglected. To hold back the omnivorous jungle which, if left alone for even a month, would gobble up everything, every foot of land was carpeted with a mat of special cover crops. Seventy-five miles of modern automobile roads were strung through the plantation, so that every tree might be within a few yards of transportation. There was a refrigeration plant ample for storing six months' provisions for two thousand people. The solid tile hospital was as airy and modern as science could make it. When the doctor in charge ran short of patients he sent his staff up and down the river in search of new germs and diseases.

The lowliest workman, accustomed all his life to a one-room hut of poles and palm fronds, had a three-room house, a front and a back porch, electric lights, sanitation and running water. There were schools for his children and clubs for himself. If he was seized with a desire for tennis or golf or a swimming pool, his wishes were provided for.

But Henry Ford found no primrose path to a rubber supply. The *caboclos* are a simple-minded people, but superstitious and volatile. It was bad enough to make them begin work at eight o'clock and stay on the job until five, when common sense had taught them to begin work at daylight, knock off at ten o'clock and go back in the cool of the afternoon. But to carry this efficiency into a mess hall and make them eat strange foods like corn flakes and prunes, spinach and salad, when they had never known anything but beans, rice, *mandioca* or cassava meal and dried fish, was worse.

The first night the cafeteria system was inaugurated, the natives rebelled. Within ten minutes two thousand quiet, timid men became raving jumping jacks. They wrecked the kitchens,

hurled pots and pans into the streets and shattered windows with cries of: "Down with cafeterias! Down with cornflakes! Down with spinach!" By the time a hydroplane full of troops arrived from Belém, the fiery, tropic spirit had run its course and quiet reigned.

"And that," said one wise official, "was the beginning of wisdom on the Tapajós. When quiet was restored over Fordlândia, there were fewer rules, no cafeterias and no spinach!" At Fordlândia the Ford people learned what not to do.

A new million-acre project was established farther down the river at Belterra where the altitude averages five hundred feet or more and the plateau is as level as a table. Additional acres were planted in patches or squares, leaving between the patches a belt of the original forest a quarter mile wide to serve as a windbreak and protect the young trees from the jungle storms that blow up at certain periods of the year. Today, after endless experimentation, Belterra is a success, and points the way to the production of domesticated rubber on a large scale in Brazil.

While the Ford plantation and others continued to develop and expand, the great War brought about a revival of the wild rubber industry. Early in 1943, the Brazilian Government, in cooperation with our own, sent thousands of laborers into this almost deserted no-man's land to retap the trees and gather the latex. Within a few months this effort helped to ease the rubber shortage brought about when the Japanese took possession of Malay and the Dutch East Indies.

The great program of supplying us with this product was one of the most gigantic undertakings in the history of Brazil. The wild trees do not grow near the seacoast or near the Amazon itself. They are found principally from one to two thousand miles in the interior. All transportation must be by water or airplane. Deadly diseases lurk in every bush and in every drop of water. Millions of death-dealing insects fill the air.

Workers had to be transported to these out-of-the-way

places. Doctors and scientific experts were sent ahead into the wilds to prepare a way, so that the lives and health of workmen would be protected. Foods and supplies were sent in, and equipment for tapping the trees and preparing the latex, or sap, for shipment. After it was brought out of the forests to the main towns or shipping centers, most of it was transported to the United States by cargo plane.

In addition to reviving the rubber industry of Amazonia, the Brazilian Government put forth great efforts to exploit the other riches. In the same sections where the rubber trees grow, there are hundreds of other products which the world needs—vegetable oils, fiber plants, hardwoods. Today the so-called Brazilian jungle is becoming the center of new activities and commercial enterprise.

I said jungle. The Amazonian Basin is not all jungle. The old jungle and adventure books are misleading. Airplanes have proved this. Fly over this vast region and you find that the jungle follows the rivers and streams, just as vegetation follows rivers and streams everywhere. Only there is more jungle in proportion in the tropics of Brazil, because the rivers and streams are wider. A little way from the rivers are grassy savannas and open rolling hills. Much of this is high plateau country. In fact, the best wild rubber trees are found in these highlands.

Nor is this an extremely hot country, just because it lies near or along the equator. I remember that in August I slept under a blanket at Belterra. At midday the sunshine is terrific. But the thermometer falls twenty-five to thirty-five degrees at night. One scientist has said, "the night time is the winter time in the Amazon country."

Many people think that the trek of thousands of workmen and their families into this vast wild frontier country is the beginning of the dawn of a new day in northern Brazil and equatorial South America.

XXVII

The Giant Republic

FOR MORE than three hundred years Brazil was a Portuguese colony, but during fifteen of those years she was Portugal itself—King, Court and retainers.

About the time that "Fulton's Folly," otherwise known as the Steamship *Clermont*, was making her maiden voyage up the Hudson "110 miles in thirty-two hours without mishap," Prince Regent João (John) of Portugal was trying to decide whether to let Napoleon hand Portugal over to Spain and keep "his vast possessions across the seas" or to hold on to Portugal and give up Brazil. He chose to keep Brazil. When the French troops were marching into Lisbon, Prince John, his family, his court and sixteen shiploads of his retainers were heading for Río de Janeiro, escorted by an English convoy.

Brazil welcomed him with open arms, hailed him as Prince Regent and paid court—and tribute—to him for fifteen years. Río was a glittering city during those regal days; gold lace and epaulets, clanking swords, silver-trimmed coach horses clattering down the cobbled streets.

Most of Spain's South American colonies were tiring of gold lace and royal rulers, but Brazil was an Empire and Dom João was a progressive. He believed in reforms and acted on his theories. Old, time-worn restrictions binding commerce and limiting the growth of the country were swept aside. Banks

and medical colleges were opened, a Naval Academy was founded, libraries and museums were erected. Literature and the arts were encouraged. Brazilian music and poetry became known throughout the cultivated world.

But Dom João had a hot temper, an unpopular wife and his progressiveness had limits. In 1821, Dom João decided it was safer to go back to Portugal and to leave his son, Dom Pedro I, to serve as regent in Río. Napoleon had already met his Waterloo—and the Grim Reaper as well—and Portugal feared that the Brazilian tail was in danger of wagging the Portuguese dog.

Dom Pedro I was popular in Brazil but the Brazilians wanted independence. When word came from the Cortes in Lisbon that Brazil was to be treated as a mere colony, history unrolled its scroll with amazing speed. Dom Pedro, ignoring the orders from the motherland to return at once to Lisbon, proclaimed the independence of the country and was immediately given the title of "Constitutional Emperor of Brazil." That day, September 7, 1822, is still considered Independence Day, but Brazil was a long way from being independent in fact.

"Since it is for the welfare, the general happiness of the nation, I remain," Dom Pedro announced. He did remain for nearly ten years, until the far southern, or Cisplatine Province, slipped away from Brazil and established itself as the Republic of Uruguay. Then, wearied and discouraged, Dom Pedro I abdicated in favor of his five-year-old son, Dom Pedro II, who ten years later was made Constitutional Emperor as his father had been.

It was still a long way from the Republic that Brazil desired, but Dom Pedro II was a popular and worthy ruler. He developed the country industrially, commercially, intellectually and culturally, but after fifty-two years of reigning, he let his daughter Dona Isabel conduct most of the affairs of state. It was Dona Isabel, acting as regent for her father, who signed

the Emancipation Act on March 8, 1888. With the signing of that proclamation the death knell of the Empire was rung.

"Your Highness has redeemed a race but lost a throne," said Baron de Coteigipe who had voted against the bill. The baron was right. On November 15, 1889, a little more than a year after the slaves were freed, the slave-owning *fazendeiros* rose and the "Constitutional Empire" fell. Brazil became a Constitutional Republic, with R o de Janeiro as its capital.

R o had not always been the capital, nor was it always the glamorous city we know today. In the middle of the sixteenth century, before the coming of Prince Regent Jo o, the royal capital was farther north in the city now known as S o Salvador, capital of the state of Ba a.

In the pompous days between 1549 and 1663, this old city flaunted the gallant title of *S o Salvador da Ba a de Todos os Santos* (St. Savior of the Day of All the Saints).

The first permanent Portuguese Colony, however, was S o Vicente, south of R o, near the site of the present-day Santos. S o Vicente was founded by Martim Affonso de Souza, who had been sent by King John III to search for silver and establish cities in the possessions Portugal had ignored since Cabral discovered them thirty-two years earlier.

On New Year's morning, 1532, Souza, nosing along the eastern shores of the southern continent, had rounded a point of land where cooling breezes blew over the tropic seas. Today this spit of land north of the entrance to the harbor of R o de Janeiro is called Cabo Frio, or, in plain English, Cape Cold. Sailing south of the windy cape, Souza saw rocky hills rising from the sea and, just beyond, a needle-pointed peak lifting its head to the sapphire sky. Happily enough, at the foot of this peak was a waterway.

"A river!" exclaimed Souza. It was not a river, as he himself was never to learn, but a channel leading into a great bay. Because it was the first day of January he called it the River

of January—Río de Janeiro. And Río de Janeiro it has remained although the water setting of Brazil's splendorous capital is a bay, an arm of the Atlantic.

Failing to penetrate his River of January, Souza cruised southwestward, anchored in an inlet near present-day Santos and founded São Vicente. Twelve years later, when the French made São Vicente uncomfortable for the Portuguese, King John. III sent another Souza—Thomé Souza this time, who had served the crown in India and Africa—to act as Captain General over all the colonies of Brazil. His capital was present-day São Salvador, which served as the seat of government twenty years before Río de Janeiro became the capital.

Today São Salvador—or Baía, if you insist—is a metropolis of more than 350,000, fourth largest in the Republic, the distributing center for cocoa, tobacco, cotton, sugar and diamonds. It is a cosmopolitan mixture, with a lingering suggestion of the French, Dutch and English, who ruled it in turn for many years before the Portuguese took it seriously. It has commercial docks and an enchanting harbor; a business district, and fine modern homes on the slopes of the rising hills. There are hundreds of mills and factories where cotton is woven, jute bags made and sugar refined. There are also many stately old homes and fortifications which recall the days of Captain General Thomé de Souza and the empire of Brazil.

I have walked in the gardens of the old Governor's Palace of São Salvador and mused on those epochal days of 1808 when Dom João evaded Napoleon's soldiers and arrived with his adventurous but badly frightened entourage at the outpost settlement which was their haven of refuge for a few weeks before they re-embarked for Río and their temporary Portuguese Empire. Nowhere else in the world that I know can be found so many native and transplanted flowers, flowering trees and glossy-leaved shrubs as in the tropical gardens of São Salvador—or Baía.

All this northeastern portion of Brazil, or bulge, as it is commonly called today—the bulldog's nose that sniffs pugnaciously toward Europe and Africa—is a great plateau which includes the states of Ceará, Rio Grande do Norte, Parahyba, Pernambuco, Baía and Minas Geraes (General Mines, that is). It is an economic storehouse, the outpost of the Republic and became, with Brazil's entry into World War II, the outpost of the hemisphere.

The State of Baía alone is a third larger than California. In normal times the small farmer of Baía keeps a few cattle which sustain themselves on tropical grasses and furnish *Carne Seca*, which means beef dried in the sun. From the *mandioca*—the root of the cassava—he makes his bread and it is good bread. An idler could lie in the shade of the *Jaca* tree and wait for the life-giving fruit to fall. It is as large as a man's head, and is good for man, beast and fowl.

Cacao bushes thrive in the shade of the *Jaca* tree. Avocado pears and mangoes grow at the farmer's doorstep. Coconuts, like nuggets of manna from heaven, drop from tall palms. There is breadfruit nine months in the year and there are navel oranges—the ancestors by the way, of the California groves—and bananas and the sweetest pineapples in the world. Then, too, there is the *caju* nut, a tropical wonder, from which thrifty housewives make jelly, jam and delicious wines.

Many farmers of Baía grow tobacco, sugar cane and cotton, cultivate the coffee plant and the rubber tree. If he is of an exploratory turn of mind a native may find manganese, gold and diamonds in and about the interior of the State.

South of Baía, and in the interior of the Republic, is the state of Minas Geraes. Here there are mountains of iron and, if we may use poetic license, acres of diamonds—perfect, blue-white diamonds; black ones, too, the *carbonados* used in cutting and polishing, and so essential in manufacturing machine tools. Minas Geraes is also the iron and steel center of the country.

Brazil possesses some of the largest deposits of iron ore and manganese in the world. Until the beginning of World War II, they had hardly been tapped, but with loans from the United States Export-Import Bank and other assistance from the United States Government, a great steel mill was erected and a railroad built to transport the finished product to the city of Vitória on the Atlantic.

War and war's emergencies stepped up life throughout Brazil, as elsewhere. Transportation has long been a problem. Even today Brazil has no railways extending completely from north to south, not even a direct line between its northern states and the Federal capital. Distances are great, cities are far apart and the topography of the land so uneven that railroad construction is difficult. Until the coming of airplanes, the seaboard states of Pará, Ceará, Pernambuco and Baía. were connected only by desultory steamers and therefore knew very little about each other.

In wartime, sea lanes are hazardous. Food and raw materials must be produced on the spot in sufficient quantity to meet emergency needs. A wartime agreement between Brazil and the United States for collaboration in the development and production of raw materials was a powerful springboard for hurdling the transportation obstacles, particularly in the northeast along the bulldog's nose. Fortunately these plans for the intensive production of staple foods, for local transportation, for sanitation and health measures affecting civilians and soldiers were not merely wartime arrangements. They were contributions for the future.

Modern aviation has aided greatly in the racial, cultural and social solidification of the Republic. Almost all of Brazil is in good flying territory. Weather is more easily predictable than in our temperate north. In Pernambuco and other parts of northern Brazil the torrential downpours during the wet season come at approximately the same hour every day. It rains

copiously and with great enthusiasm, but the rains are almost as accurate as a clock.

There is an old custom in Recife. "When shall I call?" you might ask some one with whom you had an engagement. And the reply would frequently be: "I can see you just before—or just after—the rain."

The popular mind assumes that the climate of Brazil is an insurmountable handicap in the expansion and development of its civilization. It is well, therefore, to point out once again that the equatorial regions of Brazil are not necessarily unbearably hot. In fact, the heat in the Amazon regions, right on the equator, is not as excessive as in the West Indies. According to leading climatologists, the thermal or heat equator extends along the northern coast of the continent. Most of the inhabited portion of Brazil is confined to the plateau and enjoys sufficient altitude to guarantee a mildly temperate climate.

Sanitation and science, however, have proved that the tropics can be transformed into health resorts as well as garden spots. Today many of the cities of Brazil, even those lying on or near the equator, are as healthful as New Orleans, Mobile, Jacksonville or Savannah. Brazilian cities have, in former years, suffered the scourge of malaria and yellow fever, but so, in my own lifetime, have some North American cities.

Brazil's Indian and African population is concentrated principally in the tropical regions. The Indians are most numerous in the Amazon Valley. Darwin thought the Indians were not suited to a hot climate and pointed out their more northern origin. It is safe to say, however, that having spent thousands of years in equatorial Brazil, the Indians are certainly better acclimated to that section than to any other.

As for the black man—he is in his element in tropical Brazil. He came from hottest Africa and therefore has not changed his location climatically.

Recife is Brazil's third city, with a population of more than 400,000. It is a peninsular city jutting out into the Atlantic, a city of bridges and waterways, the "Venice" of Brazil, a modern commercial city, and after the country entered World War II became the principal naval base of the north.

Most of Brazil's labor in the north and central regions is done by Negroes. But there are in R  o itself, Negro college professors, bankers, musicians, politicians, and physicians. The Iberian Peninsula was the bridge across which the conquering nations of the world marched through the ages. Therefore the early Portuguese had very little race repugnance. They were themselves a mixture of races. Yet most immigrants of recent years have remained aloof socially. They do not intermarry with the darker peoples of African descent. In fact, only among certain classes of latter-day immigrants, such as the peasants of Portugal, are there free relations with the blacks. But there is no stigma attached to race in Brazil as in so many other countries. When Brazil freed its Negroes, it freed them spiritually as well as physically. A black man has the same opportunities, culturally, commercially and politically, as has the white man.

There are no accurate statistics, but the ratio of races runs about thus: 51 per cent are pure white; 40 per cent either of African descent or mulatto, most of them concentrated in the north coast; the remaining 9 per cent are Indians, or *caboclos*, mixed Indians and Portuguese.

But to Brazilians from north, south, east and west, R  o is the center of the world. This glamorous capital, located on the River of January and bearing its name, is the idol of the nation. Like liquid turquoise the Bay of Guanabara washes its way inland for forty miles. In its mirrored depths are dozens of tiny islands. These bits of earth are sources of commerce, industry and military strategy. On one is a naval base, on another concealed forts with great guns. Another is the base



Photograph by Severin, from Three Lions

Modernism on a Río Beach

for flying boats that maintain fast schedules up and down the continent.

But of course the best known of all landmarks in the River of January is the Pão de Assucar of Sugar Loaf Mountain which rises like a giant torpedo straight out of the water. Along the shores of the bay stretches the romantic city of Ríó de Janeiro, an elongated tropical paradise, probably the most magnificently situated metropolis in the entire world.

Just a little way back from the turquoise bay, mountain ranges rise, each just a little higher than the preceding, stretching away to the horizon like steps covered with green carpets. Hence, the inimitable cosmopolitan capital with its two million residents clings to a few narrow shelves and a peninsula or two. Ríó, as most of its citizens affectionately call it, is skirted by a succession of crescent-shaped beaches, bearing the intriguing names of Flamengo, Botafogo, Copacabana, Ipanema. The slender mountains rise sheer from the city's streets. One of them, Corcovado, more than two thousand feet high, is crowned by an illuminated statue of Christ, the Redeemer—a guide to sailors at sea and to airmen seeking a safe landing.

Ríó is a city of contrasts; of mountains whose feet rest on velvet beaches; of broad boulevards, many of them baptized by ocean spray night and day. Fading palaces and cathedrals, some more than three hundred years old, maintain a solid dignity in the shadows of garishly modernistic skyscrapers. In their new government and commercial structures Brazilian architects have freely indulged their penchant for innovations. As one old *carioca*—as natives of Ríó are called—put it, "Our new skyscrapers appear to be the result of architectural nightmares." But the old and the new are interlaced as narrow roads shoot off from concrete boulevards and twist up and down lush green hills. The business section is crisscrossed by narrow lanes. And then there is the unforgettable Avenida.

There are many avenidas in South America, but when you say "The Avenida" in Brazil you mean the Avenida Río Branco, perhaps South America's best known thoroughfare. It was built and named for the Baron of Río Branco, the great statesman of the early days of the Republic. Although a member of the nobility of the Empire, Río Branco was one of the first to assume leadership when a republic was set up. Many Brazilians call him the most distinguished personality since the day of the Empire, the "Cordell Hull," "Elihu Root," or the "Charles Evans Hughes" of his time.

The Avenida is a wide, two-lane boulevard slashed through the heart of the matchless city. Extending its entire length is a center parkway of trees and flowers. Along the curb at either side is another row of trees and, flanking the curbstone, a mosaic sidewalk with birds and flowers fashioned of black and white stones.

Along the Avenida are department stores, office buildings, hotels, banks, shops and, of course, the palatial Municipal Opera House. In the National Library are books brought over by the King of Portugal. In the Art Institute is the art heritage of many of Portugal's royal families.

One of the most interesting buildings in Río, at least to people of the United States, is the classic Monroe Palace, named for the author of the Monroe Doctrine. It has travelled a long way from its original site at the St. Louis World's Exposition of 1904 where it served as the Brazilian Building. It was proclaimed by architects and builders as the most beautiful structure in that exposition of unusual structures. Anyway, it was taken down stone by stone and shipped to Río, where it graces the head of the Avenida, a symbol of friendship between nations.

If you are seeking a typically Brazilian institution, however, you will find it at the opposite end of the Avenida, on a hill at the water's edge. It is São Bento, a church, monastery and lead-

ing boys' school all in one—definitely old Ríó of the golden days of Empire. A Brazilian who studied at exclusive São Bento or even whose forebears studied there never forgets he has a reputation to sustain.

The interior of the São Bento church is decorated with gold and silver. Workmen count it a privilege to help shine the columns on annual cleaning days, asking only to be permitted to retain the dust they remove, which is impregnated with precious metal.

Having satisfied your soul at São Bento, you may want to satisfy your appetite at one of the old restaurants in downtown Ríó. There are many. And until recent years the most famous was the Ríó Minho. It was located on one of the many small *praças* or squares in downtown Ríó. But its food was famed throughout South America. A life-sized portrait of Baron Ríó Branco—who ate Ríó Minho's food and sipped its beer and wine—hangs on the wall.

On my first visit to the Ríó Minho I ate *feijoada*, and *feijoada* has been on my agenda ever since, although it has never tasted quite the same in any other restaurant. *Feijoada*, the national dish of Brazil, is eaten by the poor every day they can get it and by the rich at least once a week. I once waited what seemed an interminable length of time for an interview with the President of Brazil. He was delayed because that was his day for *feijoada*.

Feijoada is a dish to remember. Basically it is composed of rice and black beans, but glorified rice and sanctified beans. Individualized rice whose every grain stands invitingly apart from its fellows. And the beans? They must be cooked long and carefully until they are almost mushy or soupy. Then they must be seasoned with an interesting assortment of ingredients: small pieces of tasty beef, bits of savory sausages, and maybe a ham bone, several whole onions, and a whiff of garlic. At the Minho they usually dropped a few green cabbage leaves into



Photograph by Elizabeth R. Hibbs

Fruit Vendor in the Brazilian Capital

the pot just before serving. What the cabbage leaves did to it I shall never know, but they did something.

There is an art and complete satisfaction in eating as well as cooking *feijoada*. Help yourself to a plate of rice. Smother the rice with soupy beans. Build a levee around them of beef, ham, onions, cabbage leaves. Carelessly add a few drops of pepper sauce, then cover the whole with *mandioca* flour which looks like grated cheese and is sprinkled over *feijoada* exactly as cheese is sprinkled over spaghetti. And there you are! After a few helpings of this delicious combination, the world about you is nearly perfect.

According to the natives, life is always nearly perfect in Ríó —happy, musical, rhythmic. Even the rains do not depress. Daily rains, in the season for rains, are deluges, but when they end, they end. Life goes on; happy, musical, rhythmic.

At five o'clock in the afternoon you see a different Ríó from the one you saw in the morning or at noon. Coffeehouses and sidewalk cafés swarm with patrons. Every one is out: rich man, poor man, merchant, naval and military officers, the office boy, the bootblack. Each sips his tiny cup of steaming black coffee beneath the flowering trees.

By a quarter to six the sidewalk cafés and coffeeshops are deserted. Brazilian shops and business offices do a feverish business between six and eight o'clock. At eight thirty most of Ríó is homeward bound. Dinner is at nine or nine thirty, after which there is the theatre, which opens at ten.

There are many hotels, luxurious ones, strung along the beaches, but the principal one is still the old Copacabana Palace. It plays the same part in the life of Ríó that the famous Shepherds Hotel plays in the life of Cairo, Egypt. In its Casino grill stringed orchestras play bewitching *sambas*. The *samba* is almost the national dance of the country. It suits the mood of the nation. Farther northward, however, in São Salvador, Baía, and the other cities of that region the *maxixe* is the prevailing national dance. The *maxixe*, once popularized in the United

States by the Vernon Castles, is the liveliest, fastest moving dance you can imagine. As one Englishman described it, "It is not a dance in which you stand in the middle of the floor and do nothing."

All during the nineteen thirties an early riser in R  o who happened to be in the neighborhood of the Guanabara, or Presidential Palace, about eight o'clock in the morning, would probably see President Get  lio Vargas on his way to work.

In those years it was said of Vargas that he "slept with his eyes open," because he was so well informed about local happenings and events. Vargas probably did not sleep with his eyes open, but he kept them open during much of the time, and they were farseeing eyes. Vargas was not a product of the tropics. He was born among the rolling hills of R  o Grande do Sul, the southern cow country, far below the tropic of Capricorn. He was a *gaucho*, all five feet and four inches of him, with his short legs, stocky frame and the unhurried manner of a man suited to the saddle. He was always a good listener, the least talkative head of a state that I ever met except Calvin Coolidge.

When Vargas first started running for office in R  o Grande, it is said he rode out over the hills, talked to the old cowmen and farmers and always listened sympathetically to what the people thought was wrong with the country.

He seldom committed himself or expressed his own opinions. And when he became the Governor of his state, he was unusually popular. It was said that he knew the intimate secrets and problems of more people in that region than any man who ever straddled a pony or held office.

Vargas led the only successful revolution that has taken place in Brazil since the passing of the Empire. The story is told that he rode up to the palace gates of Guanabara on the 24th of October, 1930, after his revolution had succeeded, and announced to the startled butler: "You will now take orders from me. I shall be in residence here for a time."

After that day he was not only master of Guanabara Palace,

but self-chosen guardian of forty-seven million people and sole executor of more than three and a quarter million square miles of territory. Vargas has held office longer than any other ruler in Brazilian history except Emperor Dom Pedro II.

In R o he gathers his own news. He goes walking in the morning and in the cool of the evening, and acts as his own reporter. He engages in no dramatics. He is a dictator, but his power does not come from the army alone, even though the army is more loyal to him than to any of his predecessors—thanks perhaps to good treatment, good pay and substantial increase in wages every so often. But he draws his greatest support from both labor and business.

His is an “all out” administration. “All Brazil!” he likes to say, with the accent on all—“the north as well as the south, the whole country.” And when he speaks of the whole country he speaks with knowledge. Few presidents before him had ever been in more than a half a dozen of the twenty states. Vargas knew them all. He restricted immigration drastically, thereby cutting down competition. He instituted an eight-hour day law, minimum wage laws, unemployment insurance, established many other reforms not only in and for the big cities but for the far-flung outlying districts.

Vargas hates formalities and gold braid. He is a family man and wants his womenfolk around him at all times. His daughter was long his private secretary and one of the few people who ever enjoyed his complete confidence. Like most of his countrymen, Getulio Vargas is very nationalistic. He hates alien isms, Communism as well as Nazism and Fascism.

Eighty per cent of the population of Brazil are Roman Catholics and the Church is powerful socially. One of the first announcements of Vargas was that there would be no interference with the church or with any one’s religion—Catholic or non-Catholic—and he kept his word.

No one who ever visits Brazil and talks with President

Vargas can have any question of his attitude toward the United States. He is first of all a Brazilian, but he believes that the future of his country depends almost wholly upon its cooperation with the United States. When World War II broke out, Vargas, like President Roosevelt, tried to maintain neutrality. Neither he nor the Brazilian people wanted war. Brazil had long boasted of its peaceful relations with all of its neighbors. The country borders on all the countries and colonies in South America except two. It has more than 6000 miles of border line, most of it unsurveyed or unknown until a few years ago. Yet practically every foot of it was settled by peaceful means and through the initiative of its own government.

But once Brazil entered the war she wanted nothing but complete victory for the United Nations. Brazil was our ally during World War I. She lent us ships—without cost—for transporting troops to Europe. In World War II her Navy and Air Force help to guard our troopships and supply ships to the African coast. They patrol the South Atlantic sea lanes and blast enemy submarines and raiders. Her army guards this strategic northeastern coast. Brazil has demonstrated that the Good Neighbor Policy works two ways.

XXVIII

America's Last Frontier

IN THE narrow streets of Santos you can hear more tongues than were heard in the Tower of Babel, especially along the Rua 15 do Novembro—the 15th of November Street, named in honor of the day on which Brazil became a republic.

It is a capricious street. It strides along for a block or two, then suddenly turns at sharp right angles and goes dashing away along the river. But those two short straight blocks shape the character of the street and the destiny of Brazil's major export. Rua 15 do Novembro is so narrow that only one automobile can squeeze through at a time. Here the coffee buyers and brokers have their offices and here—just where the street runs away from itself—the Bolsa do Café or Coffee Exchange is located.

Santos is an important city, but not large. It can lay no claim to architectural beauty. Its climate is steaming, tropical, breathless. Any time it is a hot time in Santos. A perspiring traveller once called it: "Hell's Turkish Bath." It is a seaport partly surrounded by mountains. Except for its seaside suburb with bathing beaches, hotels and the residences of the more favored, it sprawls inland, three miles from the open sea, along the Guarujá Channel.

It is a city of drink and the drink is coffee. It is the greatest coffee port in the world, and in normal times, furnishes the

breakfast, lunch and dinner beverage for hundreds of millions of people everywhere. Few cities of its size play so important a part in man's daily diet. It affects the lives—and no doubt dispositions—of nearly every adult in our own country, from Maine to California. It is what one Brazilian called "the gateway to plenty," to that vast, fertile upland region in the State of São Paulo, Paraná and other southern States where three-fifths of the world's coffee is grown.

Sauntering one day along Rua 15 do Novembro, I stopped at a news vendor's stall. When I spoke, another patron turned to me and asked, courteously:

"From the States, suh?"

"I am, suh," I replied in my own best Southern manner.

"Well, suh, stay here awhile and you probably won't leave. This country puts a spell on you. The hot sun sort of melts you into a Brazilian. People come here from the four corners of the earth—white, black, brown, yellow—and most of them stay." That I later discovered is what he and two of his proud Southern brothers had done. The plantation tradition was in their bones so they acquired thousands of acres of mother earth and went to work. Misfortune befell them later, but they had been "melted into Brazilians."

Something does hold you in Santos. Maybe it is the aroma of coffee that rises from the docks where half of Brazil's exports embark for foreign lands.

"Drink coffee in Santos and you will always come back," Brazilian boosters tell you.

"Learn to like it and you will never want to leave," is another commonplace. And, as Brazilians make coffee, you like it. Coffee making in Brazil is more than a function or an art. It is almost a religious rite. It is made to drink, not to keep. Every cupful is made to order. No brewing a potful and letting it stand; no warming over; no second-hand coffee.

I have a friend in Santos. He lives out on the shores of the

The Other Americans

Atlantic, miles away from the humid oven which is the actual gateway to the coffee district. He was fortunate enough to marry a lovely Brazilian woman. She showed me the magic of coffee making.

"Coffee is a delicate thing," she explained. "It is a mass of tiny cells containing oils and chemicals. These are the flavor and aroma that make coffee the drink it should be. We roast the beans very slowly in an oven until they are a very blackish brown. We do this in order to cook the oils and chemicals. Then we break and grind them to a powder so that all the precious qualities may be exposed to the water. You see why it is necessary to use coffee immediately after it has been roasted? Coffee is roasted in my home every morning—only the day's supply at a time. Once the cells have burst, the delicate chemicals begin to evaporate immediately."

"The brewing is a simple process," she continued. "Fancy pots are not necessary. The cheapest pot is as good as the most costly. Coffee must never be boiled. The pulverized coffee should be placed in a clean cotton flannel bag, and freshly, furiously boiling water poured over it. And the beverage should be served at once."

"Those coffee bags," she cautioned, "must be spotless, never used a second time, until washed and boiled white. Like good wine or good champagne, good coffee is the result of eliminating dregs and impurities."

I like the narrow streets of Santos and the harbor filled with ships. I have seen that harbor, in peace time, with ships strung out for miles flying the flag of every maritime nation in the world. There is a round, cone-shaped mountain in the very heart of Santos. On the crest is a tiny church, one of the most famous shrines in Brazil, the Shrine of Monte Serratte, where cripples come on crutches and in wheel chairs and depart leaving their chairs and crutches behind them. Young men and women climb the hill to be married and blessed by the priests

of that sacred shrine. A year or so later they return with their babies to be baptized. Those children come back in later years to be married and, in turn, to have their own babies baptized.

This church is the shrine of the family, of the entire city. It is a sacred sentinel always on guard. It looks down upon the business houses, the little shops, the homes of the wealthy along the seashore and the tiny huts of the poor. It looks out upon the harbor and blesses the ships that come to take away the golden coffee beans. Wherever you go in Santos, the Church of Monte Serratte can be seen. It is a lamp set upon a hill.

Coffee is not native to South America but came over from the Far East by easy stages. In 1600 an English traveller was nosing about the Holy Lands. In Turkey he became enamored of a strange drink and, apparently, decided it was worth writing home about. "It is called c-a-u-p-h-e," he wrote in the vernacular of his time. "It is made of a berry as big as a bean. It is dried in a furnace and beat to a powder of a sooty color. It tastes a little bitterish. But they seethe it and drink it as hot as may be endured. It is good at all hours of the day, but especially in the morning, and evening, and at noon time," he hinted with rare conservatism. "To that purpose," he went on, "they entertain themselves two or three hours in the *cauphe* houses, for in Turkey these abound more than inns and alehouses in England. It is thought to be the old black broth used so much by the Lacedemonians. It drieth ill humors in the stomach. It comforteth the brain. It never causes the drunkenness nor any other surfeits." After all of which he concluded, "It is a harmless entertainment of good fellowship."

At any rate, coffee reached Europe and then the Amazon country. But eventually it arrived in the uplands of São Paulo, dug itself in and became a truly Brazilian product.

Coffee belongs to the Brazilian plateau. Every condition is right for it in that selected region—the states of São Paulo, Minas Geraes, Paraná, and others.

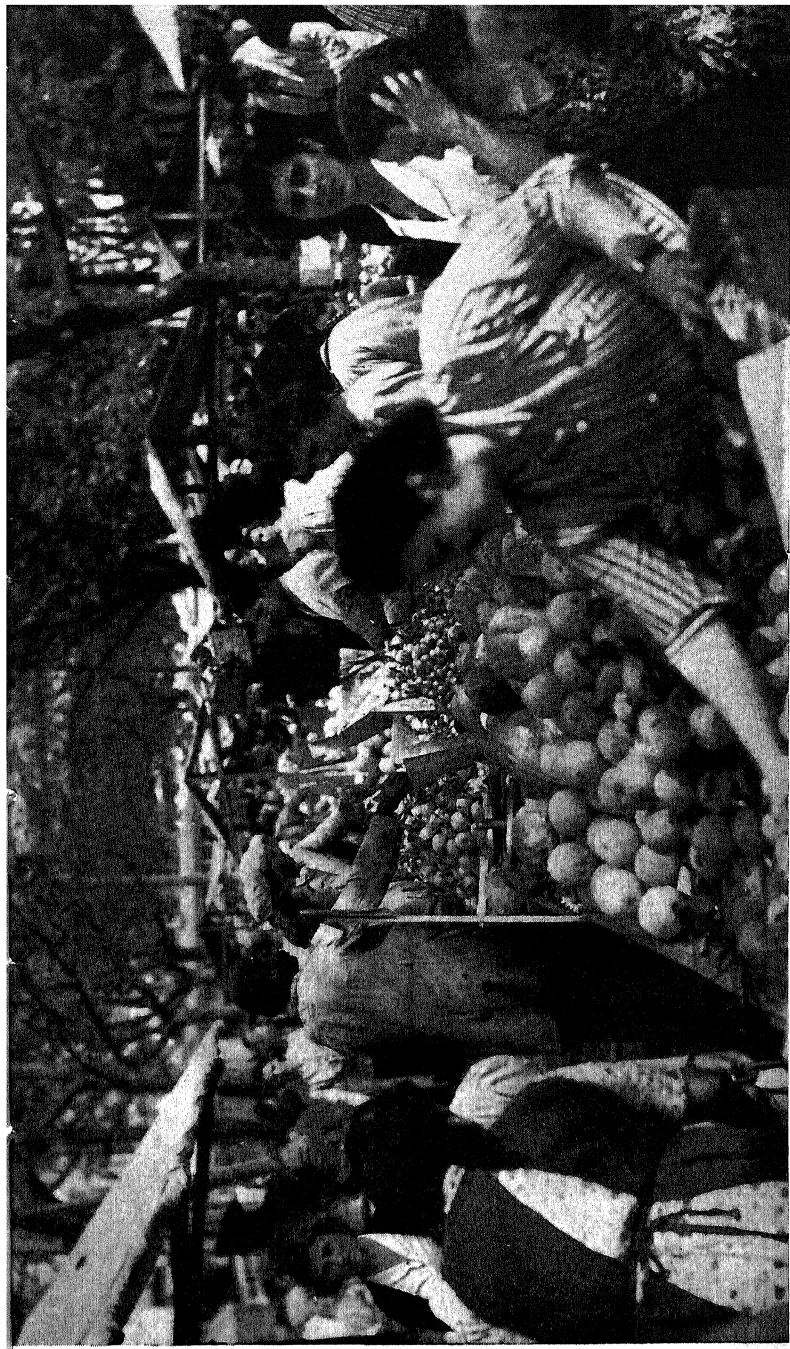
The Other Americans

It is a temperamental bean, demanding much in the way of soil, climate and altitude. Here are rolling uplands, with altitudes ranging from one thousand to three thousand feet above sea-level. Here is good drainage, ample rainfall when moisture is needed, yet rainless during the harvesting and drying season. Here is freedom from frost. Here the sun's tropical rays are cooled by the ocean breezes and tempered by elevation. Here the soil is enriched by decaying rock. Here is nearness to a fine harbor and transportation, as a busy day on the Santos wharfs will testify.

It is in São Paulo, capital of the coffee kingdom, that the golden bean is supreme. São Paulo, forty miles inland from Santos and a half mile up, is a great and exciting city, the industrial center of the Republic, called "the Chicago of South America." It has a population of one and a quarter millions, and is the second city in size and importance of the Republic.

The old citizens—Paulistas—are proud and adventurous. It was they who made up the *entradas*, roving expeditions to the interior, claiming great jungles and plains for Brazil. It was the Paulistas who led the jewel and gold rushes north into Minas Geraes. Brazil, you know, had its gold rush more than a century before our historic rush to California in '49. Gold continues to flow from Minas Geraes, from Goyaz and from parts of Mato Grosso.

You may reach São Paulo by airplane, motor or by one of the most remarkable railroads in the world. It is neither the highest nor the longest railway. In fact, it is one of the shortest. It rushes out of Santos through miles of banana fields. At the foot of the *Serra do Mar*—Brazil's mountain range by the sea—the road stops suddenly, then climbs awhile, then stops again to become a cable railway up the steep sides of the mountain. It clings perilously to cliffs, swings across valleys and dizzying chasms. When it tops the ridge it hurries away into the great metropolis.



Photograph by Charles Perry Weimer, from Three Lions

A People's Market in São Paulo

The Other Americans

The Santos and São Paulo line is said to be the richest railroad in the world. It hauls half of Brazil's coffee and millions of additional tons of freight to the sea. Years ago it was making so much money that the government passed a law limiting the amount it could earn. The surplus grew so great that the management found it necessary to spend a few millions. They double-tracked the road, laid heavier rails, bought finer equipment, concreted ditches, cemented the banks of creeks and the crevices in mountain sides. But the dividends went right on.

It is worth any man's time to travel from Santos to the capital of Brazil's richest state, for São Paulo is not only the coffee capital of the world but the most modern city in Brazil. Like all great cities it boasts of its tall buildings, claiming for itself South America's highest skyscraper, owned by a magnate of Italian origin who earned his money selling bottled water.

No matter what the state of the coffee market, São Paulo is the metropolis of the *fazendeiros*—the coffee millionaires. They set the pace. They are the four hundred. On the Avenida Paulista—the Park Avenue of the city—they live in what are not only the most modern apartment houses, but in magnificent mansions set in spacious grounds and surrounded with ornate iron fences. The height of the fence and the size of the gateway is often an index of the wealth of the owner.

On recent visits to Brazil I have noted the growing evidences of crop diversification. This is especially true of the State of São Paulo since 1929, when coffee prices took a swan dive. On some of the great *fazendas*—and a great *fazenda* in Brazil may be an estate of 50,000 acres or more—I have found wheat, corn, sugar cane and fruit in ground once occupied by millions of coffee trees.

I myself saw vivid evidences of this new diversification on a visit to a coffee *fazenda* near Arraraquara, some two hundred miles by train from São Paulo. The home of my host—the coffee baron—was fit for a king. It was set in the midst of a

magnificent park, and beyond the park fragrant, white flowering coffee trees stretched to the far horizon—eight hundred thousand of them.

"This year we will harvest 70,000 bags of coffee," my host informed me. (A bag of coffee weighs 132 pounds.) "But mine is not a large *fazenda*," he said modestly. "Many *fazendas* have more than a million trees."

Life on the *fazenda* was typically Brazilian. The family was a small one, as Brazilian families go, but it included grandmothers and grandfathers, father and mother, sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters, with a few aunts and uncles for good measure. The Brazilian race is certainly not dying out.

In the morning we attended the private chapel where prayers were said. After prayers we had breakfast served on the broad veranda: coffee with hot milk, poured half and half in large cups, accompanied by rolls and butter. Afterward we toured the *fazenda* by auto, with my host as guide. On horseback the tour would have required days.

Being a wise *fazendeiro*, he was not concentrating wholly on coffee. I saw corn and wheat fields, sugar cane, fruit orchards and thousands of cattle. But his newest crop, the one in which he seemed most interested at the time, was cotton. Brazil has long been a cotton-producing country. However, until recently this crop had been confined principally to the far northern states. But since the days of the great depression when coffee prices fell to the lowest level in history, São Paulo and Southern Brazil have become one of the leading cotton-producing centers in the world. And cotton was now the touted newcomer on this *fazenda*.

All the machinery for sugar refining and coffee harvesting, all the cattle barns and dairy plants and cotton gins, were operated by electric power generated by the *fazendeiro's* own power plant. A tunnel had been cut through a hill of solid rock,

the waters of a nearby lake conducted through the tunnel and over a steep cliff to turn the wheels of the private power plant.

The coffee and cotton markets were good that year, and life was idyllic on the estate. In the late afternoon we enjoyed tennis on excellent courts, and swimming in a gorgeous pool at the edge of the park. Tea was served at six. Dinner was at nine. When night swooped down the place became a fairyland. Electric lights flooded the park and the driveways and twinkled through the trees down to the foot of the hill. And directly in front of the house a lovely fountain played in colors, and over the fountain was an illuminated motto: "IF YOU WISH TO BE HAPPY, SOW AND REAP."

In the heart of the coffee and cotton district is the city of Campinas, one of the oldest in Brazil. The hero of Campinas is buried in the central *praça*, or public square. He was not a politician, not a soldier, a millionaire or a statesman. He was a musician—Carlos Gomes—the father of Brazilian music. His contribution to his country's glory was an opera—*Il Guarany*. It is not only the best known of all Brazil's operas, but is the musical interpretation of one of the most famous of all her novels. *Il Guarany* was written as a novel by José de Alencar, called by many the "Fenimore Cooper of Brazil." It tells the tragic story of the love of an Indian prince for the daughter of a Portuguese nobleman.

One of the most famous institutions in São Paulo and Southern Brazil, however, has nothing to do with music. In fact it has no direct connection even with coffee, though indirectly it has a great deal to do with the happiness and safety of the entire Republic. Paradoxically enough, it is based on the cause of man's first unhappiness, the creature that made Eden unsafe for Adam. It is an institution devoted entirely to snakes, and most strangers in São Paulo ask first of all to see the snake farm.

Only about thirty years ago Brazil's annual death rate from



Photograph by Elizabeth R. Hibbs

Collection of Rattlers at Butantan Snake Farm

snake bite was very high. Most of the country lies within the tropics; most of it still undeveloped. It is a garden of Eden for poisonous reptiles. Twenty-five years ago more than 80 per cent of the victims of snake bite died. Now very few of them succumb. The reason lies in the *Instituto Butantan*, the snake serum institute, where many years ago a young scientist named Vital Brazil began experimenting with poisonous reptiles.

Vital Brazil discovered serums that worked. As the years passed serums were perfected. Today they are almost 100 per cent sure in curative properties. The government was quick to recognize the value of such discoveries. In 1899 Carlos Ribas founded the *Instituto Butantan*. Later the institute was subsidized and greater laboratory facilities were provided. Today it is the most magnificently equipped institution of its kind in the world.

Ten to fifteen thousand snakes are always kept on hand in special fields or gardens, surrounded by low concave cement walls and an inner safety moat to confine the snakes to their own habitat. The various kinds are kept in separate fields; climbing varieties in one, grass snakes in another, and so on. Special enclosures are provided for water reptiles.

Rattlesnakes are the aristocrats. They receive the greatest care. Their houses resemble beehives and are built of concrete with small openings at the bases. There is only one species of rattlesnake in Brazil. There are about seven in the United States. All these are represented in Butantan and once there were forty-two species on hand, gathered from all parts of the earth. They lived together in peace and harmony, as one foreign visitor remarked, "a superior reptilian league of nations."

The Butantan laboratories are a series of immense rooms with large windows of bright colors. In one room scores of what resemble refrigerator doors line the walls. They are refrigerators, too. The snakes are ice-cooled for a few hours before the

workers extract the venom. In that way they are made more sluggish and easier to handle.

The process looks simple. Take a rattler from the cupboard, place it on a stone table. With thumb and forefinger, seize it just back of the fangs, causing its mouth to open very wide. The fangs are then made to pierce a piece of gauze and the venom "milked"—about a half tablespoonful. A snake may be successfully "milked" every two or three weeks.

In tiny doses this venom is then injected into a sleek, fat horse. This does not injure the animal. Gradual injections build up immunity. Later several pints of blood are taken from the horse and from this blood the serums are manufactured. One horse served the institution for fourteen years. His skull has been mounted on a marble column with an appropriate epitaph.

For many years snake serum from Butantan was delivered free of charge by the Brazilian Government to any one requesting it, just as our Congressmen used to send out garden seeds. Accompanying each tube of serum was a collapsible pasteboard box with a request that the recipient send the institute the next snake he captured.

But Brazil is not depending entirely upon serums. Measures have been taken for exterminating venomous snakes. A species of reptile given the name *mussurana*, harmless to man and animal, but which feeds on venomous snakes, is being propagated in a special department. As fast as the *mussurana* reaches his majority he is set free to go into the wilderness and subdue the enemy.

Snake bite victims are growing less numerous in the Brazilian tropics each year, in fact in all the tropics. Research workers in tropical countries maintain that the data regarding snake bite victims have been greatly exaggerated. Nevertheless, every possible measure is being taken to reduce the number each year. Aided by the Butantan Institute and the busy little *mussurana*, even the most remote regions of the jungle should some day become a snakeless garden of Eden.

The Other Americans

In the far south of the Republic lies the state of *Río Grande do Sul*, the rich livestock and agricultural region from which came the nation's famed President, *Getulio Vargas*. Its capital is *Pôrto Alegre*, a city of some 300,000 population, modern, up-to-date, and progressive.

In this southern section most of Brazil's German inhabitants have settled. Brazil has the largest German element in her population of any of the twenty countries to the south of us. As one Brazilian explained it to me: "We allowed Germans to settle in the southern part of our country and to live for generations as Germans. They were permitted to conduct schools, churches and newspapers in their own language. They enjoyed complete freedom to live and carry on as they wished. They enjoyed such social and political freedom that they remained, to all intents and purposes, Germans instead of Brazilians. Yet," he went on, "when Hitler came into power, they embraced his murderous doctrine. They were ready to take his orders rather than the orders of the Brazilian Government. Some of them stabbed Brazil in the back. There is a type of German who has never known how to resist false doctrines or false leadership, no matter where he has been given hospitality."

But the Brazilian Government was not long in correcting this unfortunate situation. Using a firm hand, the Government sent officials and armed forces into the heart of the German settlements and communities in the south. Subversive organizations were broken up, the leaders hunted down and jailed, or deported. German language schools and other institutions were closed. German language newspapers were suspended. It was made compulsory for citizens to speak Portuguese, the national language of the Republic. Those who could not speak Portuguese—and there were many, not only the old settlers, but even some of the younger ones—were compelled to go to school and learn it. The young men of military age were inducted into the Armed Forces and sent northward where they would be associated only with loyal Brazilians. Thus Brazil handled her



Photograph by Charles Perry Weiner, from Three Lions

Zebu Cattle of Mato Grosso

German problem as she had handled many more difficult problems, in her own way and without outside help.

None of our Allies in World War II collaborated with us more wholeheartedly than Brazil. She gladly accepted our aid, our arms and our equipment, as well as our economic and financial assistance. At the same time she insisted that such aid should involve no yielding of her national sovereignty.

Today Brazil takes her place in the world picture, a leader in her own right. As one Brazilian said to me a few months ago: "We were ready to fight in the war, ready to play our part on the battlefield, so that we might have the right to play our part at the peace table, and to determine our country's place in the world of the future."

Often Brazil has been called the land of the future. The phrase is hackneyed, but no other words express the idea. When you contemplate its tremendous area, its fabulous, almost untouched resources, and the spirit of its leaders and its people, it is easy to believe that Brazil will play the same part in the life of the South American Continent in the years to come that the United States played in the life of North America in the past half century.

I departed from Brazil the last time over what was to me a new air route. I flew from Ríó de Janeiro, on the Atlantic, by way of the western States and Bolivia, to Lima, Perú, on the Pacific. As I looked down from my plane upon the great rolling *fazendas* and plantations of São Paulo, and the limitless grassy plains of Mato Grosso, I remembered the words of Kipling, "Brazil is a world by itself." Mato Grosso alone is five times the size of England, but has a population of only about 250,000. Here is grazing country sufficient to produce enough cattle to feed the world, and breathing space for half the world's hungry population.

"What a country," I said to myself. "So old, yet so new, so inconceivably large, so full of infinite possibilities—America's last frontier!"

Facts and Figures

The statistics given in the following **Facts and Figures** are the latest available up to May 1943.

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 1,654,993.

Area: 19,332 square miles.

Capital: Ciudad Trujillo.

Population: 71,297.

Chief Industry: Agriculture; some gold mining.

Chief Exports: Sugar, molasses, coffee, cocoa, tobacco, gold, mahogany.

Chief Imports: Cotton and textiles, machinery, pharmaceuticals, paper, jute bags, gasoline.

Physical Characteristics: Crossed by four parallel ranges of mountains. Mount Trujillo is highest peak in the West Indies. Fertile valleys between mountains. Rivers are mostly mountain streams, not navigable.

Transportation: Chief ports are Ciudad Trujillo, San Pedro de Macorís and Puerto Plata. Pan-American Airways between Miami and San Juan, Puerto Rico, connect with all important lines to the Americas. Two lines of railway, the Samaná-Santiago and the *Ferrocarril Central Dominicano* (Dominican Central Railway) serve only about 100 miles each. The short distances from Coast to Coast, north and south, or from Coast to the Haitian border, east and west, make highways more satisfactory than railways. The road building begun by the American Military Government is being extended by the Republic.

Education: National Council of Education, composed of four members appointed by President, directs school program. Four-fifths of the primary schools are maintained by the government; the remaining one-fifth either partly subsidized by government or wholly supported by private funds. University of Santo Domingo, founded in 1558, has schools of Philosophy, Medicine, Law, Pharmacy and Chemical Sciences, Mathematics, Dentistry, Agronomy and Veterinary Medicine. Has about 700 enrolled.

The Other Americans

Government: Constitution adopted in 1934. President and Vice-President elected for four years. Congress composed of Senate and Chamber of Deputies elected for four years. Republic divided into 15 provinces, each with its own governor, elected for four years each.

HAITI: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: French. English generally understood and spoken.

Population: 3,000,000.

Area: 10,700 square miles.

Capital: Port-au-Prince.

Population: 125,000.

Chief Industry: Agriculture.

Chief Exports: Coffee, cotton, sisal, sugar, cocoa, logwood.

Chief Imports: Foodstuffs, textiles, iron and steel products, fuel.

Physical Characteristics: Haiti occupies the western one-third of the island of Hispaniola. Land is mountainous, but nowhere do the mountains rise more than 9000 feet. The Artibonite River winds westward through a fertile valley to the Gulf of Gonaïves, which is protected by two arms or peninsulas reaching westward.

Transportation: Fourteen seaports indent the coast. American and European steamship lines serve Port-au-Prince, Cap Haitien, Aux Cayes and Gonaïves, the four largest. Pan-American Airways connects Port-au-Prince with North and South American and Caribbean ports. Only two lines of railroads, serving about 150 miles. Railroads communicate between the seaports and inland sections, but good highways make the railways of little value except for passenger traffic between towns.

Education: School system, under the direction of the Secretary of Public Education, is modeled after the French system; separate schools for girls and boys. Normal schools for men and for women are conducted by Catholic orders, a few by Protestants and some are nonsectarian. Agricultural and Industrial schools are conducted by the Department of Agriculture. Schools of Law, Medicine, Applied Science, and Engineering are conducted by the various government departments of Public Health, Justice and Public Works. Lack of funds hampers the educational program.

Government: Republic; President elected for five-year term. No Vice-President. Cabinet composed of five Secretaries: Foreign Affairs and Religion; Public Education, Agriculture and Labor; Finance and Commerce; Public Works; and Interior and Justice. Legislative body consists of Chamber of Deputies and a Senate. Constitution adopted in 1935.

CUBA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish. English is spoken widely.

Population: 4,300,000.

Area: 44,164 square miles.

Capital: Havana.

Population: 568,913.

Chief Industry: Agriculture.

Chief Exports: Sugar, tobacco, rum, cigars, molasses, pineapples, bananas, iron and manganese.

Chief Imports: Foodstuffs, machinery, metals, drugs, manufactures.

Physical Characteristics: Mountain chains rise in Pinar del Río Province on the west and in Camagüey and Oriente in the east, from 3000 to 8300 feet. Most rivers short and too swift for navigation. Río Cauto and Río Sagua navigable for from 20 to 50 miles.

Transportation: Many important harbors; Havana, one of the finest and safest in the world; also Matanzas, Guantánamo, Nipe, Cárdenas, Cienfuegos and Santiago de Cuba. Direct steamship service from New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans and Tampa; also from European ports to Havana. Airplane service from Miami to most important Cuban cities. Ferryboat service daily from Key West.

Education: Compulsory between ages of seven and fourteen. University of Havana established in 1721. Many institutions of higher learning. Each of the six provinces has its own college. There are more than 7000 schools in the Republic. Roman Catholic religion predominant.

Government: Constitutional Convention of November 15, 1939, made many amendments to the constitution, but republican form

of government was adopted in 1902, providing for a President to be elected every four years—ineligible to succeed himself; a Vice-President, a Senate and a House of Representatives with four-year terms. Women have right to vote.

MEXICO: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 19,546,135.

Area: 758,258 square miles.

Capital: Mexico City and Federal District. Altitude, 7800 feet.

Population: 1,749,916.

Climate: Although located in both temperate and torrid zones, the elevation of the Central Plateau creates three zones of climate: the hot zone, between sea level and 3000 feet; temperate zone, ranging from 3000 to 8000 feet; the cold zone above 8000 feet.

Chief Industries: Mining, agriculture and stock raising.

Chief Exports: Silver, lead, copper, gold, zinc, petroleum, *henequen* fiber, coffee, sugar, chicle, bananas, vanilla beans, rubber, cotton, tobacco, hardwoods, nuts and vegetables.

Chief Imports: Machinery, steel manufactures, textiles, fuel oil, automobiles and accessories, drugs and chemicals, paper and hardware.

Physical Characteristics: Two ranges of mountains, the Sierra Madre Occidental and the Sierra Madre Oriental—continuations of the great western American cordillera—traverse the country in a northwest-southeasterly direction, forming valleys and plateaus of varying altitudes.

Transportation: The principal Pacific ports are: Guaymas, Mazatlán, Manzanillo, Acapulco and Salina Cruz. On the Gulf of Mexico, the ports are Tampico, Vera Cruz, Puerto México, Alvaro Obregón, Campeche and Mérida. Railroads from the United States connect with Mexican railroads at Matamoros, Laredo, Ciudad Juárez, Piedras Negras and Nogales. Railway service connects Guatemala with Mexico City and Vera Cruz. The Pan-American Motor Highway connects San Antonio, Texas, with Mexico City.

Education: Free and compulsory up to 15 years. Vocational education is being increased, especially agricultural education. Technical

schools and normal schools are supported by the government. Many institutions of higher education are located in Mexico City, as are many scientific schools. The University of Mexico was founded in 1553, and is patronized by summer students from the United States. All primary and secondary schools are nonsectarian.

Government: Constitution of 1917 supersedes all earlier constitutions. It provides for a Federative Republic, governed by President elected for a term of six years; 58 senators for six years (half the Senate being renewed at a time); 170 deputies for term of three years. President, Governors of States, Mayors and Legislators all barred from succeeding themselves in office. President appoints a Cabinet of eleven Secretaries of State; there are also five autonomous departments under his supervision. President has right to expel any foreigner whose presence he deems "inexpedient," without judicial process.

GUATEMALA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 3,284,000.

Area: 48,290 square miles.

Capital: Guatemala City.

Population: 166,456.

Chief Industries: Agriculture; some mining.

Chief Exports: Coffee, bananas, sugar, beans, corn and wheat, chicle.

Chief Imports: Cotton textiles, wheat, flour, cotton yarn, petroleum, medicines, hardware, automobiles and silk textiles.

Physical Characteristics: Near the Pacific a range of mountains, containing many volcanic peaks, runs from northwest to southeast. The high plateaus are extremely healthful. The narrow west slope is fertile, well watered and the most densely inhabited portion. Scenery exceedingly picturesque. Lake Atitlán, in the high mountains, and Lake Amatitlán, near Guatemala City, add to the beauty of the Republic.

Transportation: Principal seaports on the Caribbean are Puerto Barrios and Livingston. Pacific ports are San José, Champerico and Ocos. Railways from all these ports lead to the capital, Guatemala

City. Pan-American Railway from Mexico reaches the capital by way of Ayutla. Railway lines also connect with El Salvador. Airports at Guatemala City furnish transportation not only to neighboring republics and to both coasts, but also to the ruins at Atitlán, where the airport was hacked out of a jungle.

Education: Free and compulsory, between ages seven and fourteen. Kindergartens and nurseries serve children of pre-school age. Department of Education responsible for the preservation of archeological sites and monuments. Special and technical schools maintained by government. University of Guatemala in Guatemala City.

Government: Constitution, proclaimed in 1879 and modified in 1928, provides for Presidential election every six years, National Assembly every four years. A Council of State consisting of 13 members is partly appointed by the President and partly elected by the Assembly. President is normally barred from re-election for 12 years after expiration of office, but this rule is elastic. Military service is compulsory between the age of 18 and 50.

EL SALVADOR: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 1,744,535.

Area: 13,176 square miles.

Capital: San Salvador.

Population: 104,000.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, stock raising, mining.

Chief Exports: Coffee, sugar, balsam, *henequén*, gold and silver.

Chief Imports: Wheat, wheat flour, cotton textiles, iron and steel manufactures, automobiles and parts, trucks, drugs and pharmaceuticals.

Physical Characteristics: A narrow alluvial plain lies along the Pacific, rising to a plateau about 2000 feet above sea level in the interior. A number of volcanic peaks are an important feature, producing a rich volcanic soil. About the size of Maryland, with a coast line along the Pacific of about 160 miles and an average width of sixty miles. Principal river is the Lempa, emptying into the Pacific.

Transportation: Chief Pacific ports are La Unión (Cutuco), La Libertad and Acajutla. Rail lines from La Libertad and Acajutla connect with the capital, as do motor roads. By rail through Guatemala, El Salvador has an outlet to the sea at Puerto Barrios. Various airlines, including Pan-American Airways, connect it with other Americas.

Education: Compulsory up to 15 years. Under direction of Minister of Foreign Affairs, Justice and Education, but each department has its own Board of Education. Primary and secondary schools. Five-year curriculum of latter admits to National University. Many government and private normal and technical schools.

Government: Republican, democratic, representative. Present constitution adopted in 1939. President (there is no Vice-President) elected by direct, popular vote for six years, ineligible for immediate re-election. Republic divided into 14 departments, and legislative power is vested in the National Assembly of Deputies, three deputies and two alternates from each department, elected by popular vote for one year, with re-election permitted. Departments with over 150,000 population may elect one additional deputy and one alternate for each 50,000 additional inhabitants.

HONDURAS: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 1,109,833.

Area: 46,332 square miles.

Capital: Tegucigalpa.

Population: 47,223.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, mining, cattle raising.

Chief Exports: Bananas, coconuts, coffee, sugar, tobacco, chicle, mahogany, gold and silver cyanides, cattle and hides.

Physical Characteristics: The country is mountainous and extremely fertile. About the size of Pennsylvania. Has a coast line of 400 miles on the Caribbean and 40 miles on the Pacific, with the landlocked Gulf of Fonseca, one of the finest harbors in the Americas.

Transportation: Freight and passenger service to the Pacific coast is by way of Amapala in the Gulf of Fonseca. Airplane and motor

bus service connects with the capital, Tegucigalpa, and with other inland cities. Caribbean ports are Puerto Cortés, chief banana port; also Tela, Ceiba, Trujillo, Omoa and Ruatán.

Education: Minister of Education, assisted by a Council on Education which includes the Rector and Vice-Rector of the University, four deans of the University and three appointees of the President, directs higher education. Inspector of Secondary and Normal schools directs secondary, normal, vocational and commercial schools. Primary education free and compulsory between ages of seven and fifteen. The Central University of Honduras has schools of Law, Medicine, Pharmacy and Engineering. Prevailing religion is Roman Catholic.

Government: Republic. Present constitution provides for a President, elected for six years, and a Vice-President for same period; a single legislative body, the Congress of Deputies, one deputy elected for every 25,000 population. A majority vote is required to elect President and Vice-President. If no candidate receives absolute majority at popular election, the Congress of Deputies elects the President or Vice-President from among the two candidates for either office who have received the highest vote. Every citizen over 21 years of age, or over 18 if married and able to read and write, is eligible to vote at all elections.

NICARAGUA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish. English compulsory in schools.

Population: 1,380,287.

Area: 57,143 square miles.

Capital: Managua.

Population: 118,448.

Chief Industries: Mining and agriculture.

Chief Exports: Gold, coffee, sugar, bananas, livestock, hides, lumber.

Chief Imports: Machinery, iron and steel products, cotton goods, food-stuffs, pharmaceuticals.

Physical Characteristics: Largest Central American Republic, divided by northern extension of the Andean cordillera which cuts the country into halves, leaving little direct communication between Atlantic and Pacific slopes, except by air. Two great lakes.

Transportation: Pacific Railway connects the principal cities on Pacific side: from Corinto via Chinandega, León, Managua, Masaya. Other sections connect with San Juan del Sur. Privately owned roads serve the banana plantations and gold mines on the eastern slope. Chief ports on Pacific are Corinto and San Juan del Sur. Chief ports on Caribbean are Puerto Cabezas, Bluefields and San Juan del Norte or Greytown. Air transportation is popular.

Education: Directed by Ministry of Public Instruction and Physical Instruction, with assistance of the National Council of Education. Free and compulsory between ages of six and thirteen. Agriculture for boys and home economics for girls are obligatory. Fifteen commercial schools and two agricultural colleges. Veterinary courses taught at Chinandega and Masatepe. Kindergarten teachers trained in Montessori School. University of León teaches pharmacy, law, surgery and obstetrics. Law and Engineering Colleges at Managua.

Government: According to constitution of March 22, 1939, the government is republican and democratic, with legislative, executive and judicial branches independent. Fifteen departments. President elected for six years with no immediate re-election.

COSTA RICA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 639,197.

Area: 23,000 square miles.

Capital: San José.

Population: 66,800.

Chief Industries: Agriculture; some mining.

Chief Exports: Coffee of superior quality, bananas, rubber, gold, hides, sugar and cacao.

Chief Imports: Wheat flour, rice, cotton fabrics, coal, machinery, pharmaceuticals.

Physical Characteristics: The Talamanca range of the northern Andean cordillera extends through the length of the country. The San Juan River forms part of the northern boundary. Other rivers are small but mostly navigable.

Transportation: Accessible from Caribbean by way of Puerto Limón, chief port; from Pacific at Puntarenas, chief port, and other lesser ports. Airplane connections with other American republics. Transoceanic railway from Puerto Limón to San José, and from San José to Puntarenas. Other connecting roads.

Education: Compulsory. All schools free. University of Costa Rica at San José. Coeducational normal school at Heredia. Trade schools at San José, Heredia and Alajuela. Schools number more than 600. About 2600 teachers in 1942.

Government: Original constitution adopted in 1871, still in force, but many times modified. President is elected for four years. He appoints a Ministry of seven: Secretary of Foreign Affairs, Justice and Worship; Secretary of Interior, Police, Labor, Social Welfare and Public Safety; Secretary of Finance and Commerce; Secretary of Development and Agriculture; Secretary of Public Health and Social Welfare; Secretary of Public Education; and Secretary of Public Health and Social Hygiene. Legislature consists of a Chamber of Deputies (43), elected directly every two years for four-year terms. Voting is secret and obligatory; fines imposed for failure to vote. State religion is Roman Catholic, but religious liberty is enjoyed.

PANAMÁ: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 573,351.

Area: 34,169 square miles.

Capital: Panamá.

Population: 82,827.

Climate: Tropical along the coast; cool and refreshing on plateaus.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, mining, stock raising.

Chief Exports: Bananas, coconuts, cacao, hides and skins, balata and rubber, mother-of-pearl, tortoise shell.

Chief Imports: Wheat, flour, rice, mineral oil, edible animal products, cotton textiles, chemicals and drugs, boots and shoes, rubber manufactures, ready-made clothing.

Physical Characteristics: Two mountain chains traverse the Republic,

inclosing a number of valleys and plains which afford good pasturage and in which all the products of the tropical zone can be raised.

Transportation: The Panamá Canal forms the waterway between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. The northern coast of Panamá is reached by numerous steamship lines to Cristóbal, the port at the Caribbean entrance to the Canal Zone. The southern or Pacific Coast is reached by steamers through the Canal to Balboa, the Pacific port of the Canal Zone. Balboa is connected with Panamá City, three miles distant, by splendid highways and by a railroad. The trip may be made by rail or by air from Colón to Panamá, the capital. Local steamers serve the smaller ports. Airplanes also deliver mail from north or south to Panamá airports.

Education: Primary education is free and compulsory. Roman Catholic religion prevails, but religious freedom is guaranteed. Use of the Spanish language is compulsory. Education in the Canal Zone is in English, and accords with United States standards.

Government: The new constitution adopted by plebiscite and effective since January 2, 1941, provides for six-year term of office for President, with re-election barred. National Assembly consists of 32 members, one for each 15,000 inhabitants, elected for four years. Three Vice-Presidents are elected by National Assembly. President appoints Cabinet of six members. There is no army. The 2500 police officers and men serve dual purpose of army and police. Women are granted suffrage.

VENEZUELA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 3,943,239.

Area: 352,170 square miles.

Capital: Caracas.

Population: 203,342.

Chief Industries: Petroleum production, agriculture, mining.

Chief Exports: Petroleum, coffee, gold, cacao, balata, cattle and hides, tonka beans, rubber.

Chief Imports: Automobiles, machinery, instruments, textiles, food-stuffs, metals, pharmaceuticals, glass, paper and livestock.

Physical Characteristics: Four geographical regions: Guayana highlands, central plains, Andean and coastal mountain regions and the Maracaibo lowlands. Andean range forms divide between Magdalena River, the Orinoco and the Amazon. Coastal range traverses the north and west regions. The Orinoco River is the third largest in South America.

Transportation: Chief ports are La Guaira, Puerto Cabello, Ciudad Bolívar, served by steamships from all parts of the world. Airplane connections furnished by Pan-American Airways. More than 500 miles of commercial railways in operation. Highway from La Guaira to Caracas one of the most beautiful in the hemisphere. Great Andean Highway connects with the Colombian border. Numerous fine highways throughout nation.

Education: All education, including college, is free. Primary and secondary education compulsory, which includes three years' active service in the army and in the reserves until 45. State religion is Roman Catholic, but religious freedom is enjoyed.

Government: Constitution of July 20, 1936, provides for federal form of government. United States of Venezuela composed of 20 States, two Federal Territories, a Federal Dependency and a Federal District. President, who is elected by Congress for a five-year term and not eligible for immediate re-election, must be a Venezuelan by birth, not a cleric, and over 30 years of age. Congress consists of Chamber of Deputies and Senate, whose members hold office for four years with no bar to re-election.

COLOMBIA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 8,701,816.

Area: 439,828 square miles.

Capital: Bogotá.

Population: 330,312.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, mining, oil.

Chief Exports: Coffee, petroleum, platinum, gold, emeralds, cattle, hides, bananas, rubber, tobacco.

Chief Imports: Textiles, foodstuffs, machinery and railway supplies, pharmaceuticals, agricultural and mining implements.

Physical Characteristics: Coast lines on both Caribbean and Pacific. Three mountain ranges cross the country. Magdalena and Cauca River valleys are productive. Magdalena navigable for 900 miles. Other rivers are the César, Atrato, Nechi, Lebrija and Sogamoso.

Transportation: Steamships serve both the Caribbean and the Pacific ports. The total mileage of railroads amounts to 1400 miles. Freight and passenger steamers ply between the Caribbean coast and the Bogotá region. Airplane service connects all important towns and cities of the country. There is a 48-hour mail service from Bogotá to Miami. Modern highways are being developed, and today motor highways cover about 5000 miles in various parts of the country.

Education: Education is free but not compulsory, except that parents are required by law to give their children the minimum essentials of primary instruction either at school or at home. All teaching is in conformity with Roman Catholic religion. National University founded in 1572 still functions in Bogotá. Also at Bogotá are four other institutions of higher learning.

Government: The government is divided into three branches: legislative, executive and judicial, according to the constitution of August 4, 1886. President elected for four years, ineligible for re-election for immediately succeeding term. Federal Congress consists of a Senate of 57 members, elected for a term of four years, and a House of Representatives of 119, elected directly by the people every two years. President's Cabinet consists of nine members, directing the Departments of Interior, Foreign Affairs, Finance and Public Credit, War, Industries and Labor, National Education, Mails and Telegraph, Department of Public Works, Department of Agriculture and Commerce.

ECUADOR: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 2,921,688.

Area: 100,011 square miles, including the Galápagos Islands, whose area is 2870 square miles.

Capital: Quito.

Population: 215,921.

Chief Industries: Agriculture; mining.

Chief Exports: Cocoa, coffee, ivory nuts, *Jipijapa* hats, rubber, hides, ore, cotton, balsa wood, rice, fruits.

Chief Imports: Cotton and wool textiles, clothing, foodstuffs, hardware, drugs.

Physical Characteristics: Two parallel ranges of the Andean cordillera traverse the country north and south for 500 miles. Climate divided according to altitude: the hot lowlands; the temperate plateau averaging from 6000 to 9000 feet above sea level; the cold country around Quito, at an altitude above 9000 feet, rising to the snow-capped Andes. Principal rivers are the Guayas, the Marañón, Esmeraldas, Pastaza.

Transportation: Guayaquil, 40 miles up the Guayas River from the Pacific, is the chief port, served by ships of all the world. Local steamers out of Guayaquil serve other small ports. The Guayas River is navigable for river steamers 40 miles to Bodegas, beyond that for smaller vessels during wet season, 200 miles to Zapotal. The Guayaquil-Quito railway operates only during the daylight, and makes the 297-mile trip in a day and a half. Other railways operating, or under construction, many of them through difficult mountain territory. Local airlines connect all the important towns and cities in the country. Quito and Guayaquil are on the main international Pan-American Lines.

Education: Under control of Minister of Public Education with a school board in each province directed by Superintendent or Director of Studies. Free, nonsectarian education provided by Government from kindergarten to university. Universities of Quito, Guayaquil and Cuenca offer higher educational facilities.

Government: Constitution provides for republican form of government with President elected by direct vote for four years with no re-election. Cabinet composed of eight members: Government, Foreign Relations, Education, Public Works, Agriculture and Promotion, Finance and Public Credit, National Defense and Social Welfare, Health and Hygiene. Every male and female citizen over 21 years of age who can read and write is entitled to vote. Freedom of worship and of the press is assured.

PERÚ: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 7,023,111.

Area: 503,435 square miles.

Capital: Lima.

Population: 533,645.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, petroleum, mining.

Chief Exports: Petroleum, cotton, copper, gold, silver, ores, guano, wool.

Chief Imports: Machinery and vehicles, textiles, metals and metal products, chemicals, dyes and paints.

Physical Characteristics: The Andes reach their highest average altitudes in Perú. Seven peaks tower above 19,000 feet. Thirty-mile wide strip along coast is desert. East of the Andes are the tropical lowlands, called the *montaña*; very fertile and thickly wooded. Principal rivers: Marañón, Huallaga and Ucayali flow toward the east.

Transportation: Served by steamship lines from Americas, Asia and Europe. Chief seaports are Callao, Talara, Mollendo and many smaller ones on the Pacific. There are also Puno on Lake Titicaca and Iquitos on the Amazon River, which gives access to the Atlantic. Total length of railways about 3000 miles. A splendid system of modern highways extends north and south and also from the coast to the Amazon valley. Most of the highways lie along the coast, but the Central Highway and two other roads cross the Andes at different points. There are more than 6000 miles of highways in the Republic.

Education: Free and compulsory between ages of seven and fourteen, controlled by Ministry of Education. Enrollment in elementary schools averages 688,000. High and normal schools number about 15,000. A number of private *colegios* or normal schools receive government subsidy in return for scholarships distributed among needy pupils. Five universities: San Marcos in Lima, founded in 1551; also universities of Cuzco, Trujillo and Arequipa, and the private Catholic University at Lima.

Government: Constitution of 1933, amended in 1936 and 1938,

provides for a democratic government patterned roughly after that of the United States. President and two Vice-Presidents are elected for six-year terms with successive re-election of President barred. Congress is composed of Chamber of Deputies and Senate. Council of Ministers, appointed by President, consists of ministries of Interior and Police; Public Education; War; Development; Foreign Affairs; Justice and Worship; Finance and Commerce; Navy; Aviation; Public Health, Labor and Social Welfare and Agriculture.

BOLIVIA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 3,457,000.

Area: 416,040 square miles.

Capital: Sucre, legal capital. Actual seat of Government: La Paz, with population of 250,000.

Chief Industries: Mining, stock raising, agriculture.

Chief Exports: Tin, wolfram, silver, copper, rubber, wool, hides, coca, quinine, bark, coffee.

Chief Imports: Cotton and wool textiles, wheat, flour, sugar, livestock for breeding, iron and steel, lumber, machinery.

Physical Characteristics: Lying in the interior, bounded by five countries and without a seaport. Much of country on the Andean plateau, 12,000 feet above sea level. Lake Titicaca—world's highest navigable lake 12,000 feet above sea level. The Mamoré, Beni and Madre de Dios rivers drain into the Amazon basin. The Pilcomayo and Paraguay drain into the Plata.

Transportation: Reached from the Pacific by way of Mollendo, Perú, by rail to Puno, across Lake Titicaca to Guaquí, and thence by rail to La Paz. By rail from Antofagasta, Chile, 719 miles; also from Arica, Chile. Reached from the Atlantic by steamer up the Amazon and Madeira Rivers from Pará, Brazil, and by Madeira-Mamoré Railways, via Villa Bella, 2000 miles. By air via Pan American-Grace Airways from United States to La Paz, two and a half day journey.

Education: Primary education is free and compulsory. The University of Sucre was founded in 1624. Roman Catholic recognized state

religion, but other forms of worship are permitted. Compulsory military service.

Government: Constitutional Republic. President elected by popular vote for four-year term. Cabinet consists of nine ministers. All men over 21 who can read and write entitled to vote. Legislature consists of Senate and Chamber of Deputies. Executive officials of the nine departments (subdivided into provinces, cantons and sub-cantons) are prefects, sub-prefects, corregidores and alcaldes. Supreme Court functions in Sucre; all other branches of government in La Paz.

CHILE: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 5,016,449.

Area: 286,396 square miles.

Capital: Santiago.

Population: 829,830.

Chief Industries: Mining and agriculture; manufacturing, mostly for home consumption.

Chief Exports: Nitrate of soda, copper, iron ore, wheat, iodine, silver, beans, wool, barley, wines, fruits, meats.

Chief Imports: Machinery, petroleum, sugar, newsprint, automobiles, coffee, tea, maté and textiles.

Physical Characteristics: A long narrow republic, stretching nearly 3000 miles from the Tropics to the Antarctic. The north is dry and hot, except at the high altitudes; the central region is temperate with rains throughout the winter; in the south rains are abundant and temperature cold. From west to east the altitude rises from sea level to the Andean ridge, which divides it from Argentina. Near the coast, running north and south, is the coastal cordillera. Between this and the main range of the Andes is a long fertile valley, running 600 miles north and south from Santiago. Numerous rivers flow into the Pacific, though few of them are navigable for any great distance owing to the two ranges of mountains.

Transportation: Sixty-five ports on the Pacific, about a third of them

The Other Americans

available for entry: Arica, Pisagua, Junín, Caleta Buena, Iquique, Tocopilla, Gatico, Mejillones, Antofagasta, Taltal, Caldera, Coquimbo, Valparaíso, San Antonio, Talcahuano, Penco, Coronel, Lota, Valdivia, Puerto Montt and Punta Arenas, and other minor ones. Steamship service from North America and Europe via the Panamá Canal, or from the South American Atlantic ports via the Straits of Magellan. Through railway service to Bolivia and Argentina. Airplane service to South American and North American countries.

Education: Free and compulsory. Two universities in Santiago, National and Catholic; one in Concepción. Religion is Roman Catholic, though not maintained by the Republic.

Government: Constitution of 1925 calls for election of President every six years, 45 senators for eight years, 143 deputies for four by direct popular vote. All males 21 years or over who can read and write entitled to vote. All able-bodied citizens from 19 to 45 liable for army service.

ARGENTINA: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 13,318,320.

Area: 1,079,965 square miles.

Capital: Buenos Aires.

Population: 2,450,000.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, livestock, meat packing, flour milling.

Chief Exports: Livestock, meats, hides, dairy products, cereals, linseed, flour, cotton, *quebracho*, wool.

Chief Imports: Textiles, oils and chemicals, iron, agricultural implements and machinery, glassware and crockery, foodstuffs.

Physical Characteristics: The central plains or *pampa*, among the world's largest prairie lands, are incredibly fertile, largely treeless and contain the majority of the population and industries. The river country, or "Mesopotamia," a large territory flanked by wide rivers and crisscrossed by smaller ones, is rich and rolling. The western zone, comprising the eastern slopes of the Andes, is irrigated and the seat of the country's wine industry. This moun-

tain range, but slightly exploited, is said to contain stores of minerals. The dry, hilly south is devoted largely to sheep.

Transportation: Eighty-three commercial ports give entrance from the Atlantic. All types of ocean steamers connect with Europe in normal times. Large liners ply between Buenos Aires and New York, and also connect Buenos Aires with New Orleans and San Francisco. Airline service by Pan-American and Pan American-Grace Lines connects with all the other Americas. In peace time, mail lines connect with the other side of the Atlantic. International railways and good highways connect with all neighboring countries.

Education: University of Buenos Aires and Catholic University of Buenos Aires, as well as universities of Córdoba, La Plata, Tucumán and the Litoral, in addition to 250 *colegios* (secondary schools) give ample opportunity for advanced education. Primary education is free, secular and compulsory. Roman Catholic religion is supported by the state, but all creeds are tolerated.

Government: Constitution adopted in Santa Fé in 1853, with modifications in 1860 and amendments in 1866 and 1898, is still in force. Federal government modeled closely after the United States, with a Federal District (Buenos Aires) and 14 Provinces each electing its own Governor, and 10 territories administered by governors appointed by the President. President, who must be a Roman Catholic and Argentine by birth, is elected by Electoral College for six-year term, ineligible for re-election.

PARAGUAY: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 1,014,773.

Area: 177,104 square miles.

Capital: Asunción.

Population: 172,423.

Chief Industries: Agriculture and stock raising.

Chief Exports: Oranges, yerba maté, timber, hides, beef products, *quebracho* wood, tannin, cotton, lace, vegetable oils.

Chief Imports: Textiles, foodstuffs, hardware, wines and spirits, pharmaceuticals, clothing.

The Other Americans

Physical Characteristics: Except Bolivia, Paraguay is the only inland country in South America. Many important rivers, chief among them being the Paraná, Paraguay and Pilcomayo. Many detached mountain chains and extensive plains, including the Chaco.

Transportation: By air from Buenos Aires in six hours. By rail from Buenos Aires in 53 hours. By river steamer from Buenos Aires or Montevideo in three or four days.

Education: Because of its isolation, Paraguay has a low standard of education, but the Government is steadily improving the number and type of schools. Primary education is compulsory for children between the ages of seven and fourteen. Some private schools are subsidized by the government. Secondary schools and normal schools are slowly increasing. University of Asunción has chairs of law, engineering, medicine, pharmacy, dentistry and surveying. The Ateneo Paraguayo teaches music and art.

Government: Republic. President (there is no Vice-President) is elected by direct election for five-year term. All male citizens over 18 entitled to vote. Cabinet consists of eight members: Minister of Interior, Minister of Foreign Relations, Minister of Treasury, Minister of Justice, Worship and Education, Minister of National Defense, Minister of Public Health, Minister of Agriculture, Commerce and Industry, and Minister of Public Works. All citizens from 18 to 22 years subject to obligatory military service. A Naval fleet patrols the rivers. Roman Catholic religion is established, but other creeds tolerated.

URUGUAY: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Spanish.

Population: 2,122,628.

Area: 72,153 square miles.

Capital: Montevideo.

Population: 703,894.

Chief Industries: Stock raising and agriculture.

Chief Exports: Meats and extracts, wool, hides, cereals and linsced.

Chief Imports: Iron and steel, machinery, fuels, foodstuffs, textiles.

Physical Characteristics: Washed on the east and south by the Atlantic

Ocean and the Río de la Plata; on the west by the Uruguay River. A few low hills in the north, but most of the country is composed of broad, rolling, grassy plains.

Transportation: Steamship service connects it with the other Americas, Europe and the United States. River boats ply regularly between Montevideo and Buenos Aires. Railroad connects it with Río de Janeiro. Airways connect it with North America and the other South American countries. In normal times air service connects it with Europe and Africa.

Education: Educational standard is high. Schools are free, and education is compulsory. The schools of Law, Medicine, Engineering, Architecture, Economics and Veterinary Medicine of the University are models in many parts of South America. Technical schools direct industrial education. Adult education is directed by means of radio and motion pictures. Physical, mental and social defectives are given care in summer camps and open-air institutions.

Government: Constitution of 1934, ratified by national plebiscite, provides for a representative, democratic, republican form of government, with much advanced social legislation written in, such as old-age pensions, child welfare, free medical attention for the poor, workmen's compensation, housing laws, eight-hour day and six-day week, minimum wage law. Church and state are separate. Roman Catholic religion is favored, but all creeds tolerated. Suffrage is universal, applying equally to men and women, and is compulsory, failure to vote being punishable by fine.

BRAZIL: FACTS AND FIGURES

Language: Portuguese.

Population: 47,000,000.

Area: 3,286,170 square miles.

Capital: Río de Janeiro.

Population: 1,585,234.

Chief Industries: Agriculture, stock raising, mining.

Chief Exports: Coffee, cotton, hides and skins, cocoa, fruits, nuts and oil seeds, dried meats, wax, rubber, tobacco, yerba maté.

The Other Americans

Chief Imports: Machinery and hardware, tools, iron and steel manufactures, automobiles and accessories, wheat, gasoline, combustibles.

Physical Characteristics: Largest state in South America, bordering all South American countries and all republics except two. Coast line on the Atlantic extends 4889 miles. The Amazon Basin comprises the major portion of the north and northwestern sections. Serra do Mar mountain range extends almost the entire length of the Atlantic Coast, forming a broad, fertile plateau, ranging from one to three thousand feet in altitude and reaching an extreme height of 9462 feet. The southern interior consists mostly of lowlands, grassy rather than forested, and lies mainly in the drainage basin of the Paraná and Paraguay Rivers.

Transportation: Through its many important seaports—Río de Janeiro, Santos, Belém, Ceará, Recife—passenger and freight ships connect with all world ports. Ocean-going steamships can navigate the Amazon for 2000 miles. Modern, fast airplanes connect with all other important American airports and, in peacetime, with Europe and Africa. Railways and highways are better in the central and southern areas, which are more thickly populated, but plans are under way for constructing many hundreds of miles of both rail and motor roads.

Education: Educational system partly under federal and partly under state control, but gradually tending toward federalization. Republic has approximately 39,000 primary schools, 1000 high schools and nine institutions of higher learning. Universities are in Río de Janeiro, São Paulo, Pôrto Alegre and Belo Horizonte. Primary education is free and compulsory.

Government: In November, 1937, President Getulio Vargas promulgated a constitution calling for the reorganization of the government, with the legislative power exercised by the National Parliament, collaborating with the President and a Council of National Economy. President, therefore, is the supreme authority. He is selected by Electoral College for a six-year term. His Cabinet consists of Ministers of Justice and Internal Affairs; Foreign Relations; Treasury; Transportation and Public Works; Agriculture; Navy; War; Labor, Industry and Commerce; Education and Public Health.

Pronunciation List

The pronunciations and accents of the Spanish, Portuguese, and French words in this list do not follow the rules of pronunciation practiced in the Old World. Brazilians do not always follow the rules observed in Portugal. Nor do the peoples of the Spanish-speaking American republics pronounce Spanish words as do the people of Spain. In fact, the pronunciations vary in the different American republics themselves. Since the sounds of some foreign words can be expressed only approximately by English syllables, the indicated pronunciations in this list cannot be exact in every case.

Aconcagua (ah-kohn-káh-gwah)
 Almagro, Diego de (ahl-máh-groh,
 dee-éh-goh deh)
 Alvarado, Pedro de (ahl-vah-ráh-thoh,
 péh-droh deh)
 Antioquia (ahn-tee-óh-kee-ah)
 Antofagasta (ahn-toh-fah-gáhs-tah)
 Arawack (ah-rah-wák)
 Arazú (ah-rah-sóo)
 Artigas, José Gervasio (ahr-tée-gahs,
 hoh-séh her-váh-seeh)
 Asunción (ah-soon-see-óhn)
 Atacama (ah-tah-káh-mah)
 Atahualpa (ah-tah-wáhl-pah)
 Ávila, Gil González de (áh-vee-lah,
 heel gohn-sáh-lehs deh)
 Aymará (eye-mah-ráh)

Baía (bah-ée-ah)
 Balmaceda (bahl-mah-séh-dah)
 Baracoa (bah-rah-kóah)
 Barranquilla (bah-rah-n-kée-yah)
 Belém (beh-léhn)
 Beni (béh-knee)
 Bío-Bío (béeh-béeh)
 Bogotá (boh-goh-táh)
 Bolívar, Simón (boh-lée-vahr, see-
 móhn)
 Buenos Aires (boo-éh-nohs éye-rehs)

caboclos (kah-bóh-klohs)
 Cabral, Pedro Alvarez (kah-bráhl, péh-
 droh áhl-vah-rehs)
cacique (kah-sée-keh)
café aguapado (kah-féh ah-gooah-
 rah-páh-doh)
 Cajamarca (kah-hah-máhr-kah)
caju (kah-zhóo)
 Casa Colón (kah-sah koh-lóhn)
 Chaco (cháh-koh)
 Chanchamayo (chahm-chah-máh-yoh)
 Chan-Chan (chahn-chahn)
 Charrúa (chah-róah)
 Chicama (chee-káh-mah)
 Chichén Itzá (chee-chéhn eet-sáh)
 Chimborazo (cheem-boh-ráh-soh)

cholos (chóh-lohs)
 Corcovado (kohr-koh-váh-doh)
corrida (koh-ré-dah)
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 Il Guarany (eel gwah-rah-knée)
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